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FOR ZION'S SAKE A TALE OF REAL LIFE

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BY
FRANK WILLOUGHBY



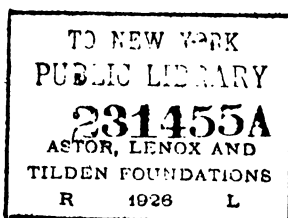
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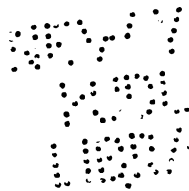
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NOV 1911
JUL 1912
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FOR ZION'S SAKE

CHAPTER I

The curtain of night had fallen over the city, and the docks and warehouses, which a few hours before had presented scenes of bustling activity along the water front, were almost deserted. The piers and water were merged in the gathering gloom, until their fading outlines were lost in the darkness, and there was no sound save the constant wash of the waves against the piling, and the occasional whistling of the November wind.

The pier of the Continental Steamship Company, North River, had the same deserted appearance as the others. There were the usual large piles of freight on the dock, comprising both incoming and outgoing cargo, certain kinds of more perishable nature being protected by canvas coverings. Boxes and barrels, of various description were ranged in rows or piled in tiers about the platform.

Jerry Shine, the solitary night watchman, moved about the place, carefully inspecting the coverings over the more valuable cargo, now and then turning the bull's-eye lantern, which he carried, into some dark cor-

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ner to make sure that no pilferers were lurking there. It was Jerry's boast that no thief could elude his vigilant eye, and, indeed, the honest fellow had proven this on several occasions by bringing some rogue before the authorities for punishment. Jerry's employer, William Granville, a large ship owner, was an eccentric old fellow who, apparently, had no greater ambition than to see that his immense docks and warehouses were properly watched during the night. It was a common thing for him to appear suddenly at almost any hour of the night to take a look over the property. Jerry knew this, and it made him very careful about performing his duties to the very letter; but after one of these visits from the "old man," as he called Granville, he was apt to express his disgust in very plain language. For a man who was worth millions, to bother about such trifling details was, in his opinion, rank folly.

Jerry made his rounds and stopped near the outward end of the pier, after having readjusted the covering on a lot of flour. The falling snow was blown about in eddies, at times almost blinding him, and the wind whistled in a manner which betokened a severe storm. Jerry stood for a few minutes watching the whirling snowflakes as they fell into the dark water below, sheltering himself behind a pile of cotton bales, out of the direct sweep of the wind. As he stood looking about, listening for any suspicious noises, his ear caught the sound of light footsteps rapidly approaching from the shore end of the pier. They appeared to be coming directly toward him, and he stepped back further into the shadow as they drew near. A moment later, to Jerry's surprise, a slight figure, apparently a woman, came running swiftly down the driveway. Before the person, or apparition,

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just which it was Jerry could not yet make out, had reached the end of the pier, he heard other footsteps, as of some one in pursuit of the fleeing woman. The fugitive evidently heard the heavy tread of the pursuer also, for as she paused for an instant with one foot on the guardrail of the pier, she turned a scared, white face backward, and before Jerry could cry out to assure her of protection, she plunged headlong into the river.

Jerry now realized that a tragedy had been enacted before his eyes, and with a muttered curse on the villain who would drive a defenseless woman into the icy water, he stepped from his hiding place. The watchman's lantern flashed for a moment in the face of a vicious-looking man about ten paces away, and the pursuer, seeing an armed watchman before him, while his victim had vanished, turned quickly and fled. Jerry sent a couple of shots after him as an incentive to his speed, and then turned his attention to the drowning woman.

Fortunately, the tide was at the full and the water was almost within reach of his hand as he knelt and peered into the black depths. To his surprise, the object of his search was visible, on the surface of the water, about thirty feet from the pier. Quickly throwing off his heavy boots and coat, Jerry dived into the water in the direction of the struggling woman. A moment later he rose to the surface within an arm's length of her, and grasping her by the hair, made for the pier. A few strokes of his powerful arm brought him to the dock, and while he held the limp form with one hand, he grasped the piles with the other, and with some difficulty drew himself up, finally reaching the platform, where he deposited his now unconscious burden. He at once set about trying to revive the

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woman, and in a few minutes had succeeded sufficiently to enable her to sit up and look around. Seeing the burly form of the watchman bending over her, she covered her face with her hands and began to weep.

Jerry told her that she had nothing to fear and his re-assuring words, together with his polite bearing, seemed to satisfy the girl that she could trust him. She extended her hand, and he assisted her to rise.

"I feel that I can trust you," she said, and then added, with a tinge of bitterness in her tone, "I had almost concluded that there were no good men living, but you are certainly one, to risk your life for my sake."

"Indade, ma'am, 'twould be a brute of a man who would see a defenseless woman murdered in cold blood and do nothing to help her."

"I can never thank you enough for your kindness in rescuing me from the water, but maybe, after all, I would be better off, for life is a dreadful thing to me."

"I hardly think ye mean that, exactly, ma'am. Life may be hard, but death is a thing that makes all of us trimble to face. Anyhow, ye might about as well be in the bottom of the river, as sthanding in this freezin' wind with yer wet clothes. If ye'll come to where I live, I'll do me best to see that ye get home agin safe. It's not Jerry Shine as 'ud let any one harm a hair of yer head while yer under his care."

"I have no home, sir, and not a friend in this city," replied the woman sadly.

"No home, and no friends!" exclaimed Jerry, in undisguised amazement.

"I am without friends, and there is no one to whom I can turn for protection. Do you think it strange that I almost wish I was at rest in the cold bed of the river?"

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"Please don't spake like that, ma'am. It's makin' me shiver now to think what a close call ye had. In-dade, ye have one friend in New York from to-night, if no other. Come, I'll take ye home to me wife. We've nothing fine, but ye'll get food and shelter, anyhow."

Without waiting for a reply, Jerry took the arm of the shivering female, and half-carrying, half-dragging her along, made his way quickly up the driveway and across the wharf towards Eleventh Avenue. In a few minutes they reached the miserable place which Jerry called home, in the basement of a tenement on Forty-seventh Street, about two blocks from the river. Jerry led the trembling girl down the rickety steps, opened the door and motioned her to enter. On entering the door, he turned with a questioning look and asked:

"What might yer name be?"

"Evelyn Chase," replied the girl, advancing to the center of the dimly-lighted room, as though expecting to be introduced to the wife of her new-found friend. As her eyes became more accustomed to the faint light of the small lamp, she saw that a woman lay on the unmade bed, apparently asleep. Jerry took hold of the sleeping form and shook it roughly, calling out as he did so:

"Git up, Katie, me darlin', and take care of this young lady as has come to see yer."

This appeal was answered by a loud snore.

"Come, Katie, shame on ye to lay there sleepin' like a log whin this young lady is needin' yer help. Git up and lend her a friendly hand, fer she's well nigh froze."

Jerry looked at Evelyn in disgust, as another snore, louder than the other rewarded his efforts to wake the

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sleepers. A partly-filled liquor bottle on the table, the fumes of which filled the room, explained the condition of the woman. She had been drinking and had fallen into a drunken stupor. Jerry realized that there was no aid to be had from his wife, for the distressed young woman.

"Wait a minute," he said, motioning Evelyn to a seat by the stove, while he darted up the back stairway to the floor above. In a couple of minutes he returned, exclaiming:

"Mrs. Burton, the lady upstairs, is, indade, a fine woman, Miss Chase. She's afther preparin' to receive ye right now. Come with me."

Evelyn obeyed readily, for she was glad to get out of the dirty, foul-smelling room, with its drunken occupant. She wondered how such a noble-looking man as Jerry could have such an apparently worthless wife. They had scarcely reached the top landing when Mrs. Burton, a woman of about thirty-five years, plainly but neatly dressed, advanced to meet them, extending her hand and bidding the stranger a cordial welcome into her home, and hurrying her into the kitchen.

"I must be afther hurryin' back to the dock, for fear old Granville spots me for bein' absent," said Jerry, pausing a moment at the door, as though anxious to be of further service.

"Thank you ever so much for bringing this dear girl to me, Mr. Shine," said Mrs. Burton earnestly. "I will give her a mother's care and do all I can for her."

"I'm sure ye will do that very thing, ma'am," replied Jerry warmly. "If there's anything more I can do in the morning, let me know, if ye please, ma'am."

Evelyn again expressed her thanks to Jerry as he retreated down the stairs to his own quarters. Mrs.

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Burton quickly closed the door, leading Evelyn to the stove, whose grateful heat was duly appreciated by the half-frozen girl, while the elder woman busied herself collecting some clothing from her own scanty wardrobe. These she finally brought, and with no little merriment over the misfit garments which had been so hastily gathered, the girl was soon comfortably, if not elegantly, clad and wrapped in a big, warm shawl. While the bed was being prepared, a bowl of steaming hot tea was placed before Evelyn, and this, together with the dry clothes and the warmth of the fire, produced the necessary reaction from the chill which had followed her fall into the river. After becoming thoroughly warmed, and at Mrs. Burton's call, Evelyn followed her into the sleeping apartment, where she was tucked carefully in a comfortable cot. The matron gave her a good-night kiss, and turned to leave the room.

"I cannot thank you enough for your generous kindness to a friendless stranger," said Evelyn, clinging to the hand which a moment before had caressed her tenderly. "I am an orphan, and never knew a mother's love. It is so sweet to feel that some one really cares for you."

"Poor child," said the woman gently, touched by the pathetic look in the girl's eyes. "I am glad you were led to my door. I will do what I can to help you, and you can trust me, as you would your own mother."

"You do not know anything about me. It seems strange that you should befriend an utter stranger, and I cannot understand it."

"Your looks would not lead one to be afraid of you, dear, and if I thought you were a bad woman, I would still be willing to aid you as far as I could."

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"How strange, to hear you say that! I have never seen such kindness before."

"It is sweet to minister to the needy, even though they be unworthy, if we do it for the sake of Christ. Even a cup of water, bestowed in his name, is not in vain."

"Then you are a Christian?"

"I am a follower of Jesus. The mere name of Christian may mean so many things in our day, that one has to use it carefully. I am afraid there are many who bear the name, who are not humble followers of Christ."

"I was brought up in a different faith. I was taught that we must keep the law of Moses, and that when Messiah comes, he will teach us the truth."

"You then, are a Jewess."

"Yes, and an outcast even among my own people. I have been cruelly wronged, and have not a friend to whom I can turn for advice and help. In the bitterness of despair, I tried to take my own life by jumping into the river."

"You have one friend now, at least, for I feel a strong drawing toward you. There is another Friend to whom I would point you, one who is great and powerful, and who loves you far more than I possibly could. If you will let Jesus be your friend, he will turn your mourning into rejoicing. Believe me, Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah. It was his love and power that brought you here to-night, and he wants your love in return."

"I cannot refuse to believe what you say, and yet it all seems so strange, I must take time to think it over. I have been taught that your Jesus was an impostor, but I cannot now think evil of one whose

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precepts lead one to be so kind and merciful as you have shown yourself to be."

"He pities the poor outcast, for he himself became an outcast to his brethren that He might redeem them from the curse of the law. I shall not cease to pray that you may soon see Him as the true Messiah, and as your Saviour."

"Thank you, Mrs. Burton. I wish to know the truth, and will follow your teaching as rapidly as I am able. Will you bear with me, if I am a dull pupil, or if you find some Jewish prejudice in my mind?"

"One cannot blame the Jews for having some prejudice against Christianity, when under that guise they have been subjected to bitter persecution for centuries, but remember this: The true followers of Jesus never persecuted any one. His disciples are a peaceful, loving brotherhood, manifesting the same spirit which He possessed, even love for their enemies. I doubt not that when you understand this, you will find it easy to accept Him."

"I wish you would pray for me, for I believe in *you* with all my heart, and I want to be like you."

"Now, you must go to sleep, dear, for it is growing late and I have talked too long already. To-morrow we can talk more about this matter. Good night, and may God bless you."

In reply, Evelyn kissed the kind, sweet face which was bent over her, and obediently settled back on the pillow, with a feeling of peace in her heart, which was as new and strange to her as it was delightful.

On her return to the kitchen, Mrs. Burton took care of the stranger's clothing, noting with peculiar interest the fine quality of the materials and the expensive character of the garments, which indicated that their

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possessor was above the ordinary in wealth and surroundings. These facts, together with the evident refinement of the girl, puzzled her. How could this beautiful girl, possessed of such a sweet, cultivated manner, be an outcast?

"I am glad I took her in, anyway," she mused, as she arranged the garments by the stove. "I'll venture to say that she is more sinned against than sinning, and who knows but that a little kindness just now may turn the current of her life heavenward."

Having completed some simple preparations for the morning meal, Mrs. Burton rejoined her husband and children in the sitting-room. Francis Burton looked up inquiringly when his wife entered as though expecting an explanation for her long stay in the back room. Mrs. Burton, however, did not appear ready to open the conversation, for she took up a bundle of sewing and sat down by the table and began her work of mending.

The rest of the family group, who were ranged about the table, consisted of six children, three boys and three girls. Esther, the eldest, fifteen years old, was busily engaged in darning stockings, at the same time playing with one of the little boys. Next came Alden, a fine-looking lad of twelve years. Sarah, a shy miss of ten, was drawing pictures on a slate. Next came Walter, a frolicsome boy of eight, who was watching Sarah's efforts with the slate and pencil with considerable interest. Teddy, the four-year-old sat in a chair, gaping at intervals, for it was long past his usual bed time. Last of the group, but first in the hearts of all, was Gracie, just turned of two years old, who was sitting in a rocking chair, fast asleep.

After waiting several minutes for his wife to speak, Burton turned to her with a petulant air and said:

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"Mary, what was all the commotion about in the kitchen?"

"A poor girl was rescued from the river by Jerry Shine, and he brought her home to his wife, but fortunately for the girl, she did not remain there. He brought her to me, and I gave her some dry clothes and put her to bed."

"Did she fall in the wiver and dit drowned?" asked Teddy, waking from his drowsy spell.

"She came very near being drowned, but Jerry got her out just in time to save her life. Poor thing, she was numb with the cold, and I fear she will be ill from the exposure and fright."

"I think you might, at least, consulted me before taking in a stranger," growled Burton. "You know our circumstances, Mary. We haven't a penny in the world, and our stock of provisions and coal will be exhausted by morning. In addition, our rent is past due, and we are threatened with being set out to-morrow, bag and baggage."

"I know we are terribly straitened, Francis, but I could not refuse shelter to a girl in such a pitiable plight, a night like this. Suppose our Esther were in a similar position?"

"It's a hard experience, I know, but the proper place for such characters is in the police station, along with other criminals. We cannot rob our children to feed such people."

"Please do not talk so, Francis," replied the kind-hearted woman, with a suspicious tremor in her voice. "She is not a criminal, or at any rate, does not look like one. She is a beautiful girl, about eighteen, with such a sweet face, and when I kissed her good night, she wept and said she was an orphan. I am sure she

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cannot be a bad person, and kind treatment may do much for her."

"I have no objection to your doing all the charity work you want to, when we have the means, but here we are absolutely penniless and likely to be evicted, and you take in another person to add to the burden. Really, Mary, this is the last straw."

"I will admit that it looks discouraging, Francis," replied the wife, laying down her sewing and drawing her chair up beside her husband. "But the last straw, as you term it, I believe, is the last test of our faith, and God will send deliverance very soon, if we are true to him."

"It is well enough to talk about faith, Mary, when your purse is full and you are not hungry, but when the fire is out, and the cupboard is empty, and the children crying for food, of what account is faith?"

"Then is just the time for faith to triumph, Francis, when things look dismal and the way is all shut up. Then faith will spread her wings and bear us through the trials where we cannot walk by sight. I do not believe our fire will go out, nor will our cupboard be lacking, enough to cause suffering, but I really believe, Francis, if we had turned this poor waif back into the stormy night in such distress, I could not have faith in God's care for us. He said, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for by so doing, some have entertained angels unawares.'"

"Is she an angel, mamma?" piped Teddy, who had been listening to the dialogue between the parents.

"She is almost as beautiful as one, dear, only angels don't have such a sorrowful look as this poor girl had."

"You are a good hand at quoting Scripture, Mary, but I'm afraid your generosity will land us in the poor-

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house. I am at the end of my rope. I have begged for work, from Harlem to the Battery, and can't get it. I would like to quote Scripture to some of those Christians who parade their sanctity on Sunday and then, when a poor man comes along and asks for a couple of dollars to keep his wife and children from being set out into the street, abuse him for being in New York."

"Francis, you surely have not had any such experiences, since coming to New York, though I will admit, we have had to pinch to get through."

"I had just such an experience only to-day—two of 'em, you might say. I have no use for such Christians!"

"How did it happen, dear?" asked the wife, laying her hand gently on the arm of the irritated man.

"It happened this way: I applied at a mission downtown, and the man in charge declared there was not an organization in the city which would advance me a dollar for house rent, no matter what the circumstances were. I offered to show him my credentials, to prove that I was not a professional mendicant, but he refused to even look at them, and as good as ordered me out. I stayed long enough to observe that he gave money to several red-nosed, dirty-looking fellows who were whining after him, and who were strong and able-bodied. I presume it was because they begged so persistently."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him that I had been advised to call there, and expected, at least, to receive courteous treatment, but that if he did not wish to favor me, he did not have to. I left the place disgusted!"

"You spoke of two such experiences. What was the other?"

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"It was the man I worked for on Liberty Street. He was working up a scheme to build a seamen's home, and posed as a philanthropist, but he refused to pay me for writing his prospectus, though he had promised me two dollars a day. I told him we were in absolute want, but he seemed to care nothing for that. I presume that money will go to help build a seamen's home, or more likely, to fill the promoter's pocket along with other people's money which he gets. I tell you, Mary, that sort of people rile me until I feel wicked. The idea of posing as Christians or philanthropists and then treat a decent, sober man as they have treated me. Fine characters, they are!"

"Francis," she replied, rising and standing beside him, "I would not have believed such a thing could happen in New York, if I had not heard from your own lips. You certainly have had enough to try your patience, and I don't blame you one bit for getting angry. I think such treatment of a respectable man is outrageous and calls for a display of righteous indignation. But," she added, stooping and kissing him, "a counterfeit dollar would never be heard of if there were no genuine ones in circulation. There are many good, true Christians in New York, just as certainly as there are these cold, heartless men who have treated you so badly."

"Mary, you are a philosopher, and know more about real religion than half these preachers. If all Christians were like you, I don't believe there would be any miserable unbelievers such as I am. It is these cursed hypocrites that I stumble over!"

"And now, my dear, could you, after what you have suffered at the hands of these unkind men, have the heart to turn away a poor, half-frozen girl, friendless and destitute, a night like this?"

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"Mary," he ejaculated, rising and putting his arm affectionately around her, "you are more than a philosopher. You are a genius. You have won your point, and I am really glad you took the girl in. I am sorry I found fault with your generosity."

"I knew you would see it that way, after you had time to think it over. That is why I did not wait to consult you before taking her in. She is such a sweet-looking girl, refined and cultivated, and evidently used to luxurious surroundings. I do hope we can help her. I believe God directed her to our door for some good purpose."

It was growing late, and the parents now gathered up the younger children, who were asleep, or nearly so, and carried them off to bed, Esther remaining for a few minutes to finish her darning. In a short time Mrs. Burton was left alone, and, laying aside her sewing, she took the well-worn Bible, which was lying upon the table, and began to read. She had not read far when this passage caught her eye:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The words seemed to possess a new and peculiar significance, as she read them over again, and a feeling of peace and blessing came over her, as if the divine Spirit was, indeed, giving her a tangible witness of his presence. A desire to look once more at the stranger who had been so unexpectedly brought into their home, seized her, and taking the lamp in her hand, she went softly into the bed-room. It was truly a beautiful sight which met her eyes. Evelyn lay wrapped in slumber as peaceful as a child. One small, white hand was resting lightly upon her breast, while the other was thrown over her head on the pillow, as if unconsciously pointing upwards. The beautiful face,

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surrounded by a wealth of golden brown hair, the perfect features, and the long eye-lashes, formed a picture fair to look upon. That the girl before her could be guilty of any deliberate wrong-doing, she could not believe. The cause of her distress must be something else than wanton sin. How fair she was. In that magic period of life between girlhood and young womanhood, blending the sweet innocence of the child with the more mature charms of the woman. As Mrs. Burton looked at her, she felt grateful that the hand of Providence had brought them together. She stooped and kissed the half-parted, ruby lips, and then retired as quietly as she had come, and resumed her place at the table. Her mind turned again to the vexing problem of their financial needs. They had been in the city three months. Burton had been unable to find steady work, and the greater part of their living had been earned with her needle, but that source of income was failing them, for she could not get sewing to do. Gradually they had fallen behind, until the present moment found them absolutely penniless. She realized only too well the truth of her husband's remarks. Unless relief came from some source, they would be set out into the street. They were entire strangers, and there was no one to whom they could apply with confidence. Again she turned the pages of the sacred Book, seeking for a promise in this hour of trial, as was her custom.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

If an audible voice had spoken the words to her, they could not have seemed more directly intended to meet her need. "Alway," she mused, "then He is with us in this trial, and He who sent the stranger to our door, will supply our needs." Closing the book, she

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knelt in prayer, then rose, turned low the night lamp, and retired beside her sleeping husband.

CHAPTER II

It was daylight, the next morning, when Jerry Shine entered his quarters in the tenement on Forty-seventh Street. He carried in his hand a string of fish which he had purchased on the way home, and, evidently, he had formed some important purpose connected with the disposition of the property, for he held them up with an admiring glance and muttered something to himself. As he entered the door of his apartment, an exclamation of anger and disgust broke from his lips.

"Well now, if that wouldn't bate ye, to find the old woman lyin' here like a log, and me comin' home, tired and hungry, to cook me own breákfast!"

Jerry busied himself about the stove, starting a fire and making plans for breakfast, as he was wont to do when the hag, whom he called wife, was on one of her sprees.

"I'll have a few praties for me breakfast, with a slice of ham, and coffee." Then, taking up the fish, he divided the lot, laying the largest ones by themselves. "Sure, and the young lady will think it's a gift worth havin'," he said, taking them up and placing them in a clean paper, as he started up the stairs. To his knock, Mrs. Burton responded in person, wishing him good morning.

"Good mornin' to all of yez," he said, with his usual broad grin, and looking directly at Evelyn. "I be thinkin' yez would not be offended if I brought ye a mess of fish for breakfast, seein' ye have a boarder."

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"We will be very grateful for them," said Mrs. Burton, receiving the generous lot of fish with an exclamation of delight at the size and quality. "I am sure we all thank you for your kind remembrance, Mr. Shine."

"Remembrance, is it, ma'am. I was just afther thinking about the young lady yonder as I fished out of the water last evening, and sez I, Jerry, just take along a mess of fish in behalf of the lass, seein' yer partly responsible for her bein' there." Then, looking straight at Evelyn, and plainly betraying his admiration for the beautiful girl, he continued: "I hope, ma'am, ye be none the worse for your dip in the water last night."

"I feel quite well, thank you, and I am glad of another opportunity to express my gratitude for your brave act. I can never repay you, but I am sure God will reward you."

"Indade, ma'am, I only done what any dacent man would have done under the circumstances. There be many a young fellow who would take a dip in the river for the likes of ye."

Evelyn blushed prettily at the implied compliment as she replied:

"I can never forget your kindness, I am sure. You not only saved my life, but led me to a haven of refuge with this dear friend."

The conversation was interrupted by Jerry turning around suddenly in the direction of the stairway and sniffing the air.

"There now," he exclaimed, "me coffee is entirely biled dry. I must be looking after it," and with this he quickly disappeared down the stairs.

As Mrs. Burton returned to the kitchen, she held the fish up before her husband.

"See, Francis, how the Lord has provided our break-

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fast. We had coffee and bread, but no meat. As soon as I can fry these fish, we shall have a royal feast."

"I wish I could believe that all of our affairs would come out as well as this, Mary," he replied doubtfully. "At any rate, I am going to try to emulate your faith."

Breakfast was soon ready, and the family seated themselves at the table. They were very grateful for the unexpected deliverance, and a number of complimentary remarks were passed in regard to Jerry's kindness. Teddy watched Evelyn, and finally, laying his chubby hand on her arm, said:

"Is you going to stay wif us and be our auntie?"

"Why, Teddy! You must not be so inquisitive!" exclaimed Esther.

Teddy paid no heed to this reprimand, but appealed to his mother.

"Mamma, is she?"

"We should like to keep her, I am sure, if we can," replied the mother, smiling at his earnest manner.

"I fear, Teddy, that your family is already large enough," said Evelyn, kissing the anxious, upturned face.

"I want you to stay wif us," continued Teddy, with a wise look. "You can help mamma sew and help Esther keep house, and be my nice auntie."

The other children readily seconded Teddy's suggestion, and after the excitement had quieted down, Burton said:

"It seems you are elected to stay, and I feel just as the others do about it, so we will make it unanimous. You are welcome to remain with us until you can find a more congenial place."

"I shall be so glad if I can stay, without intruding,"

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she replied, her voice tremulous with feeling. "I never seemed so near heaven before."

After the meal was finished, the family gathered in the sitting-room for family worship. Burton was not a church member, but he admired the practical side of religion as demonstrated by his wife's daily life, and he seconded her efforts to bring the children up in the Christian faith. Evelyn, led by Teddy, followed the others into the sitting-room, where a short Scripture lesson was read, after which they knelt and repeated the Lord's prayer. A few minutes was then spent in singing, the voices of the children making sweet melody to the lonely girl who sat with them, and there were tears in Evelyn's eyes when they finished. After they had concluded the service, Burton took his coat and cap and announced his intention of going down town to seek employment.

"What do you plan to do, dear?" asked the wife anxiously.

"I have just one hope left, Mary. If I can see the president of the Short Line, I believe he will help me. You know I worked for them for a number of years out West, and was crippled in their service. If this appeal does not meet with a favorable response, then there is no such thing as appreciation of faithful service. I met this man several times in the St. Louis office, and he seemed to be fair-minded enough. If I get help, I will return by eleven o'clock. If not——."

"If not, Francis, God will provide in some other way. Let us believe in Him and our needs will be supplied."

"I wish I had your faith, Mary. If there were a hundred Christians like you in New York, they could turn the city up side down."

"My faith is far from perfect but it is stronger since

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the experience of this morning," replied the wife, giving him a good-bye kiss, adding in a low tone: "Please guard that quick temper of yours, Francis. What would become of us if you should get into a quarrel, as you came near doing yesterday?"

"For your sake, I will try, though it riles me terribly to be turned down by these hypocrites, when I am willing to work for a living."

"Yes, but do not quarrel with them, for the result might be disastrous to us, while it would not harm them a particle. I will pray God to prosper your errand."

Burton took his leave, and the family went about the usual household routine, Evelyn insisting upon taking her share of the work.

It was with some anxiety that Mrs. Burton looked forward to the events of the day. The experience with the fish, which had so peculiarly met their early need, had given her additional courage to face the ordeal of the day, but she was walking now by simple faith, believing that in some way the problem would be worked out. Would God touch the heart of the rich railroad man and send them help through that avenue? This seemed to be the most likely means of help, yet she felt a strange dread lest her husband should be unsuccessful. If he did not report by eleven o'clock, they were liable to be set out into the street. While she mused thus, a sharp rap at the door startled her. On opening it, the landlady popped her head in, with this greeting:

"Ze rent must be paid by ten o'clock, or ze people will haf to go out."

"I do not know that we shall be able to pay you by that time," said Mrs. Burton, looking the angry woman

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steadily in the face. "We will do the best we can, Mrs. LeBlanc."

"Ze best must be ze money, or out go ze sings and ze people, too!"

With this dire threat she slammed the door and departed. Mrs. Burton glanced at the clock and saw that the hour hand was at nine. Another hour and they would be evicted, unless deliverance came from some source. Evelyn and the children had heard the words of the landlady, and they were either sitting, looking out of the windows or conversing in low tones of the prospect before them. Mrs. Burton looked out of the window and sighed. It was a cold, dismal morning, the snow having turned to rain, and the thought of being turned out into the street, with no shelter, was distressing, to say the least. Instinctively, she turned to the one never-failing source of comfort. Turning the pages of the Bible, her eyes lighted upon this passage:

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

A new line of thought was opening up before her mind. Hitherto she had been inclined to look at her own faith, and to insist upon having the prayer answered by sending suitable help, but she now saw that she had overlooked a very important element in God's plan of deliverance. The promise was not to keep his servants *out of the* flood or fire, but to be *with them*. Suppose it were best, in God's infinite wisdom, to allow them to be set out? Was she prepared to undergo such a trial without wavering? She could not see how being turned out of the house into the wet, dis-

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mal streets could glorify God, but she realized also that human wisdom cannot see as far as divine Omniscience. God might have some deep purpose unknown as yet to her, in permitting apparent failure or defeat, in order to display his love and power in some more wonderful manner. She hesitated a moment. Might she not claim the promise, that "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you?" and thus *demand* of God immediate deliverance from their hard lot? For a moment she was tempted thus to pray, then the recollection of Jesus praying in the Garden of Gethsemene came before her. How that example of perfect submission to the will of God condemned her in that moment as she faced the tempter. "Not my will, but thine be done." Christ was possessed of infinite wisdom and holiness, and yet He abandoned Himself to His Father's will, thus leaving an example for His disciples. She felt that for pardon and other spiritual blessings, she could demand a prompt fulfillment of the promise, but when it came to temporal matters, or even life itself, she was bound to acknowledge her own finite judgment, and leave it for God to suit the answer to her real need.

The crucial test of her faith was past, and the light from heaven shone upon her soul with a fulness she had never before known. In that moment she learned the secret of victorious faith. If God walked with her, it mattered not if the floods raged around her and the storm threatened. There was no diminishing of confidence in God's power, or willingness to perform a miracle, if need be, to deliver them, nor of His tender love. Faith rested upon the Word, and whatever came now, in answer to her petition, was God's will, and in this hour of trial it became sweeter to her to obey the Father's will than to have witnessed a mir-

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acle for their deliverance. She had learned that victorious faith is born of unquestioning trust and perfect submission to the divine will. There was no longer any doubt about God's ability or willingness to deliver them; the manner or time of that deliverance she did not seek to know. As she reasoned thus with herself, the well-known rap of the landlady sounded again at the door. Without waiting for an invitation, Mrs. LeBlanc burst into the room.

"Ze time is up!" she cried, excitedly. "Ze madam and ze children must go. I will set ze sings in ze street!"

"Where is Evelyn?" asked Esther, coming in from the kitchen in breathless haste.

"I thought she was out there with you," replied the mother.

"I can't find her anywhere, and oh, mamma, your raincoat is gone from the nail in the closet!" continued Esther, with a look of suspicion.

The mother understood the look and answered gently:

"Don't be too quick to judge. She may have gone out on an errand. At any rate, if she has left us, one could hardly blame her under such trying circumstances." Then, turning to the landlady who was waiting impatiently, she continued: "We will go out just as soon as we can get our wraps on, and let you have the rooms."

Esther looked at the Frenchwoman angrily. "You mean old thing!" she exclaimed, giving vent to her feelings.

"Take zat for ze impudence!" retorted the irate woman, giving her a smart blow on the cheek.

"Never mind, dear," said the mother, kissing the flushed cheek, then, turning to Mrs. LeBlanc, she

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added, with dignified manner: "If you must strike some one, let it be me, but spare my children."

Mrs. Burton began adjusting the children's wraps as quietly and with as little apparent concern as though they were preparing for a summer outing. The Frenchwoman eyed her curiously. She had never witnessed such a display of patience and fortitude under trying circumstances, and she marvelled at it.

"Why don't ze madam get angry?" she asked, with impertinent manner.

"Because I feel sorry for you, Mrs. LeBlanc. You are doing a far greater injury to yourself than to us."

By this time the wraps were arranged, and taking Gracie in her arms, with Esther leading Teddy, Mrs. Burton motioned the others to follow and stepped out into the hall.

"It's wainin' pitchforks!" exclaimed Teddy, as they looked out.

"Never mind, my darlings, God will take care of us if we trust Him. He will deliver those who trust Him."

"Ze madam is a good Christian, she can preach to ze poor people on ze street," said the landlady sneeringly.

"May God forgive you for this cruel treatment of my helpless babes, as I do," said Mrs. Burton, turning a pitying glance toward the miserable woman.

They were almost to the front hall, when suddenly the passage was blocked by a dark figure, which came hurrying in. Mrs. Burton drew aside to let the stranger pass. A moment later two arms were around her neck and Evelyn was speaking to her.

"My dear, sweet mother, I have good news for you!" she cried, laughing and weeping at once. "Here is money to pay the rent and buy what you need."

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As she said this, Evelyn thrust several crumpled bills into the astonished woman's hand.

"Praise the Lord, for His goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Burton, the tears starting from her eyes.

Evelyn stood for an instant looking at the landlady.

"How could you have the heart to do such a thing!" she cried, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"If ze young lady will pay ze rent," said the woman, the full purport of Evelyn's timely arrival not having dawned upon her, "ze family can stay."

"Mrs. Burton will pay the rent," replied Evelyn tartly, "that is, if she cares to remain, after the way you have treated her."

Mrs. Burton noted her inquiring look and answered:

"It is the best we could do at present, and if Mrs. LeBlanc will allow us, we will pay the week's rent now."

"Ze lady is right," said the Frenchwoman, catching sight of the money and wishing to retain her tenants. She secretly liked the quiet, well-behaved family, and now that there was money forthcoming, she quickly changed her manner.

"If ze lady has money, she is welcome to stay."

"I will pay you the rent now," said Mrs. Burton, handing her a five-dollar bill. "It was delayed getting here, but we will take you at your word and go back into the rooms."

The change in the manner of the landlady was striking. She patted the children, calling them little dears, and hastening to the sitting-room, she began replenishing the fire and assisted them in removing their wraps. Finally, she bowed herself out, still caressing the bit of money as though it were a creature of sense.

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"She is a hypocrite, if there ever was one," remarked Esther, as the door closed behind her.

"Or a diplomat?" added Evelyn, smiling at the girl's ruffled feelings.

Finally the wraps were restored to their former places in the wardrobe, the fire was burning cheerily again, and the family gathered about Evelyn, eager to learn the particulars of their unexpected deliverance.

"Tell us about it, dear," said Mrs. Burton, patting Evelyn's flushed cheek.

"I felt so sorry for you all this morning," began Evelyn soberly, "and was trying to think of some way to help you, when I remembered a ring that I had fastened inside of my dress, before——." Here her voice trembled and she covered her face with her hands as though to shut out the recollection of some dreadful event.

"Never mind telling us, if it grieves you," said Mrs. Burton gently.

After a few moments Evelyn regained her composure sufficiently to continue.

"It was a diamond ring given me by my father, and for safe-keeping, I had stitched it inside of my waist. I found it and took it to a pawnbroker's shop on Ninth Avenue, and he gave me twenty dollars on it. I parted with it very willingly to save you from suffering."

"You have brought us a great deliverance, my noble girl," replied Mrs. Burton, kissing Evelyn's tear-stained face. "I hope we shall be able to repay you and recover the ring."

"Repay me!" exclaimed Evelyn. "You have more than repaid me already in love and sympathy. I want no other return than your continued friendship."

"That you shall have without restriction. I believe

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you are already loved by all of us as much as though you were our own kin."

"I have been so hungry for sympathy and love. I thought life was very dark and gloomy, but thank God, it is growing lighter."

"It will continue to grow lighter until the perfect day. God is leading you. Follow him."

"I will, as closely as my weakness and ignorance permit," replied Evelyn, the light of a new hope already shining in her eyes.

It was now almost noon, but no word had come from Burton. Alden was despatched to the grocer's, and preparations made for dinner. A plentiful supply of provisions was soon received, coal and wood was brought in, and things once more looked comfortable in the Burton home. In due time dinner was served and the family settled down again to await the return of the father. The afternoon wore away and still there were no tidings from the absent man. Supper was delayed for a while in anticipation of his early return, but after waiting half an hour they were obliged to proceed without him, and the meal was eaten with somewhat of a feeling of uneasiness.

"It is so strange," said Mrs. Burton to Evelyn, anxiously. "I cannot account for his long absence."

"Perhaps he has found work, and has been detained until the day was finished," she said encouragingly.

The evening drew on, and one by one the tired children were put to sleep, leaving Mrs. Burton and Evelyn to watch together for the return of the be-lated man. As they sat thus for some minutes, Evelyn drew her chair nearer to her friend, and leaning over, kissed her cheek.

"I was thinking about what you said to me last night," she said timidly, as though fearing to intrude

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on the other's thoughts. "Do you feel like telling me more about Jesus, the Messiah?"

"I know of nothing that would afford me greater pleasure, for I love to talk of him."

"Please tell me about him. How did you come to know him, and is he a real person, in very truth?"

"I came to know him first, when I was about your age. My knowledge was not as clear and full as it is now, but it was unmistakable. I was attending meetings in a Western city, where my parents resided. I heard the gospel of Christ preached, and it seemed to appeal directly to me. I had been brought up by Christian parents, and had studied the Bible for myself, but while I never doubted its truth, it possessed no special interest for me. In this meeting I seemed to be awakened most wonderfully. Things took on a new aspect. I saw myself a guilty sinner, condemned by the just law of God, and hopelessly lost. I had never committed wanton sin, and I suppose I was as good as the average church member, but I saw that I was lost, because I had not accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, personally. I sought to justify myself by the law, but I realized that I had not by any means kept it perfectly. Even if I had done so, I saw that no one could be justified in that manner, and I began to feel afraid, because of the judgments pronounced against sinners. In this condition I was directed to look to Christ as the great Atonement for sin, and as I looked at Him, and believed, my burden rolled away. A feeling of inexpressible peace came into my heart, and I realized that I was a child of God. I loved Him, instead of viewing Him as an austere Judge. I felt new aspirations and hopes. The Holy Spirit had taken up His abode in my heart, and from that time I have been learning more and more of the unsearchable

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riches of Christ. To-night, He is just as real to me as any earthly friend, for He speaks to me through His Word and by His Spirit, or it may be sometimes in a dream."

"I believe you!" cried the girl eagerly. "I believe that Jesus Christ is the true Messiah. But do you think He would accept me, an outcast?"

"Hear His own words, Evelyn, and believe that they are addressed to you, for the message is to all mankind: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Again, He said, 'Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.' Is not this enough to satisfy you? Surely these invitations are broad enough to include every one of our fallen race."

"I do not doubt what you say, and yet I do not feel any great, mysterious change in my nature, as I imagined people do who are converted."

"Never mind the feeling. That is the result, not the work. Do you accept Jesus Christ as the Saviour of Israel, and your own personal Redeemer?"

"I believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and my Saviour."

"Then let us kneel and ask God to place his seal upon the confession you have made," said the elder woman, putting her arm affectionately about the girl's neck, as they knelt together.

What a sight for angels to look upon in wonder! A Gentile praying with all the earnestness of her soul for the blessing of God upon a daughter of Israel. Fervently did this faithful servant of Christ pray for the completion of the work of grace in the heart of the young convert. She asked that the gift of the Holy Spirit, in Pentecostal power, might be given as a witness of her acceptance. In answer to her peti-

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tion, the Spirit came in power, until the place seemed filled with the glory of God. As she finished her prayer, she looked at Evelyn. The girl's face shone like an angel's, and she was looking heavenward, as though beholding some wonderful sight. She was so completely under the power of the Spirit that she appeared unconscious of earthly things. Mrs. Burton looked at her astonished, and delighted at the fulness of the answer which God had sent in the person of the Holy Spirit. Evelyn remained for some time in her attitude of worship, as motionless as a statue, and with a look of holy rapture on her face. Presently she arose to her feet, and stood beside Mrs. Burton.

"My mother," she said, softly, embracing her, "God is good. This is his work, and I now understand what it means to receive Jesus as the Messiah. It was his hand that saved me from death last night and brought me here, and you have taught me how to find Him. 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.'"

"This has been a privilege that I did not dream of before, for I have to-night witnessed the same miraculous display of the Holy Spirit's power that was seen in the days of the apostles. I praise God for letting me see this living evidence of His continued presence among men in these days. My prayer is that you may be greatly used of God in turning others to the Light."

The two women sat for a long time, talking over the events of the past twenty-four hours, searching together the pages of the Bible for light upon their pathway. The sacred Book seemed to them to shine with divine love and power, and the spirit of wisdom and understanding was given them as never before.

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It was after twelve o'clock when Mrs. Burton awoke to the fact that her husband had not yet returned.

"You had better go to bed, my dear," she said to Evelyn. "I fear something has happened to Mr. Burton, and I will lie down with my wrapper on, to let him in, if he comes."

"I am sure God will take care of him, as he did of me, but let me watch for him, please."

"Not now. You need rest, and it would do no good. As you say, God will take care of him and, after what I have seen to-night, I shall never doubt God's presence again. I believe it will all be worked out for the best."

"Let us trust in the Lord. His arm is not shortened, nor His ear dull of hearing. He is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

Evelyn bade the tired mother good night, and retired to her own humble cot, feeling that to her life was becoming a grand and glorious thing, as compared with what she had felt it to be only a few hours before. She laid down, but not to sleep, for her heart was too full of praise, after all the happy events of the day, to permit sleep. She thought of the temporal deliverance which had been worked out through her instrumentality, and then of her own wonderful experience, which had so effectually changed the looks of everything. While lying thus, lost in meditation, there came to her mind, with startling distinctness, a passage from the prophecy of Isaiah, which they had read during the evening. The words kept ringing in her ears, as if an audible voice were speaking to her:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is

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pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

Then the Spirit seemed to take complete possession of her again, and she saw a vision, which was of prophetic import. She beheld the scattered tribes of Israel, drawn as if by some mighty, invisible power, forming into one common body. Like a great army, they stood waiting, ready to move, but uncertain which way to go. As they waited, apparently for a leader, she saw a woman, whose face bore a striking resemblance to her own, clothed in flowing, white garments, approach and stand before the assembled multitude. She carried in her hand an open book, which she held up before the people and read to them from different pages. The look upon the faces of the host changed during this reading, from one of incredulity to that of intense interest, and then to enthusiasm, and when she finished, the people gave a great shout, crying:

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Then the vision seemed to melt away, and the words from Isaiah's prophecy rang again in her ears. What could these things mean? She was well enough acquainted with the history of her people to know that even then they were emerging slowly from the burial place where they had lain for two millenniums, and that the dry bones of the house of Israel had become a living body. That they would be restored to their native land and again become an important factor among the nations of the world, she had been taught, for her father was an ardent Zionist. That the Lord would make Himself known to them in some unmistakable manner was reasonable to believe, and that He should choose a woman to be among his messengers of reconciliation was not without precedent, since Miriam

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and Deborah had been sent as prophetesses to Israel. To Evelyn's mind the conclusion was plain. God's hand had led her to this humble home, where she had been permitted to learn the way of life, in order that she, in turn, might bear the message to her persecuted and down-trodden people. She was satisfied and happy. She listened for a moment to the ticking of the little clock on the mantel, and then fell asleep.

CHAPTER III

At breakfast-time the next morning Burton had not returned home.

"It is so strange he does not come," said the wife, betraying her anxiety in both look and tone.

"I would not worry about it, mother dear," said Evelyn, using the endearing name as though it was hers by natural right. "God will take care of him and bring him back soon. I feel certain of it."

"Your faith already outmeasures my own," replied Mrs. Burton, mentally contrasting the bright-faced, happy girl before her with the sad, discouraged creature of the day before, and rejoiced at the complete transformation.

"It is all so wonderful," exclaimed Evelyn, recalling the experience of the night before. "I did not tell you what I saw after I retired last night."

"Tell me about it, if you wish to."

Evelyn began and described in detail the vision she had seen, and the message from Isaiah, which had seemed to really be a part of it.

"It certainly is remarkable," replied Mrs. Burton. "I feel that the Lord has a work for you to do, and He

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has made it known in this manner, to strengthen your faith, and encourage you to meet the trials which will no doubt, come."

"I feel so weak and unprepared for doing such work. How can I ever accomplish anything! I have not strength or wisdom to undertake such a mission."

"That is just the way a servant of Christ should feel, for it is not human wisdom or learning that counts, so much as the power of the Holy Spirit. God takes the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. The more humble the instrument, the greater glory there will be to the power that is back of it. Human nature is prone to take to itself the credit for doing things, without due recognition of God's part in the work."

"I am willing to do His bidding, whatever that may be, and, as you say, He will qualify me for his service. I am willing to die if need be, to serve Him."

It was now decided that some steps must be taken to try to locate the missing Burton. Not a word had been heard of him, and in casting about for some means of help, Mrs. Burton concluded to appeal to the Superintendent of the Mission on Eighth Avenue, where they had been in the habit of attending the meetings. She felt sure that the kindly Major Milton, in charge of the mission, would do all he could to help her, and, with Evelyn, she was soon on the way. It was but a short walk from the Burton home to the mission, and the two women were soon in Major Milton's office. The kind-hearted old man received them very warmly, listening to Mrs. Burton's story of her husband's disappearance, with deep interest. After she had finished her narrative, Milton turned to a gentleman who was sitting back in a corner of the room reading a paper.

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"Mr. Fielding, we need your assistance," he said, addressing the other. "This good woman's husband has mysteriously disappeared, and the family are very anxious about him. Perhaps here is an opportunity you have been waiting for, to aid in solving the problems of the common people."

The man addressed as Fielding threw down his paper and came forward, in acknowledgment to an introduction to the two women.

"I shall be glad to assist you in any way possible," he said pleasantly to Mrs. Burton, at the same time giving a searching glance at Evelyn, who stood further back.

Mrs. Burton gave what information she could as to the intentions of her husband to visit a certain railroad man down town, whose name she could not recall. Being assured of prompt and thorough efforts in trying to locate the missing man, the women returned home to await the outcome.

In the meantime Milton and Harold Fielding were in consultation as to the proper course to pursue. It was finally decided that Harold should call upon a detective friend, who he felt sure would be able to solve the mystery in a short time. He accordingly called up William Keene, detective, on the telephone, and communicated his wish. Keene promised to take charge of the matter at once, and arranged to report to Harold at about six o'clock that evening.

After the matter was disposed of, Milton and Harold sat for some time, talking. Harold was the only son of Richard Fielding, the railroad king, and he had called at the mission that afternoon to see his old friend, Milton, and, incidentally, to offer his services in some of the meetings during the Fall and Winter. He was a member of the committee which controlled

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the affairs of the mission and, naturally, felt an interest in the success of the work. He was not a man of deep spiritual experience, and his interest could, perhaps, be more properly classed as of the humanitarian order. He was a young man of great natural ability, generous in his dealings, and loved by all who knew him.

"You don't know how glad I am to have this visit from you, Harold," said Milton, as the younger man prepared to take his departure. "I shall take hold with renewed courage, since I am assured of your sympathy and help."

"You can depend upon me, Major, to do anything that is needed, from singing in your choir to raising funds. I am determined to become more familiar with the conditions surrounding the common people, and right here is a good place to study them. I fear that some of our philanthropic methods fail to bring help and blessing to many who are deserving, and who need a friendly hand. I for one, intend to study the conditions and superintend, to a large extent, my own benefactions."

"I wish more rich men would look at the matter that way. We would see much more done for the worthy poor, and what was given would reach the people it was intended for, instead of leaking out in mysterious ways, as it does so often."

"I must go now. I will get a report from Keene at six o'clock, and let you hear from me. I hope to get Burton back to his family, if he is alive."

"It will be doing them a great favor, Harold, and I am sure they will appreciate it. They are regular attendants here, and are far above the average tenement-house folk."

Milton turned back into his office, after bidding the

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young millionaire good-by, while the latter hailed a passing cab and started for his home, on upper Fifth Avenue. When Harold reached home he went at once to his own room, wishing to have a little time for quiet reflection before dinner. He lit a cigar, and threw himself down on the couch. He had pursued a course that afternoon which was rather out of the ordinary, and his experience at the mission had started a new line of thought. It had been at Milton's especial request that he had visited the mission, and at the same time it had gratified a desire he had felt to view the conditions of the common people at short range. He had started out with some misgivings, as he was loth to come into too close contact with the vicious and depraved element which constitutes a certain portion of the lower stratas of society, but in summing up the unusual experiences, it was evident, from the satisfied look on his face, that it had been a profitable afternoon's work. There had been one or two cases of application for aid, that showed to him the very lowest level of degradation. Others had not been so bad, and some had been decidedly interesting. Among the latter had been Mrs. Burton and Evelyn. His short interview with Mrs. Burton had revealed, unmistakably, that she was a true lady, even though very plainly dressed, but there was something that had impressed him more than this, and that was the strange feeling that had come over him as his eyes, for a moment, met those of Evelyn Chase. Now, as he reviewed the scene, the feeling returned with even more force. He had seen that face before, somewhere. The expressive blue eyes, looking out from a face of singular beauty, and crowned with its wealth of golden brown hair, seemed to grow more familiar as he thought it over.

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"I have it!" he exclaimed, starting up and beginning to pace the floor, as though trying to solve a deep problem. "I am sure it is the same face! I remember now," he continued, speaking to himself in a lower tone. "I was riding on horseback through the park one day, and came across an automobile that was out of order. A young girl was in charge of the machine, accompanied by an elderly man, apparently an invalid. She was in great distress, because she could not locate the trouble with the machine, and I fixed it for her. It only took a minute or two to start the motor going. I have not forgotten the look of gratitude she gave me as they drove away. I saw the same look in her eyes to-day when I said I would find Burton. Those eyes have haunted me sleeping and waking since that meeting in the park. What I cannot understand, is the fact that when I met her in the park, she had every appearance of being in good circumstances, but the change in station may be easily accounted for in these days of stock juggling. A person may be a millionaire one day, and the next, a common laborer. Evidently she has met with some reverse of fortune, and has been reduced to very straitened circumstances. She certainly has not grown any less beautiful, however, for she has the grace and bearing of a queen, notwithstanding her plain attire."

Harold's soliloquy was here interrupted by the summons to dinner, and he went down to meet his parents in the dining room. He greeted his mother with the usual kiss, and saluted his father. Harold was an only child, and idolized by his mother, notwithstanding her passion for society. The father was justly proud of his son and heir, but the latter's demo-

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cratic ideas, which at times bordered on socialism, worried him.

"You were not at the office this afternoon, I noticed," said the father, eying Harold keenly.

"I was with my old friend Milton, at the Eighth Avenue Mission to-day, to look into conditions there. You know I am a member of the committee."

A look of displeasure was apparent in Richard Fielding's face. "I would not mix much with those people," he said dryly. "No good can come of it, and the first thing you know there will be a string of beggars a mile long at the office, waiting to see you."

"It is strange, Harold," interrupted the mother peevishly, "that you should belittle yourself by mingling with those common people. We give our money to philanthropic work, and it should end there. Let them be served by their own class, and not contaminate good society by trying to climb into it. You might be a leader in our set, if you chose."

"I think I am old enough to be my own judge of some matters!" returned Harold, considerably nettled.

"I did not mean to hurt your feelings," replied the father, seeing that he had aroused a spirit of antagonism that would only serve to aggravate matters.

"I am determined to learn something about the conditions surrounding the common people, and there is no better way than to go among them and see for oneself. I believe what I learned to-day was worth the time and effort."

"I tell you, Harold, no good can come from mixing with the rabble. You must keep them at arm's length or they will ride over you. I had an illustration of this, only to-day, right in my private office. A fellow

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came in, asking for money, and after a tirade against the rich, I was forced to send for an officer in order to get rid of him. He was an out and out socialist. Why, he even demanded that I give him money, saying he had helped to create my property values and was entitled to something."

"This is dreadful!" groaned the mother, wringing her hands. "What will it be next!"

"The able men into whose hands the Lord has committed the property interests of the country will rule!" growled Richard Fielding savagely. "The rabble will have to obey their masters."

"I do not think there is any immediate danger of the rabble, as you term the working people, doing any serious mischief, unless driven to desperation by continued oppression and robbery. They might be wrought up to such a pitch, if conditions are not soon remedied. I think it would be a wise thing to give labor a fair share of the profits, and let them enjoy a part of the wealth which they help to create. Because a man has millions is no good reason why he should be allowed to double his fortune every two or three years at the expense of the workingmen. The present practice of accumulating immense fortunes at the expense of the common people is most pernicious, and will sooner or later bring about revolution and anarchy. I believe a just and equitable distribution of the profits would enable us to avoid the threatened catastrophe. As it is, we are going in the same way that other nations have done, sowing the seeds of anarchy and revolution throughout our land. I am afraid there will be a bloody harvest."

"You will be an out and out Socialist before long, Harold!" exclaimed the father, in a tone which plainly showed his anger and disgust.

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The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant who handed a note to Harold. He opened it and read as follows:

"Harold Fielding:—Francis Burton is in Center Street police station, on complaint of Richard Fielding.—KEENE."

Harold's knife dropped from his hand, and he looked at his father in amazement.

"No bad news, I hope," said the father, noting Harold's disturbed manner.

Without replying, Harold handed his father the slip of paper.

"That's the fellow!" he exclaimed, after reading the note, and bringing his hand down on the table with terrific force. "What do you know about him?"

"This much," replied Harold coolly looking the excited man in the eye. "Francis Burton has a wife and six children down on 47th Street, who are in destitute circumstances, and unless there was something more than you have stated I think it is very rough treatment for him, to say nothing of his wife and children who are innocent of any wrong."

"He acted very impertinently, to say the least, and if they suffer, he is the one at fault. The idea of saying that I was under obligations to help him, when he received every dollar of wages due him."

"He worked for the company over fifteen years, and lost a leg while in the discharge of his duty. His salary was only a moderate one, and I understand he received in consideration for the loss of his limb an annual pass for one year. I should consider that you were under some obligations to him."

"You and I cannot agree as to that. If we should

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establish such a precedent, we would be literally swamped with applications for aid. One must draw the line somewhere."

"You surely do not contemplate prosecuting the man, after all these years of faithful service, and his excellent record! Even though you gave him nothing, it would be only humane to allow him the opportunity to provide for his family."

"Of course I don't wish to appear as persecuting the fellow, and if he does not trouble me again, I will drop the matter, although I had purposed making an example of him."

Harold did not care to argue the matter further, as he had gained the point he wished, which was to secure Burton's release. He felt that his father had been unduly severe, but he did not wish to arouse his ire by saying anything further at that time.

"With your permission, then, I will have the charge against Burton withdrawn, and let him go home," said Harold, rising from the table.

"With the distinct understanding that he refrain from any further demands upon me," said the other, sullenly.

Harold kissed his mother good-by, and hurried out, ordering his carriage to be ready immediately for a trip down town. A few minutes later he was speeding down Fifth Avenue, and in less than half an hour he entered the Center Street police station. It required but a few words from Harold to satisfy the officer in charge that Burton had been apprehended on a misunderstanding, and his release was ordered forthwith.

When Burton emerged from the cell where he had spent two days and a night, he was a picture of despair. Worry over the possible fate of his family,

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and his inability to communicate with them had made him almost insane. His hair was uncombed, his eyes bloodshot, and his face haggard. Harold quickly made himself known and assured the dazed man that his family was safe and well provided for. When he finally realized that he was free to go home, and that Harold had effected his release, his joy and gratitude were unbounded. He fairly hugged Harold, and thanked him again and again. Being discharged by the officer, Harold took Burton's arm and led him to the carriage, and they were soon on their way up town.

Burton explained how he had called at the office to ask for aid in his extremity, and upon being refused, had lost his temper and scored the railroad magnate roundly for his uncharitable attitude, the result of which has already been made known. Harold then told how he had met Mrs. Burton and Evelyn at the Mission, as though by accident and had set the detective on his trail. They soon reached the 47th Street house, Burton having recovered his usual spirits, and he hobbled into the door as fast as his crippled condition would permit. Harold followed at some distance not wishing to intrude upon the affecting scene which he anticipated between Burton and his family. He would have ordered his driver to go home, but he wished to learn if there was any pressing need to be met in the way of money, and incidentally to try and get another look at Evelyn, in order to satisfy himself as to her identity. As he lingered at the door, Evelyn advanced and invited him in, explaining that she had left the family in the back part of the house, happy at the reunion which had taken place. The conversation naturally turned upon the scene in the kitchen, which from the sounds of

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merriment that came to them, seemed to be very touching.

"I am so thankful that Mr. Burton has returned safely," said Evelyn, after a moment's lull in the talk.

"I am very sorry the unfortunate thing occurred," replied Harold. "But all is well that ends well, so we can rejoice with the others."

"It was very kind of you to help them in this time of distress."

He noted the peculiar look of gratitude in the blue eyes, and it sent a thrill through him.

"I presume it was my simple duty, seeing that it was my father's harshness and temper that are largely responsible for the trouble. I have known Burton for some years, and am anxious to help him. I did not know he was in the city, until to-night, though I thought the name sounded strangely familiar when I met Mrs. Burton in the Mission this afternoon. Perhaps, as a friend of the family, you can tell me something about their probable needs, if I may take the liberty of asking you."

"They are in very straitened circumstances, and if I could only find employment, I could help them. I should dearly love to do something to help them, for they have been very kind to me. Mr. Burton has had difficulty in finding work."

"What sort of work could you do?"

"I am a stenographer and typewriter. I used to act as my father's private secretary, and have done considerable work of that kind."

"I might be able to give you some copying to do. I think I can arrange it, if you wish to try."

"Oh, I shall be delighted if you can give me a position!" she exclaimed. "Then I can help them by

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becoming a regular boarder. I am so thankful to you, Mr. Fielding."

Again that look of gratitude in the dark eyes thrilled him strangely, and he no longer doubted the identity of the beautiful girl before him. Evelyn Chase was the girl he had met in the park.

"I will start you in at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, then," he said after a slight pause. "We will say at eighteen dollars a week. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Yes, thank you, ever so much. That will enable me to do something for my friends here, and it is very liberal of you."

"You may find me a very exacting employer," he said, with an amused look.

"I am not afraid of work," she replied, laughing.

"I think I have enough copying to keep you busy for a couple of weeks. After that, we will find something else."

"I am so thankful, Mr. Fielding. I believe God's hand is in this, for I have been asking him to open the way for me to get employment, and he has brought it to pass. Out of a seeming calamity he has brought great deliverance."

"Do you really think God takes the trouble to look after our small affairs?" he asked in a slightly incredulous tone.

"Certainly, I believe it! Nothing is too small for him to take note of and control, that concerns the welfare of his own children. I believe this has been brought about directly in answer to prayer."

"We will not argue that point, Miss Chase. Perhaps we do not see the question exactly alike, but I am heartily glad the matter has turned out satisfactorily, whether it is a special act of Providence, or a

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happy piece of good luck. By the way, what kind of typewriter do you prefer?"

She mentioned the machine that she had been used to.

"I will bear it in mind then. Here, I see the family are coming to join us."

Burton came into the room, accompanied by his wife and the children, the smaller ones clinging to him as though they feared he might again disappear in some mysterious manner. A few minutes was spent in explaining the new venture which Evelyn had planned and there was general rejoicing when she told of Harold's kind offer of employment. Harold also assured Burton that he would see that he found employment, stating that he would take him into his own office, were it not for the prejudice which had been aroused on the part of his father, and which he knew it would require tact to overcome.

Finally bidding the happy family good-night, Harold entered his carriage and started for home. From the pleased look on his face, it was evident that he considered his first day's work among the common people a success. When he reached his room he threw himself down upon the couch and gave himself up to reflection.

"I have proved my theory correct, in part, at least," he mused. "Probably through some stroke of misfortune she is obliged to earn her own living. I must say I admire her independent spirit. Many a girl would rather eat the bread of charity than earn her way amid such surroundings. How strangely this has all come about. I have thought of that meeting in the park many times, and wondered if I would ever see her again. Now, in an effort to aid a poor family, I have unexpectedly run across her the very first

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thing. It really does look as though there was a power that influenced our fortunes, as Shakespeare says:

"There is a destiny that shapes our lives, rough hew them how we will."

"I am glad I have struck the trail again, and am determined to follow it up this time. A girl with her spirit is worth cultivating."

Harold lay for a long time, thinking over the events of the day. It had been a revelation to him in more ways than one. He had located the person who had exerted a strong, though perhaps unconscious, influence over his romantic nature during the two years just passed, and the circumstances of their second meeting had impressed him deeply. Perhaps, as she said, it was the hand of Providence which had led them together again in this manner. He was not entirely ready to accept this view of the matter as yet, for he had always looked upon anything bordering upon the supernatural, as foolishness. He had also gotten an insight into the lower strata of society, which strengthened and confirmed his ideas of practical philanthropy. He was just entering upon a business career with large possibilities, and he felt that further investigation along this line which he had begun would enable him to solve many of the vexing problems he had to face, with justice and liberality.

Thus Harold Fielding, with his noble, generous qualities of mind and heart, was entering upon a period of discipline which was to prove far beyond his present conception, that a rich man, if so disposed, can exert an influence at once powerful and beneficent, even amid the degeneracy of the Twentieth Century.

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CHAPTER IV

Evelyn Chase reached the Nassau street office of Richard Fielding & Son promptly at nine o'clock the morning after her interview with Harold. She was directed by the polite clerk, where to place her hat and coat, and he then showed her the desk where she was to work. A new typewriter, of the make she had specified, was there all ready for her, and after she had taken her seat, the clerk handed her a package of papers, saying that Mr. Fielding had instructed him to put her to work. The work was simple and plain, and Evelyn set about her task with enthusiasm, evidently determined to make as good a showing as possible. About eleven o'clock Harold came in to see how she was getting along. He complimented her on the extreme neatness of her work, as well as the speed with which it was gotten out. He lingered really longer than was necessary to inspect the work, making the excuse that he had to revise certain documents before they were copied. Evelyn kept steadily at work, pausing only long enough to answer his questions, and evidently bent on avoiding a general conversation, into which Harold seemed to be trying to lead her. Finally he returned to his private office, leaving her to carry on her work unhindered.

Shortly after lunch, Harold came to her again and explained that their regular stenographer, Miss Brown, had been suddenly called away by the illness of a relative. He asked if she would be willing to fill the position temporarily. Evelyn cheerfully agreed to do the work, and it was arranged that she should

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leave the copying and take Richard Fielding's dictation until the regular stenographer returned.

Harold cautioned Evelyn not to divulge to his father her connection with the Burton family, nor the amount of her salary, stating as his reason that he did not wish to excite his father's prejudice further. He told Evelyn confidentially, that Miss Brown's regular salary was only twelve dollars a week, it being his father's hobby to employ cheap help in his own office, in order to set an example for others, and, to avoid controversy, it would be necessary for her to appear on the payroll at that figure. The difference he would pay her out of his own funds. The matter was duly arranged and Evelyn was directed to report in Richard Fielding's private office at two o'clock.

Richard Fielding, multi-millionaire, had his own ideas in regard to managing affairs, and felt that it was his duty, as the head of a great railroad organization, to show the most rigid economy before his subordinates. Harold could remember the time when he had asked his father for a lead pencil, exhibiting one that had split open from lack of glue, and the old gentleman had very gravely advised him to fasten it together with a piece of string, thus enabling him to use it until the lead was exhausted. It was not to be wondered at then that in spite of his immense wealth, he limited his stenographer to twelve dollars a week. This salary, of course, procured only a very ordinary specimen of stenographic ability, and it was not uncommon for him to have to redictate a whole letter, on account of the blunders of the hard-working Miss Brown.

When he began dictating, Richard Fielding cast furtive glances now and then at the small white hand

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which grasped the pencil so firmly and wrote steadily, without a break. Evidently he was trying to determine if she were capable of taking dictation, and the smooth, easy manner in which she took the letters seemed to satisfy him, and he rattled off some thirty-five or forty letters quite rapidly. After he had finished dictating, Fielding turned to her and said that she could finish up as many as possible, that afternoon, as he liked to sign what were ready, about half past four, the balance, he added, she could finish the next morning. Evelyn did not reply, but picked up her notebook and started to go.

"Don't you want the correspondence?" he asked in a surprised tone. "Miss Brown often finds it convenient to refresh her memory as to names and dates by looking at the letters."

"I have the dictation all down in shorthand," replied the girl, with a quizzical look.

"I know, but can you read your notes readily?"

"I have never had any trouble along that line, and do not think it necessary to take the papers away from your desk unless you wish it," with a suspicion of a smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"Just as you like, only please don't butcher things up. If you are not sure about the notes, ask me, and I will set you straight."

Evelyn returned to her typewriter with an amused look on her face. She set to work with a will, determined to do her best in the new position. The white tapering fingers flew like lightning over the keys, until the whirr of the machine caused Richard Fielding to peep out of his office in amazement. His astonishment was still greater when, at four o'clock Evelyn carried a good-sized bundle of letters in and laid them on his desk.

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"You must have mistaken the time. We don't close until five. How many of them have you finished?" he asked, abruptly, noting her look of suppressed merriment.

"All of them, sir," replied Evelyn, hardly able to control herself.

"You don't mean——" here he began running through the pile of letters. "Well! I beg your pardon, Miss Chase, for what I said. I did not expect half of the letters to-night, and you have finished the whole lot. Now then," he continued, regaining his composure, "if they are well written, I shall call this very excellent work."

"I think you will find them correct, for I took great pains with them," said Evelyn, backing out of the office.

A few minutes later, Harold, whose room adjoined his father's office, heard him call excitedly. He sprang up and ran hastily into his father's room.

"Beats anything I ever saw," he exclaimed, pointing to the letters he had just finished signing.

"What's wrong with them?" he asked, wondering if his protegee had made some serious error.

"That's what surprises me! She has written thirty-five letters in less than two hours and there is not a mistake in the whole lot. She is superb."

"I am glad to hear you say that," replied Harold, well pleased that Evelyn had stood the test so well.

"What did you agree to pay her?" asked the father with a shrewd glance at Harold.

"Same as Miss Brown got—twelve per week," he answered, adding a mental reservation to himself, however, that he would pay the balance out of his own pocket.

"She's worth it, by Jove, but being a new hand, I

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would have started her in at eight dollars a week, so as to give her a raise by and by, without increasing the payroll. Always start a new hand in at the very lowest you can, and then raise them a few dollars now and then, if necessary to keep them. That is my policy."

Harold cast a glance of mingled disgust and pity at his father, as he went back to his own room.

"Such cursed parsimony!" he muttered, as he resumed his duties.

At half past four Harold went to Evelyn and told her that she could consider her quitting time as five o'clock, adding that she need not be particular to get in exactly at nine, as his father rarely reached the office before ten o'clock.

"And now, Miss Chase," he continued, taking out his pocketbook and extracting a twenty-dollar bill, "I wish you to accept your first week's pay in advance. The two dollars extra are for you to spend for the children."

"This is as unexpected as it is pleasing, Mr. Fielding," she said, taking the money. "I shall be able to do a great deal with it for the dear friends at home. I thank you for your thoughtful kindness."

"It is nothing at all, Miss Chase. I really want to help Burton, but I don't know just what would be the best way to do it. If it were not for the unfortunate scrape he got into with father, I could have used him here, but that would be out of the question now. Will you tell him for me that I will try to find him a place with one of my business acquaintances. In the meantime, if anything is needed I will be happy to assist him either financially, or otherwise. Too bad he did not come to me instead of to father."

"You are very kind," she answered, expressing her

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gratitude as much by the look of the dark eyes, as by her words.

Evelyn started on her homeward trip, stopping on the way to purchase a box of bonbons for the children. This unexpected treat caused quite a commotion when she arrived, as in the present financial strait, sweetmeats were an impossible luxury. According to Teddy's verdict, Evelyn was pronounced just as nice as a "for sure" auntie. Evelyn placed what was left of her wages after reserving enough for car fare and lunch in Mrs. Burton's hands, instructing her to use it for the needs of the household. She then delivered the message from Harold to Burton, and related her amusing experience with Richard Fielding.

"Just like him!" declared Burton. "He lets his miserly instincts rule him. Instead of being generous with his employees, he keeps them down to the last penny, thereby decreasing their efficiency. When Harold comes into control of the property there will be an application of different ideas. He is not only capable, but he is humane and just in his principles."

"He is very kind and good," said Evelyn, a faint blush stealing into her cheeks.

"Harold Fielding is a marvel, considering his aristocratic surroundings. He used to come west with his father in their private car when I was in the St. Louis office, and he mingled with the boys just as if he were an ordinary person, instead of the son and heir of a great railroad king. If I had only seen him instead of his father, I would have had a different experience day before yesterday."

"The Lord has brought it out all right, nevertheless, Mr. Burton. Let us praise Him and take courage. I feel so grateful for the change that has come to me in these few days."

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"I see my wife has been instilling religion into you," said Burton, a little impatiently.

"She taught me how to find Jesus, and since I found Him, my life has been like a resurrection from the dead. Everything is bright, and I am so happy that I scarcely can realize what has taken place."

"You have made rapid progress, Miss Chase, for you talk just like my wife, and she has been a Christian for fifteen years or more. I am afraid I cannot remain an unbeliever against two such faithful exponents of religion."

"I sincerely hope you will not delay in the matter, for you are depriving yourself of inexpressible joy, and one never knows what a day may bring forth."

"You are quite right," he said reflectively. "At any rate I intend to visit the Mission oftener and settle this question soon. I have heard my faithful wife pray for me when she thought I was asleep, and after the events of the past few days, I cannot doubt that she is serving a real God."

The conversation took another turn, Burton evidently not caring to be pressed on the subject too closely. After supper was finished, it was decided that Burton and his wife, with Evelyn, should attend the meeting at the Mission, and in due time they set out, leaving Esther in charge of the children. When they reached the Mission, the meeting was already under way, and they found seats well up in front.

It was Milton's plan to urge upon those who were professed Christians, to take some part in the service. Sometimes this was done by quoting passages of scripture, selecting a favorite hymn, or by testimony and prayer.

The meeting had reached that stage where testi-

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monies were in order and a call was made for volunteers to rise and declare what the Lord had done for them, preferably in some recent experience. A number responded to this invitation, Mrs. Burton among others, the testimonies being interspersed with singing. During a momentary pause, Mrs. Burton leaned over and said something to Evelyn. The import of what she said was evident, for Evelyn rose to her feet and in a sweet, clear voice told of her conversion, and the subsequent period of blessing. As she spoke, her face grew radiant with joy, her hands uplifted, and her testimony ending abruptly with an exclamation of praise to God. She stood before the congregation thus for some minutes, apparently unconscious of their presence, and lost in the fullness of the heavenly benediction. The people looked at her in wonder. It was something new to them to see such an exhibition of ecstatic joy, where the services were wont to be more or less formal and commonplace.

Suddenly Evelyn's hands were lowered to a point just over the backs of the seats, and then, as if inspired by some mighty unseen power, they began to move back and forth with wonderful grace and rhythm, as though keeping time to celestial music. The motion of her hands was like that of a person scattering seed with either hand over a prepared field. She continued in this manner for some minutes, during which time tears fell upon her cheeks like drops of rain. Gradually the swaying motion ceased and for an instant the hands were stationary. Then again they began to move, this time as if in the act of gathering up sheaves of ripened grain, while the expression of her face changed from that of anxiety and grief, to radiant happiness. After moving her hands in this manner for several minutes,

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they were again lifted upward as if in praise, while her face was transfigured with holy joy.

The effect of this strange spectacle upon the people had been pronounced. At first a feeling of curiosity had manifested itself, then a kind of awe seemed to take possession of the whole company as they watched breathlessly the girl's various attitudes and the changing expression of her face. In another moment she had resumed her seat as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

After Evelyn had resumed her seat Major Milton again addressed the audience.

"My friends," he said, "the scene we have just witnessed has made a very deep impression upon me. I have been a minister of the gospel for over forty years and have been in some wonderful meetings, but this manifestation of the Holy Spirit's presence in our midst, as witnessed through this testimony, is the most remarkable I have ever seen or heard of in modern times. Such experiences of the Spirit's presence were common in the early church, and instances of persons becoming entranced and seeing visions are even recorded in the days of the Wesleys in England. I have wondered why such evidences of God's presence and power were not oftener seen in our own day and believe they would be, if it were not for the unreasoning prejudice among professed Christians toward anything that savors of the supernatural. Your interest and attention shows that this experience has impressed you also, and I am now going to ask Miss Chase if she will be kind enough to tell us more about it."

Evelyn rose to respond to the invitation, but it was evident from her timid manner that she was unused

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to speaking in public, and she began in a voice somewhat tremulous:

"When I was first urged to give my testimony in the meeting, I felt almost afraid to try to speak, but when I obeyed the impulse, I felt the power of the Holy Spirit come upon me like a cloud. Finally I became so filled with this mysterious presence that I could not speak, and while I had before dreaded standing up before the audience, I seemed to lose sight of earthly things for the time being, and could only lift my hands and praise the Lord for making his presence so real. Then a vision appeared to me, which I will try to tell you of."

Here her face lighted up again with the same radiant look that had been seen before, and she continued:

"I seemed to see a great field, all prepared as if for seed, but there was no one to perform the work of sowing. Then a voice said to me:

"'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'

"A measure of seed was given me and I began scattering it broadcast, in my movements, keeping time with music which seemed to come from above. After I had passed over the field and turned about to go back I looked and behold the seed which I had planted was become a fruitful harvest. The ripened grain was bending beneath its weight of increase, but there were no reapers to be seen. Then I heard the same voice which had spoken to me before, saying:

"'He that reapeth, receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.'

"I was given a sickle and began to reap the golden grain and bind it up in bundles. After I had thus

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crossed the field again and the grain had been gathered in I saw the Lord of the harvest, Jesus, waiting to welcome me with a beautiful crown. He said to me:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"I bowed in worship before him, while angel voices were singing a glad welcome to the home-coming reaper. Then the vision gradually faded away, and I found myself standing here among the people."

"It is but fitting," said Milton, resuming charge of the service, "that after the experience related by Miss Chase, and the outward demonstration which has been witnessed, a few words of explanation should be added, lest any should be in doubt as to the meaning of it. I will refer you to the prophecy of Joel, second chapter, eighteenth verse, which reads:

"It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy. Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

"Here we have the scriptural solution of this mysterious scene which has been enacted before us."

The meeting was dismissed and there was the usual scene of handshaking and cordial greetings between various members of the company. Some of the people gathered around Evelyn seeking to question her further regarding her experience, while others stood in groups here and there discussing the remarkable occurrence. Some believed it to be genuine, while others scoffed at the idea, some very wise ones declaring that miracles had ceased with the last of the apostles. Evelyn answered some of the questions put to her, but as soon as she found opportunity, she

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made her escape from the noisy crowd, and with the Burtons started for home.

Harold Fielding had attended the meeting that evening and he had been a silent but deeply interested spectator. He had never witnessed such a scene in any religious gathering, and his curiosity was aroused to such an extent that he remained some time after the service for a private talk with Milton. He did not understand Evelyn's actions, and was determined to satisfy himself regarding the matter. After the people had gone out, Milton took Harold into his office, and at once expressed his willingness to talk on the subject.

"I am considerably interested in this question, Major," said Harold earnestly. "If this was a genuine revelation of the power of God's Spirit that we have seen to-night, it means a great deal."

"It was nothing less than that, and it means everything," replied Milton. "It is according to Scripture, and no one can truthfully deny it."

"I have always had a strong prejudice against faith curists, trance mediums and mystics, and have inclined to the belief that there is nothing supernatural at the present time, although there may have been in the days of the apostles."

"You are mistaken, Harold. You may not have witnessed any such stupendous manifestations of the Spirit's presence as we saw here to-night, but in a greater or less degree these things have been done right along since the First Century. Of course, many well-informed church members refuse to admit the fact, but there are many indisputable cases, happening from time to time all around us, so what is the use to deny it? To be brief, the gospel of Christ is just exactly the same thing in the Twentieth Cen-

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tury that it was in the First Century. There is not the slightest scriptural evidence that Jesus or His immediate followers intended or authorized any departure whatever from the pattern given us in the early church. The only change that they did anticipate was a falling away in faith, and that was foretold as a means of guarding the true followers of Christ against it."

"Why, then, is not this refreshing doctrine heralded in our orthodox pulpits?"

"It is because of prejudice against the supernatural element in religion. To be plain, the marvellous works of the Spirit proclaim God's immediate presence, and people who are not in harmony with him, have no pleasure in such nearness to a holy God. They must either get right or get away from such powerful convictions. I regret to say that the majority seem to prefer to get away."

"Well, if it is true, I should be glad to believe it, and I have confidence in your word. I never dreamed that such things could be witnessed in our day, and yet I do not see why there should be any change from the original program."

"There has been no change whatever, so far as the Word of God or the power of the Holy Spirit are concerned. The change has been brought about by worldly wise men introducing their own inventions and traditions into church doctrine, in place of the simple teaching of Christ and the apostles."

"Do you think this failure to declare the whole truth is due to ignorance, or is it deliberate disobedience?"

"It is due to both causes. There is a lack of ministerial backbone in many cases. The preacher is too honest to deny the truth, but not brave enough

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to give it out faithfully. Again, there are some whose lives are so worldly and unspiritual that even though convinced of the real truth, they cannot stand the searchlight of the Spirit. They simply reject any and all supernatural manifestations."

"Your statement of the case reminds me of something I saw when I was out in the country last summer."

"What was that?"

"We were moving some boards and when we lifted one which was next to the ground there were a lot of beetles and worms under it; it was amusing to watch them run away from the light, and crawl into some hole where the sunlight would not strike them."

"That is a good illustration of the way people run away from the light of God's truth. They get used to living in a state of semi-darkness, spiritually, and when the full blaze of gospel truth is turned on them they run to cover, just as the beetles do when they are disturbed."

Harold looked at his watch, and found it was later than he had thought, so he bade Milton good night and took his departure. As he drove home he was bound to admit that his previous ideas regarding the supernatural element in religion had undergone a radical change. He could no longer feel that emotional religion was a thing suitable for women and children only. If what Milton had said was true, and there was a growing conviction in his mind that it was, it opened up a new realm for the Christian. He could not believe that Evelyn was either ignorant or hypocritical. Her manner had showed sweet, maidenly simplicity, both at the office and the Mission. By the time he reached his room Harold had arrived at the conclusion that his experiences among

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the common people were becoming intensely interesting. Indeed, if he had analyzed his feelings sufficiently, or had the power to look into his own soul, he would have seen perhaps that the magic seeds of love had already been sown there, which were destined to weave their influence about his future life.

CHAPTER V

Events in the Burton household went along smoothly for the first week of Evelyn's employment in the Fielding office. True to his promise, Harold made several attempts to find a place for Burton, when, owing to an unfortunate accident, the latter was suddenly rendered entirely helpless. He was returning from a trip down town where he had been in search of work, and in alighting from the street car, a jerk, due to the carelessness of the motorman, sent him headlong upon the granite pavement. After recovering from the first effect of the fall, it was discovered by Dr. Lane, who attended him, that he had sustained a serious fracture of the right knee. This disability, which threatened to be permanent, was aggravated by the previous loss of his left leg. The physician could not give much encouragement that he would ever be able to get around again, and the prospect ahead of the family was anything but bright. With the severe weather coming on, and the head of the family helpless, the faith of the mother was sorely tried.

At this critical time, however, when every other hope of support was disappearing, Evelyn came nobly to the aid of the afflicted family. She had been sharing

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her weekly allowance with them, reserving only a small portion for herself, but now she voluntarily assumed the entire burden of their support, urging that she had become one of the family and as such she should give all that she earned into the family purse, receiving back only her board and such other necessary things. Harold, upon learning of Burton's misfortune, and of Evelyn's self-sacrificing attitude toward the stricken family, at once insisted on making a regular contribution sufficient to meet their running expenses. This relieved the strain upon Evelyn's slender income, and enabled her to purchase some clothing for herself which was very much needed.

Under these conditions, a month rolled by, and the Christmas season drew on. Evelyn and Harold were jointly supporting the Burton's, and their little schemes for helping the poor family gave them abundant opportunity to study each other's character. Harold was becoming, more rapidly perhaps than he realized, an admirer of the noble, high-spirited girl, who served in the capacity of stenographer by day, and played the part of a philanthropist and mission worker in the evening. That this feeling soon developed into ardent love was not strange, considering the fact that they were together daily. Harold made it convenient to call at the Burton home frequently of an evening, ostensibly to inquire after the invalid, but more in reality to get opportunity to be with Evelyn, generally accompanying her to and from the Mission, or taking her for a ride. He gave her costly and beautiful presents, including some rare bouquets. In spite of all these attentions however, which were enough to turn the head of many girls higher up in the social scale than Evelyn, he could gain no assurance, either by act or word that Evelyn cared for him,

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beyond a frank, generous friendship. He contrived various plans for expressing his affection, one of which was to select a bouquet whose floral language bore a tender message, and which though instantly interpreted by her, elicited no definite answer. Instead of her head being turned by these evidences of Harold's interest, she maintained a dignity and reserve of manner which only added fuel to the flame which had been kindled in his breast. That this girl, working for her daily bread, could be unworthy of his affection, did not occur to him. She was, so far as he had been able to read her character, his ideal of what a woman should be. The wide difference in their respective stations in life did not cast any shadow of possible disappointment upon his pathway.

Had he been older, and less romantic, and taken time to sit down and think the matter over calmly, he would have seen that there were some very great obstacles in the way of making Evelyn his wife, but love is blind to obstacles, and Harold was no exception to the general rule, in this respect. He was deeply in love with Evelyn, and determined that he would make every effort to win her.

Harold's benefactions to the poor people in the vicinity of the Mission, became more and more liberal, due in a large measure to Evelyn's influence. Plan after plan was perfected, whereby the needs of the neighborhood poor were relieved, Harold supplying the means, while Evelyn aided by her sympathy and good judgment in making a wise distribution. Nor were these acts of mercy limited to the Mission district, for Harold's liberality found other avenues, until he was called to task severely by his father, for what he termed extravagance in charity work. Still, Harold was good-natured about it and his wishes

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usually prevailed. Under such conditions, where two young people were thrown together so constantly, and in the labor of love which was being carried on in behalf of the poor, it would have been passing strange if they had not formed a very warm attachment for each other, and it was only to be expected that this growing friendship should ripen into a strong and beautiful affection.

It was planned by Harold and Evelyn, as the holiday season was at hand, that some extraordinary measures should be undertaken in order to bring gladness and comfort to the poor, especially those connected with the Mission. In this plan they were directed and advised by Milton, whose enthusiasm fully equalled that of the young couple. Milton had noted with mingled feelings of pleasure and apprehension the evident attachment of Harold for the young woman, and while in his heart he felt they were well suited to each other, he realized that such alliances between extreme wealth and the working class, were fraught with grave dangers, still he did not deem it his business to meddle in such matters, leaving it for time and Providence to work out the problem.

Evelyn was the moving spirit in the arrangements for the elaborate Christmas entertainment which had been planned. She saw an opportunity for bringing some extra pleasure into the lives of the Mission folk, and backed by Harold's generosity, the plans were made on a scale never before heard of in the history of the Mission. Milton, more conservative, shook his head somewhat doubtfully at the magnitude of the undertaking, but as Harold supplied the funds he could not well offer any objection. Evelyn, apparently oblivious to her own needs, planned most liberally for others. If there were any sick, or in special

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need, they were to be given an extra treat. In handling these details, Harold could see that Evelyn was not unused to handling large sums of money, which further confirmed his opinion regarding her previous social standing, though for obvious reasons, the subject of her past life had never as yet been mentioned between them. He had figured out to his entire satisfaction just how she had met with financial reverses, and had been compelled to earn her own living, and his natural kindliness forbade him mentioning a subject which might, he thought, be fraught with unpleasant recollections. It was nothing very unusual after all, in days when skyrocket financiering was so much in evidence, that those who were entirely innocent should be suddenly reduced from positions of affluence, to absolute poverty.

The week preceding Christmas was a busy one for Evelyn. Her work at the office was kept up, she labored most faithfully in the Mission, being present almost every night, and in addition, the burden of the household cares at the Burton home was falling more and more upon her. At the office, Evelyn had won the good will of Richard Fielding to such an extent that when the regular stenographer returned, she was given the copying work and Evelyn was retained to handle the dictation. This pleased Harold especially, and he was greatly elated when his father declared with considerable enthusiasm, that his new stenographer was a real treasure.

Finally the evening for the Christmas celebration arrived. The Mission room was gaily decorated with mottoes and the usual evergreen and holly. Ample provision had been made for all persons in any way connected with the Mission congregation, and in addition to the treat to be given out at the exercises, there

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were carefully arranged plans to provide certain needy families with shoes, provisions and coal, or other articles especially needed. This was done in such a systematic manner, and after thorough inquiry, that no undue advantage could be taken of the generous treatment.

It was arranged in the program, that a short religious service should come first, then singing and recitations by the children and young people, after which the treat of candy and oranges was to be distributed.

Major Milton conducted the opening service, taking occasion in his brief talk to point out the real meaning of Christmas, and stating in his terse, pointed style, that the best way to honor the One whose birthday they were celebrating, was to honestly try to obey his precepts. He emphasized the truth that the giving which is the most acceptable to God, is to the needy, to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and minister to the sick and distressed. The founding of great colleges, and the building of public libraries, he intimated, did not go very far toward alleviating the bitter hardships and trials of the extremely poor. In other words, he did not approve of building palatial libraries and donating millions for great colleges whose teachings were largely on the side of infidelity, rather than of true Christianity, while there were thousands within a few blocks of Fifth Avenue who were continually enduring the sufferings incident to the most abject poverty. He said that God would surely hold to strict account those who had money to spare after supplying their own reasonable needs, and who neglected to minister to the poor and needy.

Evelyn was in charge of the second part of the program. She displayed great originality and tact in

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directing the music and recitations. Various scripture texts which had been memorized by the children, emphasized the principal facts regarding the birth of the Messiah, and this part of the exercise proved interesting as well as instructive.

A surprise had been prepared by Evelyn for the closing of her part of the exercises, of which neither Harold or Milton had been informed. It was a Christmas song, rendered by two young ladies, while Evelyn herself played the accompaniment. After seating herself at the piano, and playing the prelude, Evelyn signalled the two to proceed—

“Angels left the realms of glory,
For the darkened fields of earth,
To proclaim the wondrous story,
Of Messiah's lowly birth;
Shepherds there their watch were keeping,
In the solemn hush of night,
While the weary world lay sleeping,
'Till the coming of the Light.

“Hark! the starry skies are rending,
With a burst of heavenly song,
All in one grand chorus blending,
From the bright celestial throng;
O'er Judea's hill tops streaming,
Falls a flood of golden light,
Brighter far than sunlight gleaming,
In the darkness of the night.

“Golden harps and angel voices,
Mingle in one sweet refrain,
And the weary earth rejoices
As it echoes back the strain;

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Unto men this day is given,
Heaven's rarest, brightest gem,
Jesus Christ the Lord of Heaven,
Lies a babe in Bethlehem.

"Unto men goodwill forever,
From the Lord of Hosts proclaim,
Over mountain, sea and river,
Spread the honors of his name;
Peace on earth, in heaven glory,
Sing hosannas to our King,
Tell to all the joyful story,
'Till the hills and valleys ring.

"Earth no more shall weep in sadness,
God himself shall speed the day,
When before the joy and gladness,
Sorrow's night shall flee away;
Heaven and earth shall be united,
Christ by all shall be adored,
And the whole wide world be lighted,
With the glory of the Lord."

The sentiment of the song, its sweet melody and the fine rendering, made quite an impression on the audience, and a murmur of applause followed the closing line.

The period allotted to the distribution of presents and treats for the children, was entered upon amid general rejoicing. The children were served first, then presents of a more practical and useful nature were given out. Evelyn was everywhere, enjoying more than any one else, perhaps, the scene around her. Her eyes were lighted up with unusual enthusiasm, her cheeks slightly flushed, and her beauty thus en-

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hanced, sent a thrill through Harold as she passed near him.

"That seems to be a new song. Where did you get it?" he asked.

"I will tell you on condition that you do not divulge the secret."

"I promise faithfully."

"It is my own composition. I hope you liked it."

"It is sublime in sentiment and was beautifully rendered. Allow me to congratulate you upon your success. You certainly have marked talent in that line."

"I am glad you like it. I think the girls did splendidly with it. Oh, how happy it makes me to see all these joyful faces. Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Yet it is a great joy to receive, especially if it be an object we desire very much."

Her eyes dropped under his passionate gaze, and a faint blush tinged her cheek.

"Will you accept this as a token of my feeling for you?" he asked, taking a lovely red rose from a vase near by, and handing it to her.

"Thank you, Mr. Fielding. It is very kind of you to do so much to make these poor people happy."

She took the flower, touched it to her lips, and pinned it upon her bosom.

"You have not answered my question," he persisted.

"I accept it gratefully, and in return wish you a merry Christmas, and the fulfillment of your most cherished hopes."

The surging, jubilant crowd pressed closer upon them, forbidding further conversation for the time. There were hearty expressions of gratitude on the part of the audience at the generous treatment they had received, and suddenly Jerry Shine's voice pro-

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posed three cheers for Mr. Fielding, which were given with hearty good will. Three more were then given for Evelyn and Major Milton, with equal zest. This was the signal for closing the entertainment, and the happy, well-laden people took their departure, feeling that the practical side of Christianity had been exemplified quite fully.

After the crowd had surged out, Harold assisted Evelyn in gathering up the Burton children, and insisted on carrying little Gracie in his arms. On arriving at the Burton home, the children were turned over to their mother to be put to bed, while Harold and Evelyn were left alone in the sitting room. They were both conscious of that pleasure which comes from a sincere effort to make others happy, and Evelyn's spirits were unusually buoyant over the success of the entertainment.

"That song of yours impressed me very deeply," said Harold, after some minutes had passed in silence. "I did not suspect that you had the gift of writing poetry, among your other accomplishments."

"I have always been a lover of poetry and music, but this is my first attempt at writing anything. I wanted a song for the exercises, and did not find what suited me exactly so I tried to put my own sentiments into words. This piece seemed to just come to me as a sort of inspiration, and the melody was suggested in the same manner. I cannot explain how I did it, for it was without any extraordinary effort. The song flowed from my heart like the carol of a happy bird."

"Do you mean to say that you have never studied the subject of prosody, and yet have composed a poem of five stanzas, so perfect and complete in sentiment, and faultless as to rhyme and rhythm?"

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"I am afraid you are prejudiced," laughed Evelyn. "Some critics would not be so complimentary, I fear."

"It is difficult to avoid bias entirely, when one is particularly interested in the issue. Still I do not accept everything the critics say as conclusive. I studied prosody at college, and while I never had any marked talent for writing, I have been an ardent admirer of good poetry. Therefore I know enough about it to judge fairly. It is certainly without any fault, from a technical standpoint."

"You will not think me egotistical if I tell you my opinion regarding this gift, in my own case?"

"I could never think that of you! If you erred at all, it would be the other way."

"I do not wish to lean too heavily on my own opinions, but I have formed very decided views, just the same. In my case, I believe it is a special spiritual gift, bestowed by the Holy Spirit, to be used for the uplifting of humanity and the glory of God. I would not wish to attribute to the Spirit of God anything that was merely natural talent, nor do I believe it is right to claim as natural talent, the special gifts of the Spirit. I believe that both of these qualities exist, perhaps in the same person, and they may be more marked in the experience of one individual than another. An unconverted person may possess great natural talent, and after conversion, that talent may be used in God's service, but it is still natural talent. Again, a person who possesses little or no natural talent in a certain direction, may after conversion, receive through the presence of the Holy Spirit, one or more special gifts to equip them for service. I believe my experience comes under the latter class, especially as it relates to writing."

"I think I grasp your meaning. You would class

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Homer, or other similar characters as possessing extraordinary natural gifts, while the authors of *Paradise Lost*, and *Pilgrim's Progress* might perhaps be credited with having special inspiration in their work."

"You have rightly understood me. Of course I would not pretend to say to just what extent John Bunyan's work was the result of natural talent, or otherwise, but I think we owe it to our Master to very carefully distinguish between the two classes of talent, where we can do so, and give honor to the Holy Spirit. In a sense, God is the author of all our faculties, but to his servants, he is especially their bountiful supplier of all needs, and where natural talent is lacking, he bestows often times more abundantly of special gifts."

"No one could reasonably find fault with your argument. I fear there is far too much ignorance or disregard of the work of the Holy Spirit among professed Christians. I have belonged to the very class who sit in their pews Sabbath after Sabbath, listening to scholarly sermons, without any serious realization that the great God saw and heard everything that took place. One might about as well sit in a Buddhist temple, as to go through such a formal service."

"It all seems so simple, and if people would only believe God's Word, in preference to established traditions and men-made doctrines, I believe we would see great and wonderful manifestations of the Spirit's power in the churches."

"I believe that you have a very important work to do in spreading this truth. Major Milton thinks so too, and he declares you are a more able preacher now than many men who hold high salaried pulpits. I would like a copy of your song to show to a friend of

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mine, a music publisher. If I am not mistaken, he will put it in print and pay you for it."

"Do you really think so? I would be so glad, not for my own sake, so much as the hope that it might influence some one in the right direction. I should like to sing the gospel, as well as to preach it, and I firmly believe I shall one day hear that song in a Jewish synagogue."

"You do not seem to desire things merely for yourself. It is always for others you are planning, or for the glory of God. I admire such a spirit, but how rarely it is found in this selfish world."

"It is the spirit of the Christ. We find our most satisfying pleasure in ministering to the needs of others. He was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor."

"I have wished at times that I was not rich. The responsibility and worry of managing a great fortune are things that I have not looked forward to with much pleasure."

"I should not think it just right to shrink from the responsibility of one's position, whatever it might be. Think how many people you have made happy tonight, and of the greater possibilities of the future, with your large wealth."

"You are right. There are doubtless great opportunities for doing good, and yet I must confess that until I saw you and observed your self-sacrificing spirit, I did not care very much about the sufferings or burdens of the poor. My measure of obligation seemed to be simply to manage the great property of my father, when it came into my possession, so that it would continue prosperous. Now it seems different. In following your example, I have found something of the joy of serving others, especially the needy, and

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the past few weeks have been a continual revelation to me. I feel that life is indeed worth living, and yet there is one lack which I feel very keenly."

"God will surely supply your need. He knows our needs far better than we do, and whatever your lack, he will provide for it."

"It is this. The sympathy and love of a good wife, one who can be an inspiration and help to me in my life work."

"The scripture says, 'A good wife is from the Lord.' I doubt not he will give you your heart's desire, for you are worthy of the best."

"I believe he rules, even in such matters, and I trust he is going to give me the one who, in my eyes at least, is the sweetest and noblest of women. Nay, Evelyn, do not be surprised at my earnestness," he continued, taking her hand. "I know this is sudden, but I cannot refrain longer from declaring my love for you. Surely you have not been blind to my passion! Tell me, dearest, can you give me one word of encouragement?"

She did not answer him.

"You are not angry with me, Evelyn?" he went on, still retaining possession of her hand, and pressing it to his lips.

Slowly she raised her eyes to his, and he read the answer he had hoped for, in their clear soul depths.

"Evelyn, my darling!" he cried, folding her in his strong embrace. "God is good to give me this joy! Tell me that you love me!"

"I love you, Harold, more than I can tell. To me, you are the noblest of men. But have you thought of the possible obstacles in the way of our union? Have you forgotten that I am a poor working girl,

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while you are the son of one of New York's richest men?"

"To tell the truth, Evelyn, I had forgotten everything except this intoxicating delight which fills my soul, to hear from your own lips the words 'I love you.' It is enough to make a man forget everything, for the time at least! But these things you speak of can make no difference in my feeling for you. There can be no insurmountable obstacles in our pathway, if God smiles upon our union. Love laughs at seeming impossibilities!"

"Harold, I love you with all the power of my being, and it would be worse than death to give you up now, but because I love you so dearly, I forewarn you not to go into this matter without due consideration. You have known me but a few weeks. Do you think that is sufficient time to thoroughly prove the worth of a life partner?"

"Yes, it is long enough, Evelyn, when one can read in your eyes the record of a pure and spotless life. But I have known you longer than you think!"

Her face grew slightly pale, and there was a pained look in her eyes.

"Forgive me for saying that, dear! I do not wish to know anything about the troubles that you have encountered, if the recollection is unpleasant for you. Let us forget the past, and be happy in our new found hope."

"I must tell you, Harold," she replied, her face as pale as death.

"You could not tell me anything that would lessen my love for you," he said, confidently.

"I must tell you, even though it does, Harold, for I cannot deceive you. I love you too well for that. Listen! I am——"

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"You shall not rehearse those painful details that have darkened your life too long already! I will not listen to them!"

Her face was turned slightly from him. He placed a hand on either cheek, and turned her around until their eyes met again, then he kissed her.

"Do you think that the sorrows and misfortunes, which have been endured through no fault of your own, could lower you in my estimation? No! I love you for your inherent goodness and worth, and the fact that you have been sorely tried, only intensifies my affection for you. Now, my darling, let this dark cloud be forever banished. I trust you implicitly, and desire that this subject be buried with the troubles of the past, and never again mentioned!"

"You are not afraid to trust me, Harold?"

"I am not afraid to trust one who is so true and good, Evelyn."

"Thank you, dear," she said, the color stealing back into her cheeks, and her dark eyes speaking her gratitude and love more eloquently than words.

Thus they sat for some time, in the first blissful stage of plighted troth, talking of the future that lay before them, and which they were now destined to enjoy side by side, united in sympathy and purpose.

CHAPTER VI

It was arranged that Evelyn should have a week's vacation, beginning with Christmas day, and as Richard Fielding was out of town for the holidays, Harold's plans after New Year's were not entirely settled, being contingent upon his father's view of his love affair, of which he knew nothing as yet.

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During Christmas week, Harold and Evelyn were together daily, talking over their plans and enjoying those little interchanges of confidence incident to their betrothal. Some beautiful bouquets found their way to the Burton home, carrying their messages of tender feeling, and a diamond ring gleamed on Evelyn's hand as a token of their engagement.

It was Harold's expectation to break the news to his father immediately upon the latter's return to the city after New Year's. He had some misgivings as to the favorable reception of his arrangements, but he hoped to persuade his father to view the matter in a reasonable light, inasmuch as he had seen a good deal of Evelyn, and had apparently been considerably impressed by her cultivated manner and general attractiveness. He was determined, however, in case his father objected to his engagement, to stand firm at any cost. Each succeeding interview with Evelyn convinced him more fully that he had found the one woman in all the world who was suited to him, and not even his father's anger should separate them.

Evelyn had told Harold of her convictions regarding a special work that she felt called upon to undertake among her own race, and he had not only listened with interest to her plans, but had expressed his desire to coöperate with her, and furnish any amount of money she might require for the purpose.

As yet, Evelyn was without a definite idea as to the scope of the work she was to undertake in carrying the gospel to her people, but she was constantly in attendance at the Mission meetings, improving every opportunity to take part, either by testimony, or teaching, or being taught. She was a faithful and attentive pupil, and under Milton's instruction, was making rapid progress in learning the great under-

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lying principles of Christianity. Milton in turn was learning some things from the young, simple-hearted convert, that cannot be gotten from books, that is, in regard to experimental religion. It was indeed a revelation to him to watch Evelyn's development of spiritual power and wisdom. She seemed so simple and childlike in her attitude toward God. Her faith grew by leaps and bounds, and to her, the apostolic teaching as recognized in the early church, was as acceptable and reasonable as it was to Lydia, a convert of Paul's in the First Century.

Evelyn's love affair did not detract from her interest in the Mission work. There were some Jews attending the meetings, and she felt a peculiar drawing toward such. She was never too tired to carry on this labor of love, patiently and earnestly reasoning with her brethren out of the scriptures, and showing to them by a plain, simple interpretation of their own prophecies, the certainty of their fulfillment in Jesus of Nazareth. Gradually this persistent, powerful testimony, backed by the presence of the Holy Spirit, began to show marked results, and there were increased number of Jews present at the Mission. Evelyn's faith appeared to open the very windows of heaven, and some very remarkable answers to prayer were observed. Confirmed drunkards, gamblers, and other hardened sinners were brought under such pungent conviction that they gladly accepted the gospel message. Some pronounced skeptics, who went to the meetings to rail and scoff, went away to publish how great things the Lord had done for them. Evelyn's faith did not stagger at any seeming impossibilities. She was asked to pray for the sick, and those variously afflicted, and in many cases the answer was quick and convincing. She was very careful to listen

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for the still, small voice of the Spirit, and as she understood, she walked in humble obedience to his leadings. She saw that the purpose of miracles was not so much to convince unbelievers of the truth of the gospel, as to confirm the wavering and undeveloped faith of young converts. Therefore, to those who sought temporal relief without having yielded themselves to God's service, she gave suitable advice, while to others who wanted to be healed of physical infirmities, and who were already converted, she joined her faith, and prayed for their recovery. Still others who came to her, though they were professed Christians, were plainly told that while she would pray for their spiritual blessing, she felt that it was not God's time to heal them. So sensitive did she become to the voice of the Spirit, that she seemed to know just which ones were proper subjects for believing prayer, and she made few mistakes in this regard. She recognized that the hand of affliction and physical suffering is sometimes the hand of a kind Providence, even where a person is truly converted, and until God's purpose is fully worked out through that affliction, it is folly to ask to have it removed.

The interest among the Jewish residents of the neighborhood increased, until the Mission was crowded, and some objection began to be heard on this account, by the anti-Jewish element. This unreasonable prejudice against her people, especially toward those of the poor class, grieved Evelyn exceedingly and she felt very keenly the reproach that was cast upon them by some of the roughs who attended the meetings. It was apparent that if the attendance kept on increasing, larger quarters would have to be provided.

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One evening, some little time after the service had opened, a woman whose looks betokened her as a denizen of the underworld, entered the Mission. She took a seat near the door, as though unused to such assemblages. Her face bore some faint traces of past beauty, and a liberal quantity of rouge had been used to hide the marks of dissipation and vice which however were still apparent. Her eyes were wild looking and bloodshot, her hair was poorly combed, and her general appearance was slovenly, though there was an attempt to look stylish. This strange creature, from the moment she entered the door, scarcely took her eyes off of Evelyn, who was at the platform. At first there was a look of astonishment, then of abject fear, as if she were facing a messenger of divine wrath. Again there was in her expression, that restless ferocity which lurks in the eyes of a wild beast about ready to spring upon its prey. Evelyn, soon after the woman entered, and apparently moved by some unaccountable impulse, walked to the rear of the room. A look of mutual recognition passed between them, as she stopped beside the stranger, and in an instant she was on her knees.

"Spare me! spare me!" she cried, hysterically, hardly daring to look at Evelyn.

"Why do you fear me?" asked Evelyn quietly. "I have neither the disposition or power to harm you."

"Is it really you, or has the sea given up its dead to accuse me! I thought you were dead!" went on the wretched woman, wringing her hands and weeping.

"God was not ready for me to die, and he sent me deliverance, just as he will do for you, if you will let him," replied Evelyn, placing a hand upon the woman's shoulder.

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"Yes, but I have been so wicked! Can you forgive me? Will God forgive me?"

"I could not do otherwise than forgive you. God is infinitely more ready to pardon your sins than you are to have him, if you will only meet his conditions."

"Oh, then pray for me!" cried the distressed creature, imploringly.

Evelyn knelt beside the woman and began to pray. Earnestly she plead for light and forgiveness for the unhappy soul. Suddenly a new frenzy took possession of the woman.

"Don't pray for me! Stop!" she cried excitedly, and with a frightful oath, striking Evelyn on the neck as she continued with bowed head, to pray.

Three times the clenched fists came down savagely upon the girl's fair white neck, but she did not cease to pray. A ring on the woman's hand cut into the tender flesh, and the blood trickled from the wound, staining her collar. At the sight of the blood on Evelyn's neck, the half-demented creature fell upon the floor in a paroxysm of rage and terror.

It may be well to mention, that the scene in the back part of the room had not disturbed the other part of the congregation to any appreciable extent. The mixed character of the meeting, testimonies, singing, and short exhortations, admitted of some unusual features without attracting much attention, and similar scenes were often witnessed.

Evelyn finished her prayer, and rose to her feet. The woman lay upon the floor, a low moan now and then escaping her lips. Then she opened her eyes and looked up. Evelyn took her hand and helped her to rise, and at that instant the woman caught sight again of the blood-stained collar. She covered her face with her hands, and began to weep. Evelyn sat

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down beside her and tried to soothe her, speaking to her reassuringly, in a low tone, and at the same time binding her handkerchief about her wounded neck.

"Oh, the blood! the blood!" moaned the woman.

"Think of Jesus' blood that was shed for you," said Evelyn. "His blood can make the vilest clean. Will you not yield to him, confess your sins, and receive his blessing?"

"Confess! Oh, don't ask me to do that! I cannot do that!" she said, shrinking as if in terror.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us," continued Evelyn. "There is no promise unless we are willing to confess and make restitution."

"Confession! Restitution!" she said, drawing back. "Do you expect me to tell it all?"

"Yes, you must undo the wrongs you have committed, as far as it lies in your power. Unless you are willing to do this, I cannot encourage you to hope for God's blessing."

"I have wronged you most cruelly, and I am sorry for it, but I cannot make a public confession. It would bring the law upon me!" Then growing more agitated, "I will not do it!"

"Do you care more for human law than you do for God's displeasure? Will you rather face divine wrath than to suffer some merited punishment at the hands of an earthly tribunal? You can undo much of the wrong you have done me, if you choose. Will you do right, or will you sell your soul more than ever to Satan?"

"Why do you ask me to do it! You know I dare not! I will not!"

"You will have to face the Great Judge some day,

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from whose sentence there will be no escape. I urge you, as you value your soul's welfare, not to delay in this matter. I have forgiven you, but God requires your surrender. I can say no more."

Evelyn left the woman and returned to the front part of the room. She had no sooner turned her back, than the wretched creature began casting furtive glances toward the door, as if wishing to make her escape, and yet fearing to go. Seeing that Evelyn had seated herself forward and appeared to take no further notice of her, the woman rose and tiptoed out into the street. After the meeting was dismissed, Evelyn sought her, but she had disappeared as mysteriously as she had come. Evelyn did not attempt any further explanation than that it was a poor, unfortunate woman she had met, and who was leading a wicked life.

Mrs. Burton wondered at Evelyn's unusual reticence, after they had reached home, but she did not say anything, attributing her silence to the fact that Harold had not been present at the meeting. She knew Harold's father was expected to return on the morrow, and this too, she thought might have helped to make Evelyn less talkative, as she was naturally anxious about the result of the interview between the father and son.

Evelyn soon made an excuse for retiring to her own room, and when she was alone, she gave way to her pent-up feelings.

"Why must I continue under this cruel burden!" she sobbed, falling upon her knees beside the bed. "Have I not suffered enough cruel injustice? Oh, God! wilt thou not deliver me!"

In a few minutes she became more calm.

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"It seems very hard, but there is some wise purpose in it," she said, at length. "God is good. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him!"

She turned the leaves of her Bible, and read a few of the promises which were especially suited to her need. Gradually her faith triumphed, and she was once more the strong, courageous soldier of the Cross, ready to follow her Lord's commands, though the way might be rough and thorny. She retired and was soon wrapped in peaceful slumber.

Let us for a few minutes follow the course of the strange woman who had so mysteriously stumbled into the Mission, and whose presence seemed to weigh so heavily upon Evelyn. After slipping out into the street, pausing just long enough to see if she was being followed, this weird creature hastened away from the place as though she feared pursuit. She turned from Eighth Avenue into 49th Street and went toward North River. When nearly to Eleventh Avenue, she paused, looked cautiously back again to make sure she was not followed, then hurried into an open gateway to a house that stood some distance back from the sidewalk. She made her way as best she could up the four flights of stairs, and entered a dingy apartment on the top floor. Once inside, she quickly locked the door and threw herself into a chair.

She was visibly agitated, and she rocked to and fro in her chair, muttering to herself.

"She's a fool if she thinks I am going to turn myself over to the law's tender mercies," she said, with a wicked laugh. "I'll take good care she does not get sight of me again soon."

She went to the dresser nearby and taking a bottle of liquor, drank some of it, returning to her seat with

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the bottle still in her hand. Then she resumed her drunken mutterings.

"Fool to expect it of me! Don't blame her though! It must be tough to suffer when you're innocent, it's bad enough when you've done something. Oh no! Kate Sanford is not going to face the judge, even to right a wrong!"

She rambled along in her drunken talk, the effect of the liquor she was imbibing becoming more and more pronounced.

"Oh no! I'll not tell!" Then a sudden thought seemed to flit through her beclouded brain.

"Yes I will! I'll tell Jimmie Oliver. He'll be glad to find her again. He thought she was dead. Said she jumped into the river to get away from him. He'll give me money, too, and I need it. I'll have to pay up, or get out of here."

She took another long pull at the liquor bottle, held it up to the light, and seeing it was empty, threw it into a corner.

"Jimmie will give money for her, I'm sure, but I'll have to be careful, or I'll get pinched. She seems to have friends at the Mission. I'll go to see him to-morrow."

By this time the liquor had affected her to such an extent that she was growing stupid, and in a couple of minutes she was asleep in her chair.

CHAPTER VII

Richard Fielding's absence from the City had been prolonged somewhat after the holidays, so the interview for which Harold had been waiting did not take

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place for some three weeks after the lovers had become engaged. Finally the looked for opportunity came, and Harold asked his father to meet him in the library after dinner as he wished to talk with him about an important matter.

"Well, what is it, my boy?" asked the father, good naturedly, lighting a cigar and offering one to Harold. "Some new deal in stocks?"

"No, not this time," replied Harold, drawing his chair up to the fireplace.

"Not a love affair?" queried the other, eyeing Harold critically.

"That is the subject which I wish to discuss."

"Ha! an affair of the heart, instead of the market!"

"Yes, father, I believe I have found the woman who in all the world is suited to make me a good wife."

"Well, well! This is something of a surprise, Harold. I am quite ready to listen to your story, though, provided you have not overlooked the main chance."

"What do you mean by the main chance?"

"Why, the financial part, to be sure! I trust you would not think of marrying unless you could find some one with a substantial fortune. The next consideration, in my opinion, is social standing."

"I think love between the contracting parties is a very important factor."

"Tut, tut! Love is all right, provided the other features are right."

"I have thought very little about those things. I would not care to marry unless I loved a woman very dearly."

"That is sentiment, my boy! sentiment is all right for boys and girls, but when one gets older, he is apt to see the more practical questions. I have noticed

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that you walked with Miss Underwood several times recently. She's a nice girl, very nice, and there is a snug fortune behind her."

"I walked with her a few times, because I was on a committee with her for some church program. There is nothing serious between us."

"May be it's your Cousin Alice, then! She'd make you a good mate, Harold, and it would join the two properties. I have wished many times that your uncle's fortune and mine could come under one management."

"I could never care enough for Alice to marry her! She is merely a butterfly, without any serious thought of what life ought to be! She is nice enough, and I like her, but she could never command my love!"

"This is a disappointment, Harold. I really thought it would be one of the two I have mentioned. Still, if you have not overlooked the important points, I will not interpose any serious objection."

"The woman of my choice is not rich, except in mental, moral and spiritual qualities. She would grace a king's palace, however, if measured by character and beauty!"

"Not rich! What are you saying! You surely would not be so foolish as to marry a poor woman!"

"She has only a small income, sir!"

"This is disappointing, bitterly so, Harold! Here I have worked and struggled all these years to accumulate wealth, hoping that when you married, you would add at least a hundred millions to what we had."

"I am afraid you are money mad, father! Can't you think of anything else in the world of value except money!"

"I am sorely disappointed at this news! What is the use of accumulating two or three hundred mil-

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lions, if it must remain at that figure. There are plenty of girls who would jump at the chance to get you, Harold, and who have millions behind them. This is very sad news!"

"I regret that you view the matter in the light you do, for I could never marry for money. I want a woman who can be an inspiration and help to me!"

"Well, I suppose I must bow to the inevitable! If you have chosen a woman who is your equal socially, I may become reconciled to the financial lack, though it pains me awfully!"

"She is more than my equal in every respect except wealth and social position."

"Not your equal in social position! Not in the Four Hundred! Are you crazy, Harold, to allow yourself to become infatuated with a woman beneath you!"

"Not beneath me, father, but in every way qualified to stand at my side, and an honor to the family!"

"Oh, Harold, how could you do it! What will your poor mother say? Not in our set! Not in the Four Hundred! No money! I did not expect this of you!"

"I presume mother will view it much as you do sir. Have you no feeling except for wealth and social position! Must everything be measured in dollars and cents!"

"You spoke of an income she had. I hope it is not less than fifty thousand a year. Anything less than that would be a disgrace!"

"She works for a living, and her income is eighteen dollars a week, but——"

"That's enough!" fairly shouted the irate father, springing to his feet and stamping his foot in uncontrollable rage.

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Harold waited until the storm had subsided before attempting to speak.

"I think it is a credit to a girl to work for her living, if she needs to, rather than depend upon charity. I do not see that honest labor is any disgrace!"

By this time the father's anger had somewhat cooled, and he asked with a sneer:

"Pray tell me who this wonderful creature may be, who has so hypnotized you as to make you forget your duty to society and your parents."

"It is Evelyn Chase, sir! She has not hypnotized me, but she has promised to become my wife, and——"

"Great heavens! I never thought it would come to this!" groaned the wretched man. "Harold, I forbid it!"

"I am of age, father, and while I would regret incurring your displeasure, I must refuse to abide by your decision!"

"How could you disgrace yourself, and us, by contemplating such an alliance! Marry your own stenographer! That will be a pretty headline for the newspapers!"

"It is very little I care for the headlines in the papers! I am quite sure that will not interfere with our happiness!"

"Harold, listen to reason! Give up this foolish idea, and take a trip to Europe! Stay there a year, and when you come back, I will put you in absolute control of the property! There will be something near three hundred millions to manage, and you shall have it all!"

"Not if it were three hundred billions, would I resign my hope of gaining Evelyn!"

"She shall never darken my door, Harold! If you are bound to disgrace yourself and us, by such a

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union, I may not be able to stop you, but I will try! I will have you declared insane, rather than submit to such an outrageous thing!"

"Be careful, sir," said Harold, deeply stung by his father's words and the idea of Evelyn bringing disgrace upon them. "Evelyn is a lady in the truest sense of the word, and fit to grace any home where culture and refinement are appreciated! But you have no reason to fear intrusion. I am quite sure she would not wish to go where she was not welcome."

"Harold, I ask you once and for all, to give up this wild undertaking! Think of your mother's feelings! She is not very strong, and this blow will kill her!"

"I tell you, sir, I intend to marry the woman of my choice! If there is a quarrel between us, it is not of my seeking! I love her, and am going to marry her!"

"You are an ingrate! If you persist in this insane determination, I will cut you off without a dollar!"

"That will make no difference! Evelyn is worth more than wealth and position to me!"

"Then I disown you! You are no son of mine! I will——"

"Spare your threats, sir," said Harold, his face pale from suppressed anger. "I am not a boy to be bribed, not a coward to be frightened. Your threats do not change my determination to make Evelyn Chase my wife!"

"Think of your mother, Harold! Once more I beg of you to spare her!"

"I have thought of her, and of you, but if you are so unreasonable, it is not my fault. If we must part, we may at least part as friends!"

"No!" thundered the infuriated man, his face livid. "We will not part as friends! You have disgraced

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the family, and you can go with your pretty adventures, and——”

“Stop, sir!” cried Harold, his anger rising to the danger point. “I will go, but I will listen to no insults to my future wife!”

“Go, then, you ungrateful cur, and never let me see your face again!”

“I hope you will get rid of some of your bitter feeling, after you have thought the matter over. I regret to leave you thus!”

“Go!” said the father, his voice hoarse with rage, and pointing toward the door.

Harold at once withdrew, going to his room, where he hastily packed his trunk, taking only such things as he would ordinarily require for a short trip out of town, after which he telephoned for a cab, and took his departure, going to a hotel. He did not deem it best to try to see his mother, for he knew a scene would be enacted that would surpass the one he had just passed through, for disagreeableness. He would try to see her later on, when she had recovered from the first shock of the news, which he felt certain would upset her.

After he had located himself at his hotel, he looked at his watch, and was dumbfounded to see that it was half-past nine. He had expected to see Evelyn that evening, and she would be waiting for him. He quickly ordered a conveyance, and in ten minutes he was ringing the bell at the Burton house.

Evelyn herself answered the summons, expressing anxiety lest he had been detained through some accident.

“Tell me, dear,” he said, taking her hand. “Am I dreaming, or is it a fact that you have promised to marry me?”

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"Such a question!" she replied laughing.

"A question, nevertheless," he answered. "I feel as if it might be a beautiful dream, and that, by and by, I shall awake and find you vanished."

"Harold, I love you, and my promise can never be broken except by death!" she answered, kissing him.

"Then I am satisfied!" he exclaimed.

"I am glad you do not regret your choice," she said thoughtfully.

"I hope you will not regret your choice, Evelyn."

"I cannot imagine any thing that would cause me to do so, unless——"

She paused a moment, and he looked at her inquiringly.

"Unless you should cease to love me."

"That can never be! Evelyn, I have something to tell you! I have seen father, at last!"

She looked at him questioningly.

"He has not looked favorably upon our engagement."

"I am sorry, Harold, but I anticipated as much."

"He has practically disinherited me. I am a poor man, Evelyn!"

"Oh Harold! you do not mean it!"

"Yes, I mean every word of it, and he will fulfill his threats."

"And you, Harold?"

"I freely gave it all up, for your sake, sweetheart!"

"Oh Harold! Do you realize what it means? And you have made this sacrifice for me!"

"Yes, I realize what it means, and I do not regret it at all, save for the fact that I cannot at once place you in the position where you justly belong."

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"Your love is more to me than a dozen great fortunes, dear. For myself, I do not mind it, but for your sake, I do. Few men would make such a sacrifice for a poor girl."

"Some women are not worth it, Evelyn, but you are! We are young, and I have some property in my own name. I can not keep you in luxury, perhaps, but you shall not lack for the ordinary comforts of life."

"I do not fear anything, Harold. If God be for us, who can be against us? A cosy little home, with you, is the dearest earthly wish that I have. After all, money does not bring happiness, while true love does. You do not know how happy it makes me, to think that you loved me so much, and yet——"

"You are sorry for me, that I must get out and hustle for a living, instead of drawing the interest from my father's fortune, which has been created by other people's toil!"

"Then you do not want to be sympathized with?"

"Sympathy! I guess not! I ought to be congratulated that I have such bright prospects ahead of me! Why, Evelyn, with the inspiration of your presence and love, I can accomplish great things! You are the one who needs sympathy!"

"Then I am sure of yours, dear," she said, laughing. Then, in a more serious tone, "I trust you did not really quarrel about me?"

"Not exactly," he replied evasively. "That is, I did not. He became quite angry, but I guess he will get over it, partially, at least, in time."

"I sincerely hope so, for it pains me to be the cause of trouble between you and your parents."

"You are not to blame! It is because they are so

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foolish and unreasonable! Money and social position are the idols before which they fall down and worship. I hope they will see the truth after a while."

"Let us hope so, and pray for them. I feel very sorry for them. They, no doubt, expected great things of you, and now they will be terribly disappointed."

"It is not our fault! If people maintain such false views of life, and set up wrong standards, they must expect to have their idols shattered sooner or later. The idea of measuring everything in the universe by the money standard!"

"You are right, Harold. Money is only a blessing when rightly used. When it becomes an object of worship, it is a curse."

The lovers sat for a long time, talking over the events of the day, and making further plans for the future, nothing daunted by the unexpected turn in affairs. It was something of a relief after all, to have the question settled, and Harold felt sure, with his acquaintance among business men, he could soon establish himself in a position to command a fair income. He had never been an idler, and rather enjoyed the prospect of doing something on his own account. He would show his father that he could get along unaided, and make a good living, even if he could not be one of the kings of Wall Street.

"I am going to see Granville," he said, as he took his departure. "I will call on him to-morrow, and I believe he will help me out."

"We will find some way out, dear," said Evelyn. "God will help us, I am sure!"

He bade her good-night, and returned to his quarters at the hotel, happy in the assurance that Evelyn

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would be true to him, and caring little, apparently, for the fact that he was confronted with the necessity of earning a living.

CHAPTER VIII

The day following the stormy scene between Harold and his father, Harold went to see William Granville. He was quite well acquainted with this eccentric man, and while he was in a sense a business rival of Richard Fielding, he and Harold had always been friendly. Granville was gruff, and blunt in his manner, but kindhearted to those whom he liked. He liked the younger Fielding, because he knew he was different from his father, and they had been together a number of times at lunch, much to the annoyance of Harold's father.

Harold found Granville in, and was at once shown into his private office, where they could be safe from interruption.

"Glad to see you, Harold," he said, shaking hands warmly with his caller.

"Thank you, Mr. Granville," replied Harold, taking a seat near the old man.

"What's the news?" asked the old fellow, with a suspicious twinkle in his eye, puffing at his cigar vigorously while he talked, and blowing a cloud of smoke upward.

"Richard Fielding and Son have dissolved partnership," replied Harold quietly.

"The devil!" ejaculated Granville, blowing out another cloud of smoke so dense as to almost hide him from view.

"I came in to see if you could give me something

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to do. I am out, and want to get located as soon as I can."

"Tell me about it, if you don't mind. I'll do anything I can to help you."

"Well, we simply couldn't agree, and that's all there is to it! He is determined and so am I!"

"I see! Some of your democratic notions set him off?"

"No, I want to marry, and he does not like my choice!"

"Ho! Ho! That's the game, is it?" laughed Granville.

"He was set on having me marry a rich girl, and I happened to have some ideas of my own on the subject. I refused to give up to his wishes, and we parted."

"It's too bad, Harold, too bad, but such things will happen, as long as the world stands. I rather like your grit, considering what you had ahead of you."

"I tell you frankly, Mr. Granville, that the woman of my choice is well worth the sacrifice. She is a noble girl, and is at present earning her own living."

"You have my best wishes, and I dare say you are better qualified to select a companion, than the old man."

"I'm twenty-five. Guess I'm old enough to know what I want in that line!"

"I have been thinking of taking some young fellow in with me as a sort of confidential assistant. I am getting too old to go around much at night, and want some one to share the responsibility. How would you like that sort of a job?"

"I am not choice about the kind of work I do. If I can make a living, I would like to try it."

"I will start you in at five thousand a year, which

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is not anything great for a man of your prospects and ability, but it will enable you to live in moderate style, and if everything turns out well, I will do better for you."

"Thank you, sir. I think that is a very liberal offer, and it will enable me to carry out my plans. I am sure you will have no cause to regret your action, at least so far as it lies in my power!"

"I feel perfectly safe, Harold, in entrusting you with my business, and as soon as you get broken in, I intend to take it a little easier."

The two men sat for some time discussing the new arrangement, it being decided that Harold should begin the next day, in his new position. He was to be assigned to the outside duties, largely, including some occasional night trips to the docks and warehouses. Granville hinted that later on, after Harold had become familiar with the details of the business, he might be put in full charge of the operations.

Finally, after the plans had been talked over and settled upon, Harold took his departure, promising to be on hand next morning.

After taking leave of Granville, Harold went at once to see Evelyn, in order to tell her of the result of his visit to Granville. He found she was awaiting his coming, having remained away from the office purposely, on account of the rupture between Harold and his father.

"I have good news for you," he said, as soon as they had managed to get away from the Burtons and settled for a little quiet talk.

"I am so glad!" she replied earnestly.

"Granville will give me five thousand a year to begin with, and promises me more after a while. Do you think we can live on that?"

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"We could live on five hundred, Harold, if we had to, and not go hungry, but five thousand is much nicer. I will try to be economical, and we need not care much for style."

"What is that verse of Scripture you quoted to me the other night?"

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

"Yes, that was it! Do you know what I think that means?"

"Tell me, will you?"

"It means that a great, big fortune, without the vital element of love, is the worst kind of poverty. It is love, and sympathy and fellowship with noble hearts that constitutes true riches!"

"You are right, Harold! A cosy little home, with you, is quite enough like heaven, for one to desire in this world! I do not ask for anything more than that!"

"That is just like you, Evelyn! And I am quite of the same mind. I think if some people had less money to spend on clubs and social functions, it would be a good thing. Husbands and wives might have a chance to get acquainted, and really come to enjoy each other's company. What is all the gaudy show and glitter of our wealthy homes, but a hollow mockery to hearts that are unsatisfied and hungry!"

"Wealth is a blessing only when it is rightly used. If it is held as a sacred trust from God, to be used for the purposes he specifies, it need not be a hinderance to true happiness, but there are few, apparently, who have large means, that are willing to act as stewards. When we become rich, let us not forget this!"

"And now, dear, tell me when I may have my wife?"

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"I am ready to go with you, Harold, whenever you wish, for have not I promised? Still, Mrs. Burton is poorly, and they need me here. I shall leave it to you. If you are willing to wait a month or two, and let me help them a little further, they may be in better condition to leave. Esther and Alden are working now, and if Mrs. Burton gets strong enough, she can do some sewing to help out."

"It seems a long time to wait, a month or two, and no definite date."

"I can say no more, Harold, for my own heart pleads for you. I will go with you one month from to-day. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, Evelyn, you are more generous than I. Let us say a month hence. Whatever the Burtons need, I will see that they receive, for your sake!"

Harold had tarried at the Burton home until supper time, and the invitation to remain and partake of the evening meal was so pressing that he stayed. It proved to be a very enjoyable affair for all concerned, and especially for Harold, for Evelyn presided at the table, and her appearance in this role was peculiarly charming. Visions of the home that he hoped to establish in a short time, with Evelyn as mistress, flitted through his mind, and Harold was in his gayest mood. He chatted familiarly with Burton and his wife, and played with the children, after they had finished supper, until it was time for the younger ones to go to sleep. Then, after a final talk with Evelyn, Harold went to his hotel, expecting on the morrow to begin his engagement with Granville.

The duties which Granville assigned to his new assistant were not very arduous, but they were strangely varied. One night he would be requested to visit the docks and put in a part of the time there, and the

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next day, perhaps, he would be detained in the office, going over some reports and accounts which Granville wished to be closely scrutinized.

Granville did not charge Jerry Shine or his other employes on night duty of inattention to their work, but it was his theory that in order to keep men up to the proper degree of efficiency, it was necessary to make them feel that they were liable to be brought face to face with the head of the concern at any hour of the night, without a moment's warning. This, he contended, was his motive in prowling around at night, and he pointed with some pride to the record he had made for comparative immunity from pilfering. It was not strange then, that he should assign Harold to this detail now and then, as he deemed the circumstances demanded.

It was the evening before the day set for Harold's wedding, when Granville suddenly took it into his head that there must be a special inspection made of the docks and warehouses that night. He called Harold in, just before going away for the day, and gave him directions what to do, at the same time promising him a week's vacation, beginning with the next day, in order that he might complete his housekeeping arrangements. Harold did not relish the prospect of staying in the dingy old warehouse all night, but rather than displease the gruff, yet kindly man, he cheerfully answered the summons, and made preparations to be at the warehouse at 9 that evening.

Promptly at the hour named, Harold was on his way to the warehouse, accompanied by his dog Zip. Zip was of the black and tan variety, rather small, but possessed of unusual intelligence and skill. He was one of the objects that Harold had claimed as his own private property, on leaving the parental roof,

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and the dog's affection for his young master was very marked. He accompanied Harold on his trips about town, and especially when there were any night excursions to be made.

On this occasion, Zip was in high spirits, as they made their way toward the river. He would run ahead of Harold, nosing about the dark corners, as if he purposed seeing that there were no enemies lurking there. Then he would wait for his master to catch up with him and they would go along together.

"We'll come out all right yet, Zip!" said Harold, as he overtook his small companion when they were nearing the wharf.

"Bow wow!" answered Zip, looking as if he fully understood the trend of his master's thoughts.

Harold had now reached the warehouse, and in accordance with his instructions from Granville, he waited until he had seen Jerry leave the shore end of the pier for his tour out on the docks, and when the sturdy night watchman was out of the way, he let himself into the front door of the warehouse with a pass key which he carried. It was Granville's wish that Jerry should not know there was any one about, and as his watchman's detail did not require him to enter the warehouse, but merely to patrol the platforms outside, he would not come in contact with Harold. There had been some valuable articles taken from the inside storeroom, and it was Granville's purpose in sending Harold there, to determine how the thieves got in their work.

Once inside the door, Harold locked himself in, and went at once to the little box-like office, near the center of the big storage room. He had his overshoes on, so that his footsteps could not be heard by the

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watchman outside, and there was no danger of his presence being detected, unless, indeed, some thief should be hidden inside the warehouse.

Taking a watchman's lamp, Harold proceeded to inspect the entire interior of the building. It was a long, bridge-like structure, perhaps a hundred feet wide, and extending out some two hundred feet parallel with the dock. Harold made a thorough inspection of the doors and windows, making sure that each one was properly secured, so that no one could enter from outside without attracting his attention. This done, he next proceeded to make a thorough search of the inside for any possible pilferers in hiding. In this search Zip was very much interested, and rendered valuable aid, but no suspicious characters were found. Harold was satisfied that he and Zip were the sole occupants of the big room, except, of course, an occasional rat which scurried across the floor as they moved about.

Having finished his search, Harold returned to the little office and proceeded to make himself comfortable, as he expected to spend the greater part of the night there. He turned the current on in the electric heater, which gave out its very acceptable warmth. He then settled himself to look over the evening paper, while Zip stretched himself at full length in front of the heater with a satisfied air.

Harold had not been reading very long, when he heard a peculiar sound at the door where he had entered. It was three light raps, and the signal, or whatever it was intended for, was repeated twice. Harold motioned Zip to be quiet, and stole over to the door. Removing the bolt quietly, he unlocked the door and, with a quick movement, threw it open, at

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the same instant flashing his lantern into the face of a man, and covering him with his revolver.

There stood Granville!

Without a word the old man entered and motioned Harold to close the door, and then went on into the little office.

"I see you are right on the job!" he chuckled, rubbing his hands. "If you get the drop on some of these thieves as you did on me, you will soon stop this kind of work."

"I will do the best I can to get them," answered Harold confidently.

"You'll get 'em all right, only requires a little perseverance. I used to enjoy this sort of work when I was younger, but now my rheumatism keeps me in. I felt unusually good to-night, and as I was in the neighborhood, thought I'd run in a few minutes. Jerry came near spotting me, but I got in without him seeing me."

Harold did not reply, for he was wondering what this queer old man would say or do next. He was a little piqued to have him appear in this manner, when he had detailed him to cover the premises, but knowing his peculiarities, he could not long feel worried over the matter, and Granville was in such excellent spirits, too, that Harold was amused at his manner.

Finally, after half an hour spent with Harold, and with sundry admonitions in regard to the details to be looked after, Granville prepared to take his departure. As he pulled his muffler from his overcoat pocket, an exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"Harold! Here I've brought my wallet, with about twenty-five thousand dollars in, on this midnight trip, when I thought it was safely deposited in the vault

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at the office. I don't care to be lugging it around out on the streets at night, and I will leave it with you to bring up when you report at the office in the morning."

"All right, I'll take care of it, and return it to you in the morning," replied Harold, taking the pocket-book and placing it in his coat.

Granville then left, Harold locking and bolting the door after him, and returning to the office.

"I guess he won't bother us any more to-night, Zip," said Harold, patting the dog's head.

Zip seemed satisfied with this assurance, and quietly settled himself before the heater, and watched his master.

Harold yawned, and looked at his watch. It was a quarter past twelve.

"Guess I'll take a little nap," he said, looking about for a convenient place to stretch his weary limbs.

There was a low table at one side of the small office, used by the day men for checking invoices and similar purposes. This table, Harold drew up near the heater, and threw a couple of old coats on it, which he found hanging on the wall. He then found a bundle of cotton waste, in a locker, and spreading his handkerchief over it, found that it made a comfortable pillow. He then took the wallet and placed it under the improvised pillow and laid down for a rest. He did not anticipate anything more than a ten-minute nap, but the warmth of the room, and his unusual weariness, caused him to fall into a sound sleep. Zip heard his master's deep, regular breathing, and seemed to realize that it devolved upon him to remain awake. He got up, stretched himself, and walked over to the table where Harold was lying. Zip put his fore-paws on the edge of the table and looked

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in Harold's face. Seeing he was asleep, the dog sniffed around the pillow, evidently attracted by the smell of the leather wallet, which protruded slightly. Apparently, not wishing to disturb the sleeper, Zip got down, and resumed his walk about the room.

Harold awoke with a start, and glanced at his watch. He had slept over an hour. Zip frisked about his master, and appeared delighted to hear his voice again, no doubt trying to assure Harold, in his canine language, that he had been a faithful watcher while he slept.

"I guess we had better take a look over the premises, Zippy," said Harold, taking his lantern in one hand, and, with the other, feeling under the pillow for the wallet.

Not feeling it, he turned the bundle of waste over, in order to find the wallet, and then gave a low exclamation of surprise and dismay. The wallet was gone! Thinking possibly it might have become mixed in with the stringy waste, he looked carefully through it, but without success. He then looked carefully about the floor, growing more and more alarmed as he prosecuted his search. It was no use to search further. The money had disappeared!

Harold now realized fully the gravity of the situation, and he grew so faint that he came near falling, then he slid into a chair, where he tried to collect his senses enough to fathom the mystery. Some one had robbed him while he slept, that was very evident, and he set about trying to find out how or where they had gotten in. He went first to the front door, which he found securely locked and bolted, just as he had left it when Granville went out. Next, he made a tour of the whole interior of the big wareroom, carefully examining every door and window, to see if the

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fastenings were intact. There was not an opening to be found where a human being could have entered or gone out.

"I can't understand this!" he said aloud, as he again sat down in the office. "It is certainly gone, and not a crack or crevice for a thief to go through! I wonder what Granville will say to this!"

After a few minutes reflection, Harold decided to make another careful search of the premises. He began at the table where he had taken the unlucky nap. He got down on his hands and knees and searched the floor all over. Then he searched his pockets again, to see if by chance he could be mistaken as to where he left the money. It was of no avail. The money was not in the little office. After fully satisfying himself of this fact, Harold started out for another and more thorough inspection of the big room. He again examined every fastening, and every possible clue that he could think of, looking into every recess and closet, and behind every pile of freight, for any signs of trespassers, but there were none. The place, apparently, had not been entered, or if it had, the thief was possessed of unusual skill and cunning.

Baffled and disheartened, Harold resumed his seat in the office. He looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past four o'clock. He did not know which way to turn. How could he explain the matter to his employer satisfactorily? He knew that, while Granville was kindly disposed toward him, anything that savored of crookedness would bring upon him the most bitter denunciation. He felt that his explanation would not be satisfactory. He was, apparently, the sole occupant of the warehouse, and the money was gone. Certainly it was a gloomy prospect, and

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this was to have been the happiest day of his life! How he wished that he had refused to go to the place that night, or that Granville had staid away with his money!

Five o'clock came, and he knew he must take action in some direction. His first impulse was to see Evelyn, and he acted quickly. It was not yet light, and letting himself out, he made his way to the Burton home. Inside of ten minutes he was ringing the bell. Mrs. Burton answered his call, and on learning that it was Harold, and that he must see Evelyn at once about an important matter, she bade him wait in the sitting-room, and in a few minutes Evelyn herself entered.

"Why, Harold! Whatever can have brought you here at this hour!" she exclaimed anxiously.

"Are you glad to see me?" he asked in a voice that sounded unnatural to her.

"Always glad to see you, Harold!"

"Evelyn, I am in trouble! Would you still love me and be true to me, if the world branded me as a criminal?"

"Harold, you frighten me! What is it! You have not killed anyone, have you?"

"No, I haven't killed any one, but I am likely to be charged with a crime that will bring more severe punishment than murder!"

"That cannot be, Harold! You are ill! What makes you talk so strangely!"

"I am not ill, Evelyn, and I am telling you the plain truth. Granville left twenty-five thousand dollars with me to-night at the old warehouse, and it has mysteriously disappeared. I was alone there, and while I took a nap, the money was taken from under

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my head. There is no explanation that I can make which will satisfy Granville!"

"Harold, whatever others may think or say, I could never doubt your truthfulness. There must be some terrible mistake about this! Are you sure you looked carefully?"

"Yes, I looked half a dozen times, but could find no trace of the money, or of any one having entered the building. I know what Granville will say. He will charge me with stealing it, and it is all up with me!"

"I cannot believe that the situation is quite as bad as you think it is. Granville knows you, and he would not charge you with such a thing!"

"I know him better than you do, Evelyn. He will refuse to believe my story, simply because it does not seem reasonable. He will say I am trying to work on his sympathy, and that will make him doubly severe."

"Oh God! Help us!" cried Evelyn, falling upon her knees in an attitude of prayer.

"There is just one way of escape, Evelyn."

"What is it?"

He leaned over and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh Harold! Not that!"

"I thought you loved me," he said reproachfully.

"I do! I would die to save you from this calamity, if it would avail, but do not ask me to run away with you!"

"I tell you, Evelyn, there is no other way out! Inside of twenty-four hours I will be charged with stealing Granville's money, and locked up!"

"Oh Harold! I cannot believe it! They will not charge you with such a crime, you who have always been the soul of honor! No, no!"

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"If I were in my former position, as the heir of Richard Fielding, there would be little danger of my being prosecuted for any sort of a crime, whether real or fancied, but to-day I am without influential friends, earning my own living and merely one of the common herd. That makes a great difference."

"It does not so far as I am concerned, Harold. To me you are the same true-hearted, noble man, whom I learned to love down at the office. No matter what the world may say, I know you are innocent of any wrong-doing."

"Then come with me, Evelyn. Let us go away from here into some quiet place, where I can work and make a home for you. We may yet realize our dreams, if you will do as I say."

"Oh Harold! Do not ask it! Can you not see how foolish such a step would be? It would be tantamount to a confession of having done wrong. No! My true lover! Listen to my advice. Go to Granville and tell him the whole story. Keep nothing back, and I believe he will act generously with you. If you try to run away, you will probably fail, but even if you did succeed, what sort of a life would it be? Always in fear of detection, and punishment!"

"Evelyn, you are right. I could not get very far, and as you say, flight would be a confession of weakness, if not of actual guilt. I will do as you say."

"I am so glad! I am sure that is the better way, and I will pray God to prosper your errand. I believe it will all come out right in the end."

"Thank God for such a wise counselor, Evelyn. You have saved me from a foolish and dangerous step. But oh, if I should have to give you up! I cannot live without you!"

"Don't say that, dear! God rules, and through his

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grace and strength we can endure anything that he allows to come upon us. After all, the case may not be nearly so serious as you imagine."

"I will go and see Granville, and tell him all. I hope he will accept my explanation, but he is very peculiar, and I cannot help having misgivings concerning the outcome. At any rate, I will not run away. I will face it like a man. With your sympathy and love, I can meet anything."

"That sounds like your own noble self. Go to Granville, and tell the whole truth, even to your being asleep. I have hopes that he will, at least, arrange to allow you to repay the amount in small sums, if he does not fully forgive it. While you plead with him, I will plead with God for you."

"I have great faith in your prayers, Evelyn. They seem to move heaven and earth. Good-bye, darling. This was to have been our wedding day. If all goes well, I will return to you at once. If I do not return by noon, you will know that——"

"I shall know that all is well in God's hands, Harold. He makes the wrath of men to praise him, and he rules."

One last time he pressed her to his heart, and kissed her, then hurried out, not daring to tarry longer, for fear of having explanations to make to the Burtons for this early morning visit.

When Granville reached the office, about nine o'clock, Harold was waiting for him.

"Good morning, Harold," he said cheerily. "You're out early after your jaunt last night. Anything turn up?"

"Yes, Mr. Granville, something very startling has taken place. The money you left with me has disappeared!"

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"The devil you say! Disappeared! Somebody hold you up?"

"Some one stole the pocketbook from under my head while I was taking a nap. I felt tired, and laid down for a few minutes, after midnight."

"What about the dog? Did he make any fuss? Do you think a man could come in and rob you without attracting his attention?"

"I cannot understand how such a thing could happen, and what makes it still more strange, is the fact that I immediately examined the fastenings on every door and window, and no one, apparently, had disturbed them."

"Did you search the building? Did you call the police?"

"I searched the building most thoroughly. I could not find the least trace of any one in hiding, nor could I find the missing money."

"By Jove, Harold, I dislike to say it, but this looks very queer to me! Robbed while asleep! Searched the building! No opening for a thief! H'm! Do you know what my theory is?"

"I hope, sir, you do not believe me guilty of such a mean act," said Harold, noticing the gathering frown on Granville's face.

"I dislike to say it, Harold. I do, by Jove! I thought I could trust you!"

"Do you think I would be so foolish as to try to steal the money? I who have handled hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is ridiculous, sir!"

"It is, rather! Considering this was your wedding day, and I purposed giving you a year's salary towards setting you up in housekeeping. I am very sorry, Harold, but I cannot accept your explanation.

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I must have my money, or I will turn you over to the authorities!"

"I tell you I haven't got it!" replied Harold, with a choking sensation in his throat.

"Then I will call for an officer! You can't bamboozle me with any such yarns! You thought you would work me for a sucker! If you had been knocked down and robbed, or had some reasonable explanation, I would listen to you, but this is too silly to consider for minute!"

"I have told you the truth, sir! If you cannot believe me, you certainly will give me a chance to repay the money?"

"I will give you just five minutes to produce my money, or tell me where it is! If you don't do it inside of that time, you will go to the lock-up."

"I can't do it, Mr. Granville! Surely you will not subject me to this outrageous humiliation for such a thing?"

"I most certainly shall do just as I say. A man who betrays the confidence of his employer as you have done, does not deserve sympathy. It is not the money so much as the principle involved. I am bitterly disappointed in you, Harold."

"I can do nothing further, Mr. Granville. If you will not believe what I tell you, it is useless to say anything more. I am in your power. For the sake of the woman I love, will you not show some mercy?"

"I am sorry for her, but I cannot interfere with the course of the law."

A clerk from the outside office answered Granville's summons.

"Call an officer!" was the command, in a firm tone, and without looking at Harold.

The silence, which lasted for several minutes, was

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at last broken by the quick step of a policeman, who entered and bowed to Granville.

"Officer, arrest this man, and take him to the station. I will enter a formal complaint of larceny against him!"

"Come along!" said the officer, taking Harold roughly by the arm.

"Am I to be paraded through the streets as a common criminal, before I have been proven guilty? This is an outrageous proceeding!" exclaimed Harold, turning to Granville, as if expecting him to relent.

He saw the stern, pitiless face turned toward him for a moment, then the policeman pushed him roughly ahead of him, and out into the street.

It is useless to try to describe Harold's feelings, as he walked beside the officer toward the station. He was dazed by the suddenness of the blow. For a moment, he wished that he had tried to get away, for he had feared just such a scene as this from the moment he first missed the money. What would Evelyn think now! What would his father say! These and other similar thoughts crowded his brain until it was in a whirl. He felt dizzy and faint, and the officer noticed his unsteady step, mistaking it for the result of liquor. Harold saw his look, and understood it, but made no explanation or comment.

On reaching the police station, Harold was taken to the sergeant's desk, and formally committed under a charge of larceny, on complaint of Granville. The unhappy man was then unceremoniously thrust into a cell, to await the further process of the law.

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CHAPTER IX

Evelyn waited for tidings from Harold, but none came, and as the afternoon wore away, her hope that he would be successful in placating Granville gradually diminished. Five o'clock came, and still no word. She had no heart to continue the few simple preparations for the wedding that was to have taken place, for there was a fear in her heart that Harold was in serious trouble. This suspicion was confirmed an hour later, when Alden came in with an evening paper, and there, in glaring headlines, appeared the caption, "Harold Fielding an Embezzler!"

"Oh, Aunt Evelyn! What makes you look so pale!" cried Alden in alarm, not having noticed the heading in the paper.

Just then Mrs. Burton entered the room, and catching sight of Evelyn's white face, and glancing at the paper, which was still clasped tight in her hand, she exclaimed:

"It is false, Evelyn! I don't believe one word of it! There is some dreadful mistake!"

Then, putting her arms about the distressed girl, who was almost ready to faint, she soothed her as best she could, assuring her of her own absolute confidence in Harold's integrity, and expressing the belief that God would overrule the affair for their ultimate blessing.

Gradually Evelyn's strong faith reasserted itself, and she became more reconciled to the situation. Later in the evening a messenger brought a note from Harold, saying that his worst fears had been realized,

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and that he was in jail on Granville's complaint. There was just a faint suspicion in her mind, after reading the note, that he regretted having taken the course he had, and she remembered that it was upon her advice that he had gone to Granville. Still, she did not believe she had made any mistake in counselling him to act in a straightforward manner. She felt, however, that she must now do all in her power to encourage him, and help him bear the heavy burden. She, therefore, concluded to send him a note, assuring him of her steadfast trust and affection. Opening the little writing-desk that had been one of Harold's numerous presents to her, she penned the following lines:

"Dear Harold: I am so sorry for you. I cannot understand how or why this dreadful thing has come upon us, and just at the time when we expected to be so happily united. I firmly believe, however, that you will be vindicated in due time, and for that end I shall not cease to pray day and night. God rules, and if we are true to him, he will bring it all out for our good. He allows clouds to obscure the sun, but is not the sunshine more beautiful after the storm? See, my beloved, I am sending you a few lines of a poem, which has come to me, in the hope that it may help you to bear this burden:

"We are sailing across the stormy deep,
And the raging billows around us sweep,
But our eyes are fixed on the harbor light,
That gleams like a star in the darkest night.

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"As the needle points to the steadfast Pole,
So the Lord's own presence within the soul,
Directs our course toward the harbor light,
That shines with a radiance clear and bright.

"We can laugh at the tempest's awful roar,
For it wafts our bark toward the other shore,
And the thundering waves in their angry
 might,
Only drive us nearer the harbor light.

"EVELYN."

This epistle was carefully addressed as Harold had directed, and given to Alden, who hurried out with it as fast as he could go. In less than half an hour it was handed to Harold by the guard in the police station.

"If I only had such faith as she has!" groaned Harold, after reading the note several times.

He had found himself wishing more than once that he had either tried to run away with Evelyn, or else made up a story of being assaulted and robbed. He knew that the latter course would have been likely to free him from further danger of prosecution, but he had followed Evelyn's advice, and now he must go through on that line. He could not now change his story, or it would subject him to additional suspicion. Perhaps, after all, Evelyn was right, and some explanation would be found for the mystery. At any rate, he had told the plain truth, and he would trust to Providence for the outcome. If the money was found, which was not unlikely, he would be vindicated, and there could be no suspicion of his truthfulness. With these reassuring thoughts, and the com-

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fort of Evelyn's avowed faithfulness, he fell asleep.

Affairs in the Burton home were growing steadily worse, at least from a financial point of view. Mrs. Burton, weakened by the long and severe strain upon her, in trying to assist in supporting the family, had fallen a prey to pneumonia, and it was soon apparent that there was no hope for her recovery. Dr. Lane, the kindly physician who had attended Burton, and whose services were tendered free to the distressed family, told Evelyn frankly that Mrs. Burton could not live. Evelyn, in turn broke the news to Burton, as gently as she could. His condition was far from good, his injury, and the worry of enforced idleness, combining to break down his nervous system. It was apparent to Evelyn, as well as to the more discerning eye of Dr. Lane, that Burton was not likely to stand the shock of his wife's death, which was then imminent.

It was a heavy burden, indeed, that was falling upon Evelyn's young shoulders. Grief at Harold's misfortune, coupled with the gloom of approaching death in the home, and the ever-present problem of support for the family, was trying her faith as never before. Still, in the face of this dark array of adverse circumstances, she stood with unflinching courage and unwavering faith. Her affection for the Burton family was second only to that which bound her to Harold, and she felt that it devolved upon her to stand by them as long as she had power or opportunity to serve them.

The third day after Harold's incarceration, Dr. Lane called. It was just before sunset, and as he looked at his patient, he saw at once that she was nearing the end. He spoke quietly to Evelyn, and informed her of the fact. At a sign from Mrs. Bur-

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ton, she bent over her to catch the faint whisper of her voice.

"Bring Francis and the children in," she said.

As quickly as possible the children were brought in and ranged about the bed, while Burton, assisted by Dr. Lane, hobbled in and stood beside Evelyn, holding on to the bedpost for support.

After several ineffectual attempts to speak, Mrs. Burton finally got control of her voice enough to talk in a low tone, but with considerable difficulty.

"Dear ones, I must leave you," she said, a smile lighting up the pale face.

"Oh Mary! Don't say that!" cried Burton, the tears streaming down his face.

"It is God's will, Francis, and I am ready to go. If you will only tell me that you are going to meet me in heaven, I can die happy!"

"I will, Mary! I will! Pray for me!"

"Evelyn, pray!" said the sick woman.

Evelyn knelt beside the stricken husband, and offered a short, fervent prayer for his conversion, as well as for sustaining grace for all of them in the face of this crushing affliction. Mrs. Burton looked inquiringly at her husband, as Evelyn ceased.

"I *will* meet you, Mary!" he exclaimed, kissing her fondly.

"Thank God! I can praise him, even in this hour, for the assurance that you give me!"

She seemed to be growing weaker, and it was some minutes before she could speak again.

"Evelyn, my dear, sweet friend, I must say goodbye. It is needless to ask you to be a friend to my precious children! I know you will do what you can for them."

"I will care for them, my sweet mother, as tenderly,

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as though they were my own," replied Evelyn, stooping and kissing her.

"Esther, my dear helper, be a good girl, and look after the others."

Then she spoke to each one in turn, until she came to the two younger children.

"My precious babes, kiss mamma," she said, pressing them to her bosom with the strength which seemed supernatural, for the death angel had already set his seal upon her brow.

"May God reward you," she said, looking at Dr. Lane, who stood beside Burton.

Then her eyes closed for a moment, as if in quiet slumber. Suddenly she roused up, while a radiant smile illuminated her face, until it looked angelic. She looked first at one and then another, with inexpressible feeling, as though wishing to speak a last farewell. There was a mingled expression of love, and pity, and exultant joy, for a moment, as she half-raised herself on the pillow, then she sank back exhausted.

Dr. Lane felt of the motionless pulse, and told them that she was dead. Evelyn tenderly led the children into the sitting-room, soothing their grief as best she could, while the heart-broken husband remained by the side of his dead wife, until, at last, persuaded by Dr. Lane to join the others.

Some kind-hearted neighbors came in to offer their services, and the children were invited into an adjoining apartment. Milton came in on his way to the evening meeting, stopping a few minutes to talk with Burton and Evelyn. He assured them of his desire to render all the assistance in his power, in the great trial they were passing through. He generously as-

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sumed direction of the funeral arrangements, and furnished money for their immediate needs.

The funeral was held two days later and, after the family had returned home, Evelyn gathered them together for a talk about the future outlook. She expressed her determination to at once seek a position down town, and assume the responsibility of their support, while Esther was to become housekeeper, assisted by Sarah and Walter, and Alden was to continue in his position as errand boy at a neighboring store. Evelyn's bright, cheerful manner seemed to put new hope into the hearts of all of them, including Burton, and the next day the search for a position began. At evening, Evelyn returned, with the welcome news that she had found work, at fifteen dollars a week, in a law office on lower Broadway.

Scarcely had the new order of things been fairly inaugurated, when Burton was taken seriously ill, and after lingering a few days, died. It was literally a case of dying from a broken heart. He had always leaned, more or less, upon his wife's forceful character, and after her death, he seemed unable to rally from the shock. Evelyn now found herself, indeed, sole guardian and protector of the six orphans and, nothing daunted, undertook, bravely, her self-appointed task.

Harold was being held for the action of the grand jury, and no one seemed inclined to come forward as his bondsman, so he remained in jail. Evelyn attended faithfully to her duties at the office, providing enough means to keep them from real want. She communicated regularly with Harold, seeking by every possible means to encourage and cheer him. In addition to these exacting obligations, she still attended the Mission several times a week, and took part in the

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meetings. This was one place where the brave girl found inspiration for her arduous work. She saw, with satisfaction, the increasing interest among the Jewish attendants at the meetings, and the more she talked with them, and taught them out of the scriptures, the stronger and brighter became her own faith in the success of Zionism.

Evelyn had looked in vain for the return of the mysterious woman who had strayed into the Mission, as described in a preceding chapter. No one, not even Mrs. Burton, knew the dark secret that lay behind that short interview between the two women, whose characters seemed as far apart as the antipodes, and yet whose lives seemed connected in some strange manner.

One evening, as Evelyn was leaving the Mission at the close of the meeting, a man spoke to her just outside the door.

"Lady, will you go to see a sick woman, over here a couple of blocks? She has been here to meeting and wants to see you. I think she is about to die."

Thinking it was one of the regular attendants at the Mission, and anxious to be of some service to her, Evelyn signified her willingness to accompany the man. She walked along beside him, going up Eighth Avenue, and turning west on Forty-ninth Street. When they had passed Tenth Avenue, Evelyn began to feel a little uneasy. She knew they were in a rough neighborhood, and for the first time she became apprehensive of possible risk in going further with her unknown guide. She hesitated, as though about to turn back.

"Don't be afraid, lady, no harm shall come to you," said the man. "It's only a few steps further."

He stopped in front of the open court where, as

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described in a preceding chapter, the woman, Kate Sanford, had entered after her unexpected appearance at the Mission.

"This is the place, lady," he said, motioning toward the dark-looking house.

Evelyn hesitated a moment.

"Won't you go in?" he asked. "She may be dying, and she wants to see you."

Feeling that it was the call of duty, and her womanly pity getting the better of her fears, which she thought might, after all, be groundless, she followed the man into the hall and up the long, weary stairs.

Entering the room, near the landing, Evelyn saw a figure huddled up on the miserable-looking bed, and a moment later, Kate Sanford's sinister eyes were looking into hers. Evelyn gave a little cry of dismay, and turned in time to see the man who had brought her in, lock and bolt the door. She was caught in a carefully planned trap!

"If you make any noise, I will strangle you in an instant," said the man gruffly. Then, turning to the miserable creature who had pretended to be very ill, he said, "Have you got the room ready?"

"All ready, Bill. I'll show her in."

Taking a key from her pocket, the hag led the way into a private hall, and told Evelyn to follow her.

"Help! help!" screamed Evelyn, getting her voice for the first time.

The man sprang at her like a tiger and seized her by the throat.

"I'll take care she don't screech any more," he said to the woman. "Bring me that cord and some rags to stuff in her mouth."

Evelyn was bound, hand and foot, and securely gagged, so that all she could do was to lie still and

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pray. With a muttered curse, the man and woman withdrew to the other room, after repeating a warning that any further outcry would be the signal for immediate death. The frightened girl did not question either their readiness or ability to carry out the threat, therefore she kept quiet. She could hear them talking in a low tone in the adjoining room, and she determined to try and catch what they said. By rolling over a time or two, and using her elbows, she worked herself up close to the dividing partition. She could hear them talking quite distinctly.

"I came near losing her!" the man was saying. "She got a little suspicious once or twice, but I finally got her in by telling her you were about to die."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the woman. "I fancy she's not going to get away from him so easily this time. I told Jimmie to call to-morrow, that we would have his girl for him."

The listening, terrified girl shrunk back for a moment as if dreading to hear more.

"It'll be an easy job to move her when he gets ready," continued the man. "Just give her a little dope, and put her to sleep, and she can be carted off as an invalid, right under the nose of the police. Put a veil over her face, and they'll never ask any questions. Where is he going to take her?"

"To his den, of course. Where do wild beasts usually take their prey? Only wild beasts are merciful enough to kill the poor creatures they catch, instead of tormenting them. You men are devils. Ha! ha!"

"Are you any better, you old vixen? We couldn't catch our birds unless we had women like you to do it, at least, not so easily."

"We have to get money some way. Jimmie has

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plenty, and he's not stingy, either. He'll give me fifty dollars for this job."

"I'd not undertake a job like this for less than two hundred. I made him come to that figure before I bargained. I need it in my business."

Just then there was a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" growled the man called Bill.

A peculiar sort of password, unintelligible to Evelyn, was given in reply, and she could hear some one step into the room where her captors were talking.

"We got her, all right, Jimmie," said the woman.

"We killed the bear. You done a lot of the work, to hear you talk, you old crow," said Bill.

"Never mind, my good people, just so you got her. Pray do not quarrel about it. I will reward you liberally, both of you."

Evelyn's heart sank within her at the sound of this new-comer's voice. The smooth, cultured tones sent a chill to her very vitals. Rather a thousand times death, than to fall into the hands of this villain.

"We did not look for you to-night," said the woman cautiously.

"I thought I would drop in to see how things were going. I will send an auto for her at six o'clock in the morning. Has she made any disturbance?"

"Not much, not enough to attract attention. I put a gag in her mouth. She'll be all right now. We will give her the dope about four o'clock, and she'll be sound asleep by six."

"All right, my friends, I can trust you implicitly. Of course, you will do your part faithfully. I will give you half the pay now, and the other half to-morrow night."

So saying, James Oliver, popular clubman, artist and idol of women, took from his pocket a roll of bills and

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peeled off several, giving them to the greedy partakers of his crimes.

"I would like to take a look at her before I go, but perhaps I had better wait. I can trust you to attend to the matter, Bill, and you, Kate, you will do your part."

Evelyn could hear the door open, and she knew Oliver had gone. This was in a sense a relief, and she breathed more freely. Finally, from sheer exhaustion, she lapsed into unconsciousness.

When she awoke, Evelyn found Kate Sanford bending over her.

"I am sorry for you, girl," she said, assuming a kindly manner in order to allay Evelyn's suspicions. "Let me take that thing out of your mouth."

She untied the cord and removed the gag, and then released her hands and feet.

"If you cry out or try to escape, it means instant death," she said, motioning toward the other room.

"Have you no pity? Do you not fear God's anger?" said Evelyn, scarcely able to articulate.

"I can't help it! They'd kill me as quick as they would you, if I squealed!"

"For the sake of your own soul, I beg of you to let me go!"

"Hush! You'll get Bill started again and he'll choke the breath out of you! Here, take this, girl! It will warm you up a little!" As she said this she handed Evelyn a cup of steaming coffee.

Just then there was a sound from the next room, and the woman left Evelyn alone for a moment. Remembering what she had heard them say about drugging her, Evelyn instinctively felt that this was her opportunity to act. She quickly threw the contents of the cup under the bed, and when Kate Sanford re-

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turned an instant later, she saw the empty cup, and thinking Evelyn had drunk the coffee, chuckled to herself.

"I'll leave you alone for an hour," she said to Evelyn suavely. "You need a rest. Lie down and try to sleep."

"I think I will," replied Evelyn. "I am very tired and sleepy."

She lay down and drew the quilt over her, but she did not go to sleep. It seemed a long time, but finally she heard some one tiptoe into the room where she was and listen as if to learn if she were asleep. Then the steps of a second person entered.

"I guess the dope's all right, Kate!" said Bill in a whisper.

Evelyn felt a rough hand upon her arm, and she was shaken two or three times, but she kept her eyes closed and seemed to be sleeping soundly, so they took it for granted the "drops" had done their work.

"She's all right," replied the woman. "It's time to get her ready. Here, help me put this big coat on her, and I'll pin a veil over her face. Now, that will do. You can carry her down stairs when the bell rings."

Evelyn shuddered as she thought of the possible outcome, if she were then under the power of some drug. Thanks to her overhearing the conversation, she had received timely warning, and it was her purpose to make a desperate effort to escape as soon as she was outside the house. So sure were the couple of her condition, that they did not even take the precaution to replace the gag in her mouth.

"There's the bell! Now, don't handle her rough, Bill! May the devil prosper your errand."

With this last thrust, the woman quickly closed and

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locked the door. Bill carried his slight burden down stairs, and out through the narrow courtyard toward the sidewalk. He paused a moment as he reached the gate, looking cautiously up and down the street. There was no one near, but the man in charge of the waiting auto, and a workman, who appeared to be hurrying along to his duties.

Evelyn could see through the veil, her surroundings, and felt this was her opportunity. With her left hand she suddenly snatched the veil from her face, while with her right hand she dealt her captor a stinging blow in the eye. Then she screamed as loudly as she could for help.

"Shut up, will you!" growled Bill, after he had recovered from his momentary surprise, and clutching her throat, her cries ending in a smothered gurgle.

One more step and he would have thrust her into the open door of the auto, had not something unexpected occurred.

The workman who had been passing, had paused a moment at the unusual sight of a woman being carried out of the house, and he was near enough, when Evelyn uncovered her face, to see her plainly. Her cries brought him to the spot as Bill was ready to put her into the auto.

Evelyn looked up with a mute appeal to the newcomer.

"Not so fast, there, me hearty!" Jerry Shine's voice rang out at the same instant that his brawny fist shot a stunning blow at Bill's left ear. He dropped his struggling burden, and for a second or two showed fight, then, seeing that other persons were being attracted by Evelyn's cries, he shouted to

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the chauffeur, and sprang into the auto, closing the door with a bang.

Jerry Shine, for a moment hesitated between pursuing the auto, which was racing down the street, and looking after Evelyn.

"The devil take ye!" he shouted, shaking his fist at the fleeing auto. Then, turning to Evelyn, he quickly assisted her to rise.

"I hope you are not hurted, Miss Chase! My, but that was a narrow escape! How in the world did them miscreants get hold of you?"

"Thank God for deliverance!" exclaimed Evelyn, when she had recovered from the severe choking.

"Take me home, please," she said, shrinking from the curious crowd which had collected.

"That I will, ma'm," replied Jerry, taking her arm, and leading the way out of the crowd.

After they had gone a couple of blocks, Evelyn spoke again.

"You have twice saved my life, Mr. Shine. How can I ever thank you enough?"

"Sure, and if it were half a dozen times, Miss Chase, it is well worth it, ye are. It's lucky I was to be just comin' home from the dock after me night's work."

"I believe God sent you along just at the right moment, as he did the other time. I think you are a very brave and good man."

By this time they had reached the house in 47th Street, and Evelyn hurried in, after again thanking Jerry for his timely aid.

The children were delighted at Evelyn's return, having spent a very anxious night, as they were unable to account for her absence. She was not much the worse for her terrible experience, except weariness.

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ness from lack of rest, and the intense mental strain that she had been subjected to had left her somewhat nervous. After they had finished their breakfast, they all gathered in the sitting-room for their morning worship, as was the custom. It was a praise-meeting, indeed, for all of them, and especially for Evelyn, who was overjoyed at the happy deliverance that had come to her.

CHAPTER X

Harold Fielding had been duly indicted by the grand jury, and in default of bail, was confined in the Tombs prison, awaiting trial. His father had gone abroad soon after the quarrel with Harold, taking Mrs. Fielding away from the distracting scene of Harold's escapade. There had been no communication whatever between father and son, and after his incarceration, the young man was too independent to ask for aid. There was one of his old-time friends whom Harold felt would stick by him in his desperate strait, and that was Keene, the detective. This individual, however, unfortunately for Harold, was in Australia, having been assigned to a special case which demanded his presence in that corner of the world. Others who had been friends of Harold in the days of his prosperity, with the exception of Milton and Evelyn, had little or no use for him when he was in trouble.

It was apparent that Harold would not have much assistance in his trial. Not only was he unable to get means to employ suitable counsel, but several lawyers to whom he sent requests to call and see him,

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refused absolutely to have anything to do with the case.

Evelyn was the one constant sympathizer, who sought daily, and by all the means in her power to cheer Harold. She communicated regularly with him through the mail, scarcely a day passing that she did not send him a comforting letter, some times accompanied by a poem of her own composition. It was one of Evelyn's self-imposed tasks, to care for Zip, the little dog which belonged to Harold, and the small canine had become a member of the Burton household, much to the delight of the children. Alden had found Zip wandering around near the police station when he carried the first note to Harold, and the dog was given a cordial reception. It was Harold's wish that they should keep Zip until Keene returned, and then, if he was not acquitted, to let the detective take the dog in charge.

Harold's trial was to begin about April first, and the long looked-for day arrived at last. In spite of the general feeling against him, Harold had not given up hope of being cleared, believing that his straightforward story, told to the jury, would have the desired weight. He was encouraged in this by Evelyn's constant expressions of confidence in his being vindicated, and it was, therefore, with real pleasure that he awoke on the day of the trial, and made preparations for going to the courtroom.

No lawyer had yet come forward to volunteer assistance to the distressed young man. On entering the courtroom, Harold made the fact known that he was without counsel, therefore the judge assigned a young member of the bar to his service. Before the case was called, this fledgling of the law approached Harold for a conference. He at once advised his

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client to enter a plea of guilty, stating that if he took this course he would most likely get off with a light sentence.

Harold remonstrated against this advice, claiming that it was impossible for the prosecutor to prove him guilty, and that his own testimony, to be given under oath, should be enough to clear him. To this the young lawyer merely smiled incredulously, saying that it was a foregone conclusion that the verdict would be against the defendant, as no one believed the story he had given out regarding the money. Finding Harold obdurate, however, the lawyer finally concluded to let him have his way, as the case was about to be called and there was no time for further parley.

The preceding case was finally ended, and Harold was called to the prisoners' dock. The courtroom was filled with its usual varied company, mostly of the rough element, with a sprinkling of well-to-do people who had come in out of curiosity to see how young Fielding came through.

The case of the State against Harold Fielding was then formally opened, and the public prosecutor outlined his case to the jury, stating, in substance, that the defendant had betrayed the confidence of his employer, in a most flagrant manner. That he was on the eve of being married, and being used to having plenty of money, had taken advantage of his employer's trustfulness to provide himself with funds for a wedding trip. He stated that the story told by the defendant only aggravated his offense, for it not only stamped him as dishonest, but showed that he relied altogether upon his previous standing in the community to enforce belief in a defense which was at once illogical and ridiculous. He said he did not

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wish to do the defendant any injustice, but he would leave it to the jury to show proper resentment of the implied insult to their intelligence in asking them to believe such a contradictory tale.

Granville was the first witness called. He told of his acquaintance with the defendant, of how he had entered his employ, and detailed his remarkable trip to the dock on the memorable night. He stated that he had given the defendant a pocketbook containing twenty-five thousand dollars in currency, with the explicit understanding that it was to be returned the next morning. The defendant had not returned the money, and had given no reasonable excuse for failure to do so.

After Granville had given his testimony, Harold was called to the stand. He described, in detail, his trip to the dock, told how he had examined the inside fastenings to the doors and windows before and after the robbery, finding them all in proper order, explaining just how he had placed the pocketbook when he laid down for a nap, and stating that so far as he could ascertain, there was no other person in the building that night, after Granville's departure.

"I wish to ask," continued the prosecutor, adjusting his eye-glasses carefully, "if you were at this time engaged to be married?"

Harold's counsel offered a feeble objection to this question.

"The objection is overruled," remarked the court.

"Yes, I was engaged," replied Harold.

"You have always been used, until recently, to having all the money you wanted?"

Another faint objection by Harold's lawyer.

"Your honor," said the prosecutor, "I think it is

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in order to establish, if we can, a motive for the crime."

"Your point is well taken," said the court. "It is necessary to show a motive, since the evidence against the defendant is purely circumstantial."

"That will do," said the prosecutor to Harold.

One more witness yet remained to testify. It was a man named Burns, living next door to the Burton apartment. He testified that he had seen Harold enter the Burton home early on the morning of the robbery.

After this witness had finished, Harold was again put on the witness stand, to testify in his own behalf. He told his story in detail, omitting nothing, and adding nothing, and admitting frankly that he did not know what had become of the money. He explained his visit to Evelyn, in the early morning, and his subsequent report of the matter to Granville.

The prosecutor then arose to make his address to the jury.

"Gentlemen," he said, in his most affable manner, "I will review the evidence briefly, and then leave the issue with you. I ask you to recall the details of the defendant's story, of how he went to the dock on the night of the robbery. He is the son of a very rich man, and up to this time, or shortly before, he did not know what it was to have a wish ungratified, that money could provide for. It was upon the eve of his marriage to this young woman, herself of doubtful reputation, in fact, it was his infatuation for this woman, that has caused his father to cast him off. Imagine him there, in the stillness of the ware-room, brooding over the loss of his fortune, and anon, looking forward to his approaching wedding. Ah! gentlemen, you can realize, perhaps, that the defend-

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ant, according to his view of the matter, was greatly in need of money."

This sentence ended with a sneering glance at Harold, whose pale face showed his suppressed indignation. Then the speaker continued.

"Suddenly fate seems to favor him. His employer, Mr. Granville, who has taken him in through pity, and tried to make a man of him, appears on the scene, and explaining his absent-mindedness, commits to the keeping of his assistant, a large sum of money, to be returned to him in the morning. Then he takes his departure. I can see the defendant, as he sees the door close upon his old friend and benefactor. He takes the money out and counts it. Twenty-five thousand dollars, in crisp, clean cash! Ah! gentlemen, of course we do not know what the full power of such a temptation would be, but we can imagine. Here is the opportunity for obtaining the needed funds for his honeymoon! Fortune favors the brave! He has been brave in opposing his father's anger and restraint, and now fate has rewarded him! See him fondle the money! Here is the price of a month's honeymoon suddenly thrust into his hands. Granville has plenty more! He will not miss it much! He can easily overcome the old man's suspicions, by framing up a story. Ah! gentleman of the jury, the deed is done! He hides the money until he can carry it to his paramour, as we see him do on his early morning visit!"

Here he gave a leering, suggestive smile, as he glanced at Harold, then continued.

"But, gentlemen, the defendant forgot one very important thing, in his calculations. He forgot that he might be called upon to face a court of law. He forgot, gentlemen, that he would have to stand be-

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fore an intelligent jury and explain his story. He presumed too much upon the credulity of his employer, and forgot the searching eye of the law. Why, his story is so absurd that a school-boy could surpass it in ingenuity. The idea of a man locking himself in an impregnable fortress and then claiming to have been robbed! I can tell, gentlemen, by your looks that I need say no more. I will leave it to yourselves to avenge this insult to your intelligence!"

After this harangue, Harold's lawyer made a brief summing-up, which was notable more for its weakness than otherwise, and which it was quite evident, only made the general feeling against his client stronger than ever.

The case now being up to the jury, that body retired for deliberation, and we will ask the reader to follow us into that mysterious realm known as the jury-room, where verdicts are made.

"Gentlemen," said the foreman, as the door closed behind them, "this is a plain case, and we will proceed at once to take a ballot."

Small slips of paper were handed out, twelve in number, and after a few minutes, the result was made known. There was a unanimous verdict of guilty.

"I think he ought to be given the full limit," remarked juror number six.

"I don't think we ought to be hard on the young fellow. He wants to get married. I can imagine how I should feel under the circumstances," said number three, a dignified, thoughtful-looking man.

"I think it's time these rich, young crooks were given a good object-lesson. I say give him the limit!" this from juror number nine.

After half an hour spent in smoking and telling

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stories, the verdict was prepared, and the jury filed back into the courtroom.

The foreman handed his slip of paper to the clerk, who read it aloud. It consisted of the one word, "guilty."

"The prisoner will stand and receive sentence," said the judge gravely.

Harold stood up as directed.

"If you had entered a plea of guilty," continued the judge, "this court would have been inclined to leniency, in view of your age, and this being your first offence, but since you have stood out against the strong array of evidence against you, and boldly maintained your innocence, I deem it my bounden duty to sentence you to ten years in State's prison, at hard labor."

The judge raised his hand to motion the court officer to remove Harold, to make way for the next case, when, suddenly, there was a slight stir in the courtroom, and Evelyn stepped quietly before the judge.

"May I speak to you a moment, please?" she asked timidly.

The judge peered over his glasses at the slender figure, and frowned.

"Proceed," he said, "if you have anything to say in relation to this case."

"Permit me, sir, in the name of justice, to enter a protest against the verdict that has been rendered, and the sentence that has been pronounced. I wish to remind you, sir, that there has not been one word of direct evidence to prove that this defendant is guilty of the crime laid against him. I need not tell you, sir, that the law supposes a man to be innocent until he is proven to be guilty, and this defendant is

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innocent. Do you suppose, sir, that this gentleman, who has handled hundreds of thousands of dollars, would descend to such a low act, or that he would be so foolish as to give the explanation he has if he had really taken the money? Why, sir, he could easily have told this jury that he was set upon and robbed and, in the absence of other evidence, his story would hardly have been questioned, but because there is a mystery about the matter which he cannot explain, and he has frankly told you the whole truth, he must needs be sacrificed to satisfy a false idea of justice. I beg of you, sir, in the name of that God whom you profess to honor, to set aside this unjust verdict, and let this man go free. I ask you, sir, to remember that you will one day stand at the bar of divine justice, to answer for yourself, and for your administration of the law."

"I must deny your request, madam. The defendant has been duly tried and found guilty by the jury, in accordance with the law."

The judge waved his hand and a court attendant took hold of Harold to lead him away. Evelyn stood for an instant, dazed and helpless, then she stepped to Harold's side and threw her arms about his neck. For one short minute he held her in a close embrace, telling her to be brave, and then the officer roughly bade him to move on. Evelyn watched him until he was out of sight, then her grief overcome her.

"Oh God!" she cried. "He is gone, and he is innocent!"

CHAPTER XI

The outcome of Harold's trial had been a rude shock to Evelyn's sensitive nature, but she soon re-

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covered her normal self poise, and she at once set about trying to comfort and encourage her lover. Harold seemed completely disheartened by the result of his efforts to clear himself, and the prospect of a long term in prison did not seem bearable. He sometimes had doubts about whether Evelyn would stand the test of waiting those long, weary years while he was serving his sentence. Even if she did, a large part of their lives would be wasted, and it would be impossible to fully recover from the stigma of being an ex-convict. These doubts soon became apparent to Evelyn, and while this lack of trust grieved her, she tried more earnestly to cheer the discouraged Harold. A few days after the trial, and when it had become quite apparent that Harold's confidence in her was waning, she wrote him a letter reading as follows:

"Dear Harold: According to the customs of my people, the period of betrothal is as sacredly guarded against violation as is the later and dearer relationship of husband and wife. It should be an additional comfort to you to remember this, and to know that your betrothed is awaiting your return, herself bound by an indissoluble tie. I am ready to cheerfully share the reproach so unjustly put upon you. Has not God said that the husband and wife are one, and shall the body shrink from the suffering imposed upon its head?

"I feel sure that God will, in his own good time, clear away these dark clouds and let us understand why they were permitted to come across our pathway. See, Harold, I have

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written a few lines of a poem to comfort you
in your loneliness:

" 'Tis not the one who suffers most,
By stormy billows rudely tossed,
Who comes to know the most of fame,
Or has the longest titled name.

" 'Tis not the stoutest, truest soul,
Who reaches first the shining goal;
'Tis not the bravest volunteer,
Who always gets the loudest cheer.

"More oft, alas, in earthly life,
'Mid scenes of envy, greed and strife,
The victor's palm is borne aloft,
By fools or cowards, weak and soft!

" 'Twas ever thus, will ever be,
Brave souls must suffer, while they see
Their fairest idols trampled down,
And honors thrust upon a clown.

"Yet, over all God's kingdom reigns,
While truth and justice he maintains;
Above, at least, we'll reach the prize,
And wear our laurels in the skies.

"EVELYN."

This missive reached Harold the day before his transfer to Sing Sing. The trials against which he was battling seemed to grow suddenly less as he read it. What if the world did treat him with scorn, was not Evelyn's devotion enough to satisfy the heart of any man? He felt that he could endure the long term

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in prison, with such love and faith to support him, and after that, they would begin life anew, in some corner of the world where they could be happy together.

The first of May came, and the trees in the parks were putting on the garments of green. Evelyn was working steadily, and her income, together with what Alden earned, supplied the family with enough to keep them comfortably. As the weather grew warmer, the children had some pleasant trips to the parks, under Evelyn's care and, notwithstanding the severe hardships they had passed through, a feeling of hope and buoyancy began to manifest itself. This period of relaxation was destined to be brief, however, for the second week of May had not closed, when Gracie and Teddy were taken simultaneously with scarlet fever. Evelyn prayed earnestly for their restoration to health, but the same feeling that she had experienced before Mrs. Burton's death took possession of her, and she understood that it was not God's will to interfere with the natural order. She could not understand it, and even began to question her own position. What purpose could God have in allowing these tender babes to be thus afflicted by this dread disease? Was her own faith waning, or was there something in her own life that hindered effectual prayer? During this period of inquiry before the Lord, a passage of scripture seemed to be presented to her again and again, as if in answer:

"That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

It became evident to her that there was some deep purpose in the affliction, and she trusted, where she could not see. The two children were isolated from the rest of the family, and were doing nicely,

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when a new difficulty was presented. The landlady found that some of her other tenants were threatening to leave, on account of the quarantine, and she complained to the health authorities, demanding the immediate removal of the scarlet fever patients from her rooms. In vain did Evelyn plead, and Dr. Lane argued against this move, which seemed useless and cruel. A trained nurse was in attendance, and all necessary precautions were taken, but that did not satisfy the obdurate landlady, and the health authorities were obliged to act.

This was a heavy blow to Evelyn. It was bad enough to have the children afflicted in this manner, but to have them banished to some hospital, among strangers, and perhaps exposed to other dreadful diseases, seemed cruel indeed. When every resource had failed, she fell upon her knees and besought the Lord to interfere, but again the answer came as if spoken by the Spirit, and she bowed to the decree of an all-wise Providence. At evening time the ambulance came, and the little sufferers were bundled off to the hospital. Evelyn begged to be allowed to accompany the terrified children at least to the hospital gate, but was denied.

Teddy had fared somewhat better than Gracie, and he had so far recovered from the first effects of the fever that he was able to sit up, but Gracie had a more malignant case, and the excitement of the trip in the ambulance caused her temperature to run high.

When the kind-hearted nurse came to attend the new patients, she was struck with their extreme cleanliness, and saw at once that they were not like many who came from the poor districts of the city, neglected and dirty. The grief of the children at

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finding themselves among strangers was pitiful, and Gracie was sobbing hysterically.

"I want my Aunt Evelyn," cried Teddy, the tears running down his cheeks.

"Don't cry, dear," said the nurse. "We will take you to your Auntie soon, perhaps in the morning, if you are good children. Let me dry your tears, and you shall see Auntie soon."

"Can we go home in the morning?" asked Teddy, growing more quiet.

"Yes, dear, if you will be quiet. Try to go to sleep now, and in the morning you will feel ever so much better."

"I will be good," said Teddy manfully. Then he asked, with childish frankness: "What is your name?"

"You may call me Miss North," replied the nurse, smiling at his independent manner.

"Please, Miss North, I would like to say my prayers before I go to sleep. Aunt Evelyn always hears me say them."

"I will hear you say them, my little man, and you can feel just as safe with me as with your Auntie Evelyn."

Teddy sat up in bed and bowed his head reverently:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The nurse's eyes were suspiciously moist as she kissed the flushed face and bade him good night. Gracie did not notice them, for she was lying in a

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kind of stupor, her face betraying the presence of the raging fever.

"Little sister has gone to sleep," whispered the nurse to Teddy. "Do not disturb her, but let her rest, and close your own bright eyes, so you will be better in the morning."

"Yes ma'm, I will," he replied, shutting his eyes tight to prove his determination.

"Poor little dears," said the nurse to herself, as she passed on her rounds, stopping here and there to minister to some restless patient. "It is almost wicked to tell them they are going home, but what can one do? If I should tell them the truth about the long, weary weeks they have before them, and, perhaps——" here a deep sigh escaped her. "There are some who never go home again."

The long, weary night wore away and when Teddy awoke it was day. He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. What a funny place it was to be in! Long rows of cots and beds filled the room. Gradually the scenes of the previous evening came back to him and he understood that it was the hospital. Then he recalled the nurse's promise, and his face brightened.

"Wake up, Gracie!" he called.

Gracie opened her eyes, and a look of feverish delirium frightened him.

"Wake up, sister," he pleaded, "we are going home soon."

"Aunt Evelyn! Don't let them take me!" she moaned, going over in her mind the events of the day before.

"Oh Gracie! They are going to take up home this morning, if we are good. The nurse told me last night!"

At the sound of the magic word "home" Gracie's

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eyes lost something of their wild look, and she asked, with more calmness:

"Are they, truly, Teddy?"

"Yes, sister, truly to gracious. Miss North told me. Don't cry, or they may not. Will you try to be quiet?"

"Yes," replied the girl feebly.

"I guess the nurse will be here soon," said Teddy hopefully. "Don't cry any more."

The dialogue between the children was here interrupted by the entrance of a nurse. Teddy looked disappointed as he saw that it was not Miss North, but a stranger.

"Good morning, little folks," she said cheerily, "I hope you feel better."

"Yes ma'm," said Teddy, with his ready manner.

"How about little sister? I am afraid she does not feel very well," she continued, examining the girl carefully.

"Goody, they are going to take us home!" exclaimed Teddy, joyfully.

The nurse hesitated a moment, and then, recalling former experiences, thought it best not to disclose their real destination, and nodded assent.

After their breakfast, which consisted of milk, the children were again loaded into an ambulance. There were a number of these vehicles at the hospital, some bringing in new patients, while others were being loaded for outlying hospitals, owing to the overcrowded condition of the Manhattan institution. All sorts of contagious diseases were represented, as well as a wide variety of characters, in this distressing scene. Hardened criminals were brought into close contact with refined and delicate women and children, and the idea of protecting these unfortunates from

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other forms of contagion seemed to be lost sight of.

The trip took the children out over the big bridge, and along the rough streets of Brooklyn, far out on Long Island. After the vehicle had left the paved streets and turned on to the soft country road, the children fell asleep. At last the ambulance stopped, and the door opened. Teddy raised himself, expecting to see a familiar face, but instead another strange attendant appeared, and the two children were taken out.

"I want to go home," said Teddy, feeling that something was wrong.

"This will be your home, sonny, for about six weeks," said the attendant, picking up one end of the stretcher on which the children had been placed, and motioning to his assistant to do likewise.

The dreadful truth now became apparent to the children, and they began to weep.

"Shut up, or I'll tie a rag over your mouth!" growled the attendant.

This quieted them somewhat, but great, heart-broken sobs told that their grief was only smothered through fear of punishment.

Down the single, narrow street of this strange village the patients were carried, and placed in one of the wards. They were prisoners, beyond the reach of friends, and destined to a long, hard experience. There was gathered every form of dreadful contagion. The buildings, flimsy wooden affairs, were most shamefully crowded, until it became necessary to place two or more patients in a bed. Sweet innocent babes were placed alongside of, and even in the same bed, with low, vile specimens of humanity, whose illness oftentimes was not severe enough to restrain their brutal passions. Here, amid these awful surround-

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ings, with inadequate room and insufficient help, the physicians and nurses were battling bravely for their own lives, as well as of the patients entrusted to their care. Here we must leave these two tender children, who had never known what it was to be thrown among strangers, suddenly placed amid circumstances that would severely try the most resolute and courageous grown person. Five or six weeks of imprisonment awaited them, if, in the meantime they did not contract some other disease, in which case it might be longer, or, subject to these deadly perils, they might die, as many others did. That such conditions exist in the city hospitals of New York is no idle tale. Especially among the poorer class, the conditions are almost unbelievable, and it is a standing reproach upon Christian civilization, that, while millions of dollars can be donated to build great libraries and found institutions of learning, it is impossible to have enough money provided to decently care for the sick poor. Who is responsible for this condition?

CHAPTER XII

Harold Fielding had been in the prison at Sing Sing about a month. Encouraging, cheerful letters from Evelyn reached him regularly and, after he became somewhat used to the surroundings, he settled down into a more hopeful attitude to face his long, dreary exile. In view of his unusual business ability, Harold was given a position in the office, where he soon won the good will of the officials by his gentlemanly bearing and faithfulness. He was accorded all the privileges of a "trusty convict." He heard lit-

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tle from New York, aside from the letters which Evelyn wrote him, and it seemed that the whole world had forgotten him. He had endeavored to communicate with Keene, before his trial, but that individual was then on his way home from Australia, and did not reach America until Harold was transferred to Sing Sing. It was, therefore, with some surprise, and not a little pleasure, that he received word one day that Keene was in the building and had asked to see him.

"It is needless to say, Harold," said Keene, "that I believe you are innocent. There is something about this matter that has not been brought out."

"Thank you, it is comforting to hear some one say that," replied Harold, with feeling.

"I am sorry I was not here when the trouble came up," continued the detective reflectively. "It's pretty tough, but don't give up. I shall go back to New York and turn the place upside down if necessary, in order to get at the facts."

"You can get at the truth, if any one can, I am sure of that. By the way, I left Zip with the Burton children on West Forty-seventh Street. I'll give you their number and wish you would take care of the dog until I get out of here. Zip is about the only one of my Fifth Avenue friends who did not desert me."

"I will get him at once, Harold, and take good care of him. You can trust me for that."

Harold then gave the detective a full history of the remarkable robbery case, from beginning to end, answering the sharp, pointed interrogations of the sleuth as fully as he could.

"It is certainly a strange case," said the detective, running his slender fingers through his gray mus-

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tache. "I looked the ground over before I came up here, but could get no clue. I never had but one case that completely baffled me, or rather, that is still unsolved, but I hope to get that one and yours both cleaned up before long, then I am going to retire from the business."

"What was the other case?"

"It was the Morton case. Surely you read about it in the papers last summer. No? That is strange!"

"I was in Europe all summer, and only returned in November. Perhaps that accounts for my not hearing of it."

"No doubt it does. The matter was pretty well blown over by that time. This was an instance of a young girl going wrong—a banker's daughter. She was unusually intelligent and pretty, and was always supposed to be very much of a lady, but it finally developed that it was the old story of a confiding girl, and an unprincipled 'man.'"

"What connection had you with the case?"

"The outcome of the affair killed her father, Isaac Morton, and in settling up the estate, I was detailed to try and locate the girl. I found her, or rather, I got on her trail, but she committed suicide before I caught up with her. She had been staying in a bad neighborhood and, like most of those unfortunates, had changed her name, which delayed my search. They nearly all change their names to hide their shame."

"What name did she take?" asked Harold, apparently growing more interested.

"Chase, I believe it was. Evelyn Chase was the name—great heavens, Harold! What ails you? Don't look like that!"

Keene sprang to Harold's side and caught him as he

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was about to fall. His face was pale, and his eyes had a look of pain and anguish which frightened the detective for a moment.

"Here, man," he called to an attendant who was near. "Lend me a hand quick! This man has fainted!"

A physician was quickly summoned and Harold was carried to the hospital ward. Examination showed that he was suffering from severe nervous shock, which had seriously affected his heart. When he had recovered sufficiently, he was returned to his own cell. After he had been left alone, Harold gave way to the grief and distress that was piercing his very soul. He paced back and forth in his narrow cage, greatly agitated.

"My God! Has it come to this, that the one woman in all the world who I thought was perfect, has been deceiving me! This is terrible!"

He covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly. Great heart-breaking sobs showed the severity of the blow that had fallen upon him. After a while he grew more calm, and the outward expression of grief spent itself, but the torture of his soul was not lessened. Thus he lay on his cot for some time, reflecting upon the awful revelation which had been unwittingly made by his detective friend. He turned uneasily on his bed as the guard passed outside, and as the steps died away in the distance, he groaned aloud.

"Oh Evelyn! How could you break my heart thus, by your cruel deception. You, whom I looked upon as the purest and best of women. How could you allow me to believe you so good with this dark stain upon your life!"

The steps of the guard drew near, as he made his

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rounds, and the grief-stricken man quieted down for a moment, only to again cry out in a fresh burst of anguish.

"Oh, Evelyn! My lost love! Would to God I could have seen you cold in death, serene and beautiful, and believed you pure! My grief would have been light compared with this! Lost! Lost!"

Then his mind seemed to be diverted into another channel. He sprang up and grasped the iron bars of his cage with the grip of a madman, and his eyes flashed with a wild light.

"Curses on him! Cursed be the villain who would change an innocent man's paradise into a hell! If I could get my hands on the guilty wretch I would kill him as I would a viper! Revenge! Ah, yes, I will have it, if I lose my life for it! I will bide my time, and when I get out of here I will track the foul beast to the ends of the earth! I will tear his heart out and crush it beneath my heel! Ah then, I will show the blackness of such a deed!"

From sheer exhaustion, he lay down on his hard bed, and fell asleep. It was a sleep full of hideous dreams, and at times he cried out in the very agony of his soul. He followed in his dream the wretch who had despoiled his idol, he tracked him around the world, but found him, and in his fury, slew him. His hands were stained with human blood. He satiated his feelings of vengeance until he grew sick at the sight of blood. Then, in the distance, he saw the dim outline of a gallows, and he knew it was for him, and further on, in the shadowy land of dreams, he saw something that struck terror to his soul. It was a murderer's hell, awaiting him!

At breakfast time the guard brought him food, but he did not taste it. After the guard had gone away,

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Harold took his pen and began to write. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pen, but after several attempts he finished the letter, which was as follows:

"Evelyn: I have learned from an unquestionable source the story of your life. I have no words of reproach or anger to cast upon you. Let this be your punishment, to remember that you have broken my heart! I am ruined, soul and body, and am already enduring the tortures of the damned! Hell can bring no worse suffering than I have found!

"Farewell forever,
"HAROLD."

Mechanically he placed the note in an envelope, and sealed it, and placed a stamp upon it. When the guard passed, he asked him to mail it, and the man promised to do so. Then, as the guard moved away down the corridor, he again dropped into a reflective mood.

"What a cruel return for the love I gave her! Fortune, family, everything given up for her sake, only to be thus requited. Would to God we had never met, for all my bright dreams have been changed into a desert waste! She is lost to me forever!"

The guard passed, and Harold sprang to the door, as though moved by some sudden impulse.

"Did you mail it?" he asked in a choking voice.

The man replied that he had.

A dreadful fear was coming into his mind that perhaps he had been too hasty. What if Keene were mistaken after all! The thought staggered him. But no! Keene was a man who never trifled, and what he said could be depended upon. Then he thought of

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the night when he declared his love, and how Evelyn had turned pale at his reference to the past. What a fool he had been not to listen to her story then, before he had become so helplessly entangled in her power. It must be true! She had as good as admitted the dark secret that night, and he had thought it was her poverty that had brought the pained look to her face. Ah! Poverty would have mattered little, if she had been as good and pure as he had believed her, but the very goodness which he had ascribed to her made the sin seem blacker and more inexcusable!

Another thing was becoming apparent to Harold. In the first moments of his passionate frenzy he had not stopped to analyze his feelings, but now he realized that his grief was doubly cruel. *He loved her still!* She was hopelessly lost to him, and yet the pain at his heart proved only too clearly that love still survived, to add to his torture. With a cry of agony he fell over upon his cot, unconscious.

Let us turn in pity from the scene that was being enacted in the prison cell to another which, though equally painful, was not filled with the same awful blackness of despair.

Evelyn Morton (we shall hereafter call her by her real name) left the office where she was employed, buoyant and light-hearted. She was not disposed to give way to gloomy feelings, even amid severe trials, and as it was the day for a letter to come from Harold, she hastened homeward with something of joyful expectancy.

"Here is a letter from your true love," said Esther teasingly, handing her an envelope addressed in Harold's well-known hand.

Evelyn took the letter and went into her room, a

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pretty blush stealing into her cheeks at the playful allusion made by the girl. She tore open the envelope with impatient fingers and looked at the short note. One glance told her that something was wrong. Then she read it, and with a low cry, fell across the bed. Her face was white and drawn with suffering. Again she picked up the paper and read it.

"Harold! My love," she cried, wringing her hands. "After all that I have suffered, and after trying so hard to prove my loyalty and devotion, how can you mistrust me!"

She lay thus for some moments, growing more calm outwardly, but the sharp pain at her heart causing her to groan audibly. Instinctively, she began to pray, reaching out the hand of faith as a child might feel after a parent.

"O Lord, pity my grief!" she cried. "If I have loved him too dearly, forgive me! If I have sinned, I am willing to bear my punishment!"

As she prayed, she began to weep, and that kind relief which comes from a flood of tears became hers. The hard, stony grief was gone, and she wept until her anguish had spent itself, and she grew more calm.

"Poor Harold!" she said, taking up the letter. "These are the words of a heart-broken man. I cannot blame him. The dark mystery of my life has cast its baleful shadow over him, and now he, too, must suffer. I cannot prove my innocence, for the secret is hidden with the woman whom I tried to befriend. Yet God is just and good, and he rules over all. Even the evil spirits are subject to his will, and if he sees fit to lift the veil, it is well. If not, then up there, some time, I will see and understand."

The merry shouts of the children came to her through the partly open door, as they rejoiced in their

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innocent glee over the treat she had brought to them. Esther, more sober than the others, was busy with her housework, and as Evelyn listened, she heard her singing some words that she had taught her. The song seemed fraught with peculiar significance for Evelyn, in her deep sorrow, as she listened to the girl's sweet voice :

“When clouds are dark and full of gloom,
And hearts are sad and breaking ;
When hope seems buried in the tomb,
Beyond the power of waking,
We long to feel our Father's arms
So strong about us twining,
And find relief from all alarms,
While on his breast reclining.

“When faith has well nigh lost its hold
Upon the promise spoken ;
When all the world is dark and cold,
Life's vision marred and broken,
Oh, how we long for some sweet voice
To comfort and to cheer us—
To bid our aching hearts rejoice,
And tell us God is near us.

“Ah, if we only had the trust
To take his offered blessing—
For he who promised, still is just—
We'd feel his hand caressing,
And hear his accents full of grace,
Forbid our sad repining,
And see the glory of his face,
Amid our darkness shining.”

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"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed Evelyn, as the song was concluded. "He will not leave me to walk alone. I can feel his presence even now, and I will face life's trials again, trusting him to lead me."

The evening drew on, and the children crept in and went to bed, wondering at her strange actions, but loth to disturb her. Still she knelt by the bed, thinking of the problems that had been unfolded in her life. Was this blow sent to separate her from Harold, in order that she might work more freely and unhindered among her people? Had she been too hasty in giving her promise to wed? She could not answer these questions. Then she thought of her work among the Jews. She had not been able to meet with her kinsmen of late, owing to the many demands upon her time. Was the cause of Zionism also to prove a failure? Would there be no turn in this long, dreary path of disappointment and suffering. Then she thought of the Christ, how he had suffered unjustly, and been misunderstood even by his nearest friends. His path had been full of sorrow and reproach from his birth until the awful end upon Calvary. He knew her grief, for he had tasted of a more bitter cup. Doubtless this experience was needed to prepare her for service, and she forgot for the moment her own sorrow.

"Thy will, O Lord, be done!" she exclaimed, rising from her knees, calm and peaceful, once more. The awful tempest had passed and while its fury had broken and marred some of the dreams of earthly happiness, there followed the sweet influence of a heavenly benediction that flooded her soul with glory. Like the fierce hurricane which sweeps over the fields, leaving wreck and ruin in its path, this trial had been, but like the pure, sweet odor of flowers on the air after the storm has passed, so there was a grandeur and beauty

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in the character of Evelyn Morton that had not been brought to light before. She kissed each of the sleeping children, mentally expressing thankfulness that here, at any rate, she was loved and trusted. They needed her, and here was her field of labor for the present. She had gained the victory! Life and death were in God's hand, and she would gladly follow where he led!

CHAPTER XIII

Six weeks had elapsed since the two Burton children, Teddy and Grace, were taken to the hospital. The middle of June had come, and with it a period of extremely hot weather. The air in the tenement houses was stifling. No rain had fallen to cool the air for several weeks, and the unfortunate people who were confined in cramped, poorly ventilated apartment houses in the poorer districts were suffering severely.

Evelyn Morton still retained her position downtown, and she was caring for the Burton orphans as faithfully and tenderly as their own mother could have done. It was her custom each Saturday, after receiving her wages, to take a basket of fruit to the hospital for the two little exiles. On these trips she got a report as to the condition of the children, and carried the news home to the others. The reports, so far as Teddy was concerned, had been favorable, but Gracie had not fared so well. Both had been vaccinated on entering the hospital, and while this did not affect the boy seriously, it helped to bring about grave complications in the girl's case, for she also contracted diphtheria and chicken-pox in turn. Then, as if the little body was not already enduring suffering

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enough, an ugly abscess formed on her back. Her condition was, therefore, critical.

One day, near the middle of June, Evelyn started for the hospital, as was her custom. The heat was intense, and the burning rays of the afternoon sun seemed literally to scorch the very grass and leaves, and as Evelyn walked up the lane from the car to the hospital, she wondered how the poor unfortunates who were suffering so severely could endure it. She reached the hospital and went at once to the superintendent's office, leaving the basket of fruit and making inquiries about the children. The assistant took the basket and promised to return in a short time with a report from the children. Presently he came back, stating that Teddy was almost ready to go home, but Gracie, he said, was in a critical condition. Evelyn begged for permission to see the children, if only for a few minutes, but the request was politely, yet firmly, denied. Distressed by the news of Gracie's condition, Evelyn turned away to hide her tears. She felt somehow that she could not leave the place. She went out into the country lane which passes the hospital and walked along in the shadow of the high board fence, hoping to catch a glimpse of Teddy through a crevice or opening. When opposite the row of little frame shanties, she peered through a knot hole in the rough stockade. The sight that met her eyes was anything but reassuring. She had never seen the inside of that dreadful enclosure, and as she gazed at it, a feeling of indescribable pity for the unfortunate inmates wrung her very soul. Surrounded by the high board fence was a plot of ground several acres in extent. The superintendent's quarters were located at the west side. At the south side were, scattered about promiscuously, a number of tents, for use

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of open-air patients. At the north side was a row of cheap-looking, onestory frame houses, or rather shanties, such as are to be seen in a mining town. This constituted the protection afforded to the patients, by the great City of New York, against the cold of winter, the heat of summer, and the storms that beat upon them throughout the year.

The frame buildings were only a short distance from the fence where Evelyn stood, and she could hear voices through the open window. A child was crying. She started at the sound. It was Gracie's voice, and she was calling for her! She felt sick and faint from the pain at her heart. How she longed to fly to the bedside of the little sufferer and soothe her fears, but the rules of the institution, as well as the high stockade, rendered such a thing impossible. After a few minutes, she peeped again through the aperture. There, right before her eyes was Teddy, playing near the building, apparently contented. She could scarcely resist the impulse to call to him, but fearing it might create trouble, she restrained herself. She gazed longingly at the little fellow, and as she watched him, she saw something that made her indignation rise to the boiling point. Teddy was playing between the shanty and the stockade, alone. Presently a rough-looking boy of fifteen, or thereabouts, came along, and began to tease him in various ways. He soon succeeded in frightening the little fellow until he began to cry. A nurse put her head out of the window, but the big boy had assumed an air of such innocence that the nurse did not suspect any mischief. Again the tormentor began, warning Teddy that if he cried out again he would have his ears cut off. Evelyn could not restrain her indignation longer.

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"Have you no pity in your heart, you cruel, wicked boy!" she cried, at the top of her voice.

With a scared look, as if the voice were that of some mysterious, unseen avenger, the bully turned and fled. Evelyn then called Teddy to the fence and talked with him a few minutes, learning enough to confirm her worst fears regarding the miserable surroundings of the patients. The interview was soon cut short, however, by the appearance of a nurse, who called Teddy away from the fence.

The clouds which had been gathering in the western sky during the afternoon had by this time become threatening, and a heavy storm was imminent. Evelyn saw, with some uneasiness, that she had tarried too long to admit of her reaching the car line, and she accordingly decided to seek refuge at the superintendent's quarters, where she stood and watched the approaching storm. The frightful appearance of the ragged-edged, greenish-looking cloud which was bearing down upon the little settlement did not affect her, save to cause an exclamation of wonder and admiration at the terrible display of the Creator's power. She did not shrink or quail before the fierce destruction which seemed pent up in the dark cloud, nor start at the terrific peals of thunder which followed each other with increasing rapidity. She knew that her Father's hand was behind the dark curtain of the tempest, and the Spirit was saying in her heart:

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Inside the stockade, those members of the hospital community who were able, had been watching the approach of the storm with more or less apprehension.

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Teddy, who had been out in the little street, was at last driven inside by the fury of the wind and the cloud of dust. As the storm burst upon the hospital there was a scene bordering upon panic, and the cries of frightened women and children filled the air, while confusion reigned everywhere. Teddy took advantage of the excitement to creep over to the bed where Gracie lay, a privilege he had heretofore been denied. He kissed the pale cheek, and called her to wake up. A loud clap of thunder caused the girl to open her eyes with a startled look.

"Don't be afraid, sister," he said soothingly. "That is God's voice. Don't you remember how mamma used to tell us that the awful thunder was God speaking? I am not afraid since she told me that!"

Peal after peal of deafening thunder followed the blinding flashes of lightning in quick succession, until even Teddy trembled at the sound.

"Don't be afraid, Gracie," he said again, evidently determined to comfort the girl. "Jesus will take care of us." His voice was lost in the roar of the tempest and the cries of the frightened inmates.

It was as dark as night, save for the glare of the lightning, and the frail shell of a building rocked to and fro like a cradle in the grasp of the storm. Timbers creaked and groaned as if in mortal agony, as they withstood for a few seconds the fierce onslaught of the elements. Then, with a sound like the roaring of Niagara, the cyclone swept over. Houses were levelled like playthings. Trees were uprooted, or twisted and splintered into atoms. The building in which the Burton children were located trembled and shook, then it was lifted bodily and carried some distance from its foundation. The roof, loosened from its frail support, went riding off through the darkness, like a

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feather on the crest of a mighty torrent. The walls, though bent over by the force of the gale, remained partly upright. Thus exposed to the dreadful fury of the elements, the patients were terror-stricken. A deluge of rain was falling upon their heads, and groans and cries, mingled with curses, filled the air.

Teddy clung manfully to the bed upon which Gracie lay, trying as best he could to quiet her and shield her from the rain, by leaning over her prostrate form. Some minutes passed, and the worst of the storm seemed to have spent itself, but the steady downpour of rain continued.

A new source of danger now threatened the hapless patients. The fall of water had really amounted to a cloudburst, and the natural hollow in which the hospital grounds were situated was rapidly filling up, making a lake of the whole enclosure. The water was soon a foot deep upon the floors. Fresh cries of alarm and dismay echoed through the grounds as this new calamity became apparent. The report was spread that a tidal wave from the Atlantic had swept in over Long Island, and they were threatened with certain destruction. Indeed, even the more intelligent ones did not know but this might be the case, for in the gathering darkness they could see nothing but a waste of surging waters around them, and the flood was rising very rapidly. Beds began to float, and as the clothes became soaked with water, they sank, forcing the patients to rise to a sitting posture or be submerged.

Teddy felt the water washing about him as he sat on the bed beside his sister, and he saw by a flash of lightning that only a few inches more would cover her face. He made a heroic effort, and raised her head, supporting her frail little body with a strength

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almost supernatural. He felt that he could not hold out much longer. Almost involuntarily he began to repeat his little evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.
Dear Jesus, send somebody to help us
quick!"

A moment later a pair of arms were around Teddy, lifting him out of the water and raising Gracie at the same time, while Evelyn's well-known voice was bidding them not to be afraid.

The joy of the children, when they realized who their rescuer was, knew no bounds. Tenderly the little girl was carried to the superintendent's quarters, where she was placed in dry garments. Leaving her in charge of a nurse, and charging Teddy to look after his sister, Evelyn returned to the scene of the disaster. Out into the water and darkness she went, joining the small band of rescuers, and working with fearless, untiring energy to alleviate the terrible distress and suffering about her.

"Are you not afraid of the contagious diseases?" asked an attendant, noticing that she was a stranger.

"I have a charm that preserves me from danger," she replied cheerfully.

"A charm! Surely you are not superstitious!"

"In a way, yes. God says in his Word,

'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror
by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day,
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in
darkness!'

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"I should rather take some disease, even, than to be recreant to my duty."

When morning came it was a pitiful spectacle that presented itself. The water had receded during the night, finding an outlet through some opening which had not been sufficient to carry away the great volume of water quickly enough to avert a flood. Here and there lay bodies of those patients who had been unable to get away from the rising waters, while the wreckage of the miserable wooden shanties, and scattered boards from the stockade, completed the general picture of ruin and desolation.

Evelyn had taken a short rest toward the close of the night, and it was day when she awoke. She at once sought the children, and found them where she had left them. As she looked at Gracie, she gave an exclamation of surprise and joy. The child was running around with Teddy, apparently well. The superintendent came in a few minutes later, on his rounds.

"The boy can go home with you," he said, addressing Evelyn, "but the girl, I have not been able to find, and I fear——"

"Here she is, sir," cried Teddy, dancing up with Gracie.

The superintendent's face was a study.

"I cannot account for this," he said, as he made a thorough examination of the girl. "She is free from any sign of disease!"

"It is in answer to prayer!" said Evelyn earnestly.

"It is certainly beyond my power to explain, but as it is, you are at liberty to take both of the children after you have all been furnished with change of clothes."

That morning there was a happy group in the Bur-

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ton home. The returned exiles were petted to their hearts' content, and their deliverance was looked upon almost as a return from the grave. Evelyn was thoughtful and sober in spite of the laughter of the children. She doubted if they could survive another experience with the health authorities, and a desire to escape from the city took possession of her. The obstacles in the way of such a step, however, appeared insurmountable. She spoke to the children about it and they were wild with delight at the very thought of deliverance from the hot, crowded city. She had no money, except her last week's wages, and where could they go? Her income, slender enough already, would be cut off, and the money in hand would only take them a short distance. She called the children and asked them to join with her in prayer that the way might be opened. Scarcely had they offered the short, fervent petition, when the doorbell rang. It was the postman, with a letter for Evelyn. She opened it and read to the astonished children:

"NEW HOPE, June —

"MY DEAR SISTER: I have been thinking of you so much of late. I have heard about the poor orphan children who were sent to the hospital, and how generously you have befriended them. I write especially to tell you of a nice summer cottage here in the White Mountains, which I have fitted up for you, and you must come at once for an outing. I can accept no refusal. Enclosed you will find money order for railroad tickets and other expenses. Let me know when to expect you.

Your friend,

"MARGARET WALLACE."

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"Shall we go?" asked Evelyn, holding the letter up.

"Yes, yes!" chorussed the delighted children.

"What a wonderful answer to prayer!" said Esther.

"It is the fulfillment of his promise, dear. God says, 'Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' He had this surprise already planned out for us, and his deliverances never come a minute too late!"

The next morning dawned bright and clear. The Burton children, with Evelyn at their head, were marching toward Central Station, a laughing, happy set of travellers. Their scanty luggage was carried by Jerry Shine, who seemed as happy at the good times in prospect for the children as did Evelyn herself. The tickets were purchased, and the children climbed aboard the train, after they had all thanked Jerry for his kindness. The great engine began to move, and the train glided smoothly out from the train shed, and away up towards the mountains. Evelyn gave a sigh of relief as they passed the outskirts of the city and plunged into the beautiful, open country along the Hudson River. They had passed from the dreary, over-burdened city, with its toiling millions, to the lovely Promised Land of God's own green fields, waving trees and fresh air, and they were going to New Hope!

CHAPTER XIV

Harold Fielding had been immured within the walls of the State's Prison for about six weeks. From the time of his fateful interview with Keene, the detective, at which time he had learned something of Evelyn

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Morton's past life, his experience had been one dreadful nightmare of suffering. Suicide had not only been thought of, but attempted, in some periods of despondency. The hand of Providence had saved him from self-destruction, however, and it seemed to Harold only to prolong his misery. He had finally settled down into condition bordering on hopeless despair, feeling that he was forsaken of God and man—a broken-hearted, wretched creature.

Granville, worried more or less over his business affairs, and feeling keenly the loss of Harold's efficient aid, had more than once relented in his bitterness toward the unfortunate young man. Indeed, he had begun to feel somewhat uneasy over the part he had played in wrecking the life of this once noble and gifted man. He had even wished, in a mood of tenderness, that he had not been so hasty in condemning Harold. Even if he were really guilty of the crime laid against him, it would have been better, perhaps, to have helped him out, rather than to push him further into the mire. What worried him more than anything else, was the haunting fear that possibly, after all, Harold might not be guilty of wrong-doing, and that there was some conspiracy or plot behind the mystery. It was in one of these moods, about the time Evelyn fled from the city, that Granville sent for Keene to come and see him. He knew Keene was a staunch friend of Harold's and intimated his feelings on the subject, asking the detective if he was still investigating the case.

"I am," replied Keene coolly, "and I expect to stay on the job until I find out for a certainty what became of that money. I am more than ever convinced that Harold Fielding is innocent!"

"Great heavens! If I really thought he was inno-

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cent, it would drive me insane! It would be awful to think of an innocent man being placed in such a position on my complaint!"

"I have been watching Harold closely, and he is a perfect wreck. I am positive he did not steal the money."

"Is there nothing more we can do towards ferreting out the matter? I would give half of what I am worth to see Harold cleared of this charge. I have already been haunted by the fear that I made a mistake, and I will spare no expense to get at the facts."

"I was planning to see you, when your request to call was received."

"Go ahead, Keene! Draw on me for any amount necessary. Sift the matter to the bottom! When will you begin?"

"To-night," replied the detective laconically.

"I presume you don't care to divulge your theory until you try it? All right, never mind the details. Anything I can do to assist?"

"If you will let me have the key to the old warehouse, I will see what I can learn from the bats which roost in the cobwebs among the rafters. I will interview them at the hour of midnight, when such creatures are supposed to sport with the spirits from the under world."

"Here is the key. May heaven prosper your mission," said the old man, handing a key to the detective.

Keene took his departure, and made arrangements to spend the night at the warehouse. Accompanied by Zip, Harold's dog, he entered the gloomy, prison-like place about eleven o'clock. Just what course he meant to pursue, Keene had not intimated to any one, but

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that he had a well-defined purpose, was quite evident from his manner.

He went at once to the little office in the ware-room, and made preparations for spending the night. He took the old cot and stretched it out conveniently near the door, so he could get the cool air from the ware-room. Then he took an old coat and made a pillow out of it, placing it at the end of the cot, so that, in lying down, he could see any one entering the door, which he left wide open. He then took a leather wallet, similar in size and quality to the one which had been stolen. This was stuffed full of some papers which he had torn to the size of ordinary bank bills. He placed the wallet under his head as he lay down. To a careless observer, the detective might have been supposed to be asleep, but now and then the sharp, cunning eyes gleamed through the half-open lids, showing that he was on the alert, while his hand, instinctively, rested upon the handle of his revolver.

The detective had lain in this position for some time, when Zip rose, stretched himself, and began smelling about the rat hole in the corner of the room. Finding nothing particular in that direction, the dog walked over to the cot and looked inquiringly at the detective, as though wondering if he were asleep. Apparently, in order to better satisfy himself on this point, Zip placed his forepaws upon the edge of the cot and sniffed in Keene's face, but the detective did not move a muscle. Then the end of the red leather wallet caught Zip's eye, or, perhaps, the scent of the new leather attracted him, for he poked his slender nose under the coat and bit at it. He bit it lightly at first, and then, as the detective made no move, he made a more determined effort. Whether he really meant to do it or not, the wallet, after his second or

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third nibble, fell out upon the floor. The dog seemed to feel that it was solely for his amusement that this plaything had been provided, and he proceeded to have a good time with it. He played with it in much the same way that he was used to doing with a vanquished rodent, secured through his own prowess. He tossed it up, catching it in true retriever fashion, then laid it down and ran off a few paces to watch it. Then, suddenly, he would pounce upon it as though it had been an unsuspecting victim. Finally, becoming weary of this sport, and evidently moved by some new impulse, he seized the wallet and began backing off into the wareroom, dragging it after him. Out through the door Zip backed, taking a fresh hold on his victim as he crossed the threshold. As the dog disappeared in the dark shadows of the big room, the detective sprang from the cot and followed him. With the aid of his dark lantern, he could see the little animal, still backing across the floor, dragging the wallet. On he went, over the rough, uneven oak floor, in the direction of the entrance. This floor, constructed of heavy oak plank, had been laid in its green or unseasoned state, and the drying-out process of years had caused it to shrink, until there were great cracks between some of the boards large enough to admit a man's hand. On over the floor Zip dragged his load. When about half-way between the office and the front entrance, during a momentary pause to take a fresh hold, the wallet slipped into an unusually wide crack, and suddenly disappeared from sight.

With a chuckle of satisfaction, Keene hastily scratched a mark on the boards where the wallet had vanished, and hurried back to the office. He went at once to the telephone and called Granville.

"Come to the warehouse at once, and bring a man

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to help us," he said, when the old man had answered his summons.

"Have you got him? Don't let him get away! I'll be there right away!" Granville exclaimed in a breath.

"I've got him, all right," answered the detective, with his short laugh.

In a few minutes Granville reached the warehouse, accompanied by a policeman, armed and ready for any emergency.

"Get me an axe," said Keene abruptly, without volunteering any further explanation.

Granville's familiarity with the warehouse enabled him to find an axe at once, which he handed to the detective.

Without a word, Keene walked to the spot where he had made the mark on the floor, and begun chopping at the heavy plank. The other two men looked on in astonishment.

"Is he under there?" asked Granville, unable to restrain his curiosity.

"Wait and see!" replied Keene dryly, handing the axe to the policeman, to take his turn at the chopping.

Presently an opening large enough to admit a man's body was made, and Keene, after peering for an instant into the aperture, dropped through it to the ground beneath. The two men watched him searching amid the rubbish, and waited impatiently for his return. In a few minutes a cry of exultation came from the dark hole, and Keene reappeared, holding in his hand two wallets.

"Here it is, as fresh as yesterday," he said, with his inimitable short laugh.

The delight of the old man was unbounded. He threw his arms about Keene and hugged him. Then

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he opened the wallet, and counted the money. It was all there! Then he danced around and blubbered like a baby.

"This makes me feel better than to have cleared a million in the stock market!" he exclaimed, after his excitement had subsided enough to permit him to speak.

"You little thief!" cried Keene, giving Zip a playful push with his foot that sent the animal rolling over on the floor, yelping at the unexpected blow. "You robbed your master while he slept, just as you did me!"

A couple of days later William Granville made a hurried trip to Sing Sing, in his automobile, and, armed with the necessary papers, obtained Harold's release at once. The meeting between the two men was touching. Granville implored forgiveness for his hasty action, confessing meanwhile that it was a constitutional failing of his to jump too quickly at conclusions. Harold, relieved of the stigma of dishonesty, and happy at the prospect of regaining his liberty, generously forgave the injury, and accompanied Granville to his home. After a somewhat lengthy conference, it was decided that the firm name be changed to Granville & Fielding, the latter to have one-half interest, and to be put in active control of the business.

Not satisfied with this generous restitution, Granville at once set about trying to effect a reconciliation between Harold and his father, and so well did he manage the undertaking that before Harold had been in New York a week, a meeting had been arranged with his father, and they were happily reconciled. Then, not to be outdone by Granville in his liberality, Richard Fielding proposed to merge his interests with the new firm, placing the whole vast system under

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Harold's immediate charge, the two older members to act only in an advisory capacity on certain questions of policy. This arrangement placed Harold in direct charge of the combined railroad and steamship properties, a position which he seemed peculiarly qualified to fill.

Society waited with open arms to receive the new king of finance. Harold, however, did not appear in a hurry to choose his companions, beyond the mere formalities of business courtesy. He took care to avoid those who had so quickly deserted him when in trouble, and society had no charm for him. Business was his absorbing passion, and he launched into it with an enthusiasm that astonished his father and Granville. He seemed to be possessed of tireless energy. He worked early and late, planning sweeping reforms in the administration of the business, which, as they were worked out, he disclosed to his partners and received their approval. Men wondered at Harold's capacity for work. He took no time for recreation, beyond what he absolutely required to maintain his health, and those who had known him before his period of misfortune, marvelled at the change in his disposition. From the easy-going, light-hearted young man, he had developed into a serious, indefatigable worker, whose ideas some thought rather visionary, but whose ability and determination no one could question.

Had some one been gifted with sufficient insight into the workings of Harold's mind, they could have seen that it was not so much ambition, or a desire to make money that spurred him to such colossal undertakings, as it was to still the painful memories that came to him in his quieter moments. He had not heard from Evelyn since the sending of his note from

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the prison, after his interview with Keene. He did not know where she was, and he tried not to think of her, but in spite of his resolutions and the exacting demands of business, his mind would drift back at times to those fair dreams of the past, which had been so rudely shattered.

One day Harold was seated in his private office alone. He was in one of those reflective moods, and not wishing to be disturbed, he locked the door, and resumed his seat at the desk. A feeling of melancholy seemed to possess him. He opened a drawer and took out a photograph, which had a lock of golden-brown hair fastened to it with a piece of ribbon. He laid the picture down, and looked longingly at the fair face. He sighed deeply at he picked up a piece of paper which was folded about the picture. It was a poem, sent to him while in prison, by Evelyn, with a letter of encouragement. Stirred by the recollections it brought to him, he began to read it softly to himself:

“When I think of you, my darling,
In the early morning light,
Where the new-born day is treading
On the shadows of the night,
Then the memory of your presence,
Like a benediction sweet,
Fills my heart with faith and courage,
Life's unconquered ills to meet.

“Like a flower whose fragrance lingers,
When its bloom has passed away,
Or a dream whose lovely image,
Hovers round me through the day,

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So my spirit gathers sweetness
From the bitter things of life,
When I think of you, my darling,
'Mid the turmoil and the strife.

"Flowers may fade and dreams may vanish,
And the brightest hopes decay,
But the sweetness of your memory,
Nevermore shall pass away;
Still love's potent charms surround me,
As I wait and hope and pray,
When I think of you, my darling,
Through the conflicts of the day.

"By and by the glorious morning
Will dispel the gloom of night,
And the dreams our fancy painted,
God shall change from faith to sight;
Oh the rapture of that meeting,
As I clasp you to my heart,
When I see your face, my darling,
Never more again to part!"

A tear glistened in his eye as he finished reading the poem. How faithful Evelyn had been to him through all of his dark trials, until that awful day! He looked again at the picture. Could that angelic face hide a deceitful, wicked character? Could a person, whose heart was not right, give expression to such sublime sentiments as he had just read? It was difficult to believe such to be the case, as he reviewed the past year, calmly and carefully. Unconscious, perhaps, but surely, he had begun to feel that there might be some terrible misunderstanding back of it all. He had experienced something of the harsh re-

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sults of circumstantial evidence, and, after all, Evelyn might be innocent! He returned the photograph and other precious keepsakes to the drawer, locked it, and left the room.

CHAPTER XV

Evelyn and the children had traveled all day, and about five o'clock that afternoon they came in sight of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. They were delighted at the beautiful scenery, and joyful exclamations were heard from different ones as they swept up the valley toward Mount Washington. At six o'clock they reached their destination, or rather, the little railroad station at New Hope, from whence they were to be driven to the cottage in a carriage. Mrs. Wallace was waiting for them with a conveyance, and, in a few minutes, they were going up the mountain side, a joyful, expectant crowd.

The sun was just sinking over the Moat Mountain when they drew up at Pine Tree cottage. The air was sweet with the odor of pine trees, and as they stood surveying the beautiful landscape spread out before them, and the glory of the sunset, Evelyn breathed a prayer of thankfulness for a safe journey, and the promised rest amid such charming surroundings.

Inside the cottage a bountiful supper was awaiting the tired and hungry travellers, and they revelled in the luxuries provided for them. Perhaps the greatest treat was the pure, sweet spring water, which came gurgling out from under a rock near the cottage. After the meal was over, and a few minutes spent in singing, the kind hostess withdrew to her own cot-

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tage, leaving Evelyn and the children to themselves. One by one they fell asleep, until Evelyn was left alone. She sat for some time, looking out into the moonlight. She was filled with the spirit of praise for the happy change in their surroundings, so that she could not sleep. She drank in the fragrant breath of the pines, and the quietness of the scene seemed to reflect the holy calm in her own soul. Then she thought of Harold, and wondered if he were looking out from his prison window upon the same stars that she beheld. Ah! There was something in this thought that seemed to connect their lives once more, though they had been so rudely torn apart. Did he ever think of her, and was it still with distrust and bitterness? Would the tangled, severed threads of their past experiences ever be gathered up and reunited? She dared not answer these questions, for her bosom heaved, and the tears came fast, as she recalled how happy they had been together for a brief period.

Then her mind reverted to her work among the Jews. How could she hope to accomplish anything, driven as she had been from place to place, without time or money to carry out her plans. Still, she did not question God's power to use even her feeble efforts to begin a work which others could carry on. She took courage at the thought. Perhaps her testimony would prove a firebrand to kindle a great conflagration, and she did not care how insignificant her part, if only the ultimate object was attained. Zionism must succeed! It was God's own word, and that could not fail. She thought of Deborah and Miriam, and wondered if they, in their day, had as much of difficulty to contend with as she had found. She remembered the criticisms that had been hurled at her

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for presuming to teach or preach, because she was a woman. Suddenly she broke out into a song which, as she sung softly to herself, floated away upon the still night air:

"If we could only lift the veil,
Which hides the better land from this,
If we the shining heights could scale,
And catch a glimpse of heavenly bliss;
Methinks the ransomed host would be,
As round the throne they sweetly sing,
A proof of man's equality,
And woman's right to serve her King.

"Away with Custom's tyrant laws,
Opposed to truth and liberty,
Henceforth we own a common cause—
The Law divine our guide shall be;
We own the right divinely sweet,
Of every soul among mankind,
To voice its will in power complete,
And dare misrule that power to bind!

"Away with superstitious fears,
We tread not backward in our way;
Truth must prevail, our Captain cheers,
We hail the light of coming day;
We'll rise above the power of lust,
And own the right divinely given,
That womankind shall share the trust,
To win the world for God and heaven."

The morning after their arrival at Pine Tree Cottage Evelyn and the children began to explore the paradise into which they had been translated. Indeed,

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to the tired, worn-out city dwellers, it was like a fairy dream, and the merry shouts of the children, resounding through the forest, mingled with the happy songs of Evelyn and Esther, as they looked after their household duties, fully attested their joy. The cottage, which had been so kindly given for their use, had been unoccupied for some months, and the inhabitants of the trees and thickets, squirrels, rabbits and birds, hardly knew what to make of the intrusion upon their solitude. The cunning gray squirrels whisked about, running up and down the trees and over the top of the cottage, barking saucily at the new comers, as if they questioned their right to be there.

Alden soon discovered that there were blackberries to be had nearby; indeed, the supply seemed to be enough to provide for a dozen large families, and this promised to help them out very materially with their food problem. Mrs. Wallace had stocked their pantry in a most liberal manner, and they had nothing to do but rest and enjoy themselves. Every hour revealed some new beauty in the mountain scenery, or unfolded some surprise to their wondering eyes. A small stream, fed by springs, flowed near the house, and this furnished water for washing. The spring supplied them with water to drink. Firewood could be had for only the trouble of gathering it in the forest, and Alden and Walter soon had a good supply on hand.

Among other discoveries, they learned, in a few days, that they had for neighbors, in a cottage a short distance down the mountain, a Jewish family, or, rather, two families in one house. The double household consisted of two Jewish rabbis, with their wives and children. Evelyn was considerably im-

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pressed when she learned this, and while she hesitated about making advances, hoped that in some manner opportunity might be given her to present the message to her kinsmen. The way was opened in an unexpected manner.

One day as Esther was passing the house, a little girl came running out and stopped her. She had a message for Evelyn, which she delivered with childish frankness. Her mamma, she said, had a hammock and some other things which she wished to give to the children. Evelyn received the offer gratefully, and the articles were quickly transferred to Pine Tree Cottage. There was a rocking horse for Teddy, dolls for the girls, and some other playthings, in addition to the hammock. This episode was the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance between the two families, and it was not long before Evelyn found a chance to begin her missionary work.

Evelyn was sitting one day in front of the cottage, watching the children at their play, when the two rabbis passed through the yard on their return from a walk. Accepting Evelyn's invitation, they seated themselves on the projecting ledge of rock which formed a natural settee near by.

"What is the book you have, daughter?" asked the elder man.

"It is the Hebrew Prophets," replied Evelyn.

"Ah! You are a Christian!"

"I am waiting for the hope of Israel," she answered earnestly.

"There have been many messiahs, but they have all proved to be false. Israel has been deceived too many times by false hopes. We no longer look for temporal deliverance!"

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"God forbid!" replied Evelyn. "He promised to send a Deliverer, and he cannot lie."

"Do you believe that the Jews will yet receive Jesus of Nazareth and that he will restore them to their former position? Why, then, have his followers persecuted the poor, unoffending Jew in every land? Will the Messiah own these murderers of his brethren?"

"I believe the Jews will soon come to see the truth concerning the Messiah. That he has already made his first advent into the world, is beyond question, although Israel has rejected his claims for centuries, thus bringing upon themselves untold persecution and suffering. No true follower of Jesus has ever harmed the Jews, although people calling themselves Christians have done so, but such conduct is directly contrary to his precepts. That he will punish those wicked murderers of his kinsmen, and yet make good the long delayed promises to the faithful, is certain."

"But suppose that Jesus is accepted by the Jews, and they return to Palestine, as you predict. How will he govern his people? Will it be a republic, a limited monarchy, or an autocracy?"

"It will combine all three in one, which is the perfection of divine government."

"Will you please explain? I do not understand you."

"It will be an autocracy, so far as his power and authority are concerned, for they are absolute. As to the administration of just and wise laws, it will resemble a limited monarchy, for he will appoint those who are to rule over the tribes of Israel, and judge between man and man. Further, it will be the one perfect republic in the world's history, for there will be literally no restraint, save the one law of love.

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His spirit will pervade the whole kingdom, and it will be a pleasure, rather than a task, to fulfill his righteous mandates. This, my brother, is the ideal kingdom. A land made holy by the presence of the God of Israel, in the person of his Son. A land into which no evil or defilement can come, and where the inhabitants shall worship him in spirit and in truth."

"How can it be, my daughter, that strict laws will be enforced by individuals endowed with supernatural power and wisdom, and yet not prove irksome to the common people?"

"Is it irksome for you to love your wife and children?"

"Why, no! It is easy to do that! They are so dear to me!"

"Does the wife consider it a hardship that she must love and reverence her husband?"

"I think not," answered the rabbi cautiously.

"Then it will not be difficult for the subjects of the Messiah to carry out the dictates of his will, for the greatest joy known to believers is to do his bidding. Have they not followed to death, by sword and flame, their beloved leader, singing his praises amid the most cruel torture? Then, will it not be easy and delightful to obey his benign commands in a land of peace and plenty?"

Finding himself worsted at every turn, the discomfited rabbi tried sarcasm.

"Tell me, daughter, how much did these Christians give you to renounce the faith of your fathers and become a proselyte?"

"They gave me nothing but the golden key of faith with which to unlock the Kingdom of Heaven. I have worked with my hands to gain a livelihood."

"A golden key! More likely a golden wedge, such

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as Achan hid in his tent, and which proved his destruction. Give up this foolish idea, and hold to the only true religion, which is Judaism. The Jews do not wish to return to Palestine. They have long since given up all hope of having a separate State, and restoration as a nation. The enlightened Jew cares not for these idle vagaries. How could the Jewish nation be accommodated in a land like Palestine?"

"It is true there are some Jews who have turned their backs upon the promises of Jehovah and are fast sinking in infidelity, but these are not the majority. They are worldly minded, caring more for the praises of men than for the favor of God. There are multitudes, however, who still hold the traditions of our fathers, and are even now looking for the Deliverer. I believe it will be largely the poor class who will receive the message gladly. They will not have much to sacrifice when they leave their adopted land for the homeward journey. Those who are rich and prosperous and who persist in their unbelief, will be left behind while Israel goes forth with a mighty sweep to the Promised Land. Think what Jehovah has done in ages past! Is he not still the Lord of the whole earth? Did he not divide the Red Sea, and dry up the waters of Jordan? Can he not just as easily cause waters to flow in the desert, and make it to blossom like the rose? And restored Israel shall break forth on the right hand and on the left! Do not try to deceive yourself, or others, with the delusions of Satan. The promises of Jehovah are yet in full force, and all will be fulfilled in due course!"

The elder rabbi, amazed at the force of Evelyn's arguments, and chagrined at his own defeat, stalked away, muttering his dissatisfaction. The younger

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man, who had been an interested listener to the conversation, remained seated, and he now addressed Evelyn.

"Tell me," he said eagerly, "do you really believe these things are true?"

"I believe it with all my heart," replied the girl earnestly.

"I know that Jehovah raised up men and women, in the days of our fathers, to bear messages of hope to his suffering people. That he would do so now, after such a long period of silence, hardly seems probable. What proof have you that these things are true?"

"If you are willing to accept the testimony of our own prophets, I believe I can satisfy you of the truth of what I have said."

"I know them well, and have often thought, as you do, that Jehovah might raise up a leader in the latter days, but they have been deceived so often, that they are becoming wary, and many of them altogether skeptical."

Evelyn began to turn the pages of the Bible. One passage after another from Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, as well as the minor prophets, was explained in such a convincing manner that the rabbi was astonished at the array of evidence. Finally, closing the book, Evelyn related briefly how she had been led to accept Jesus as her Saviour, and described the meetings at the Mission in New York City, and how her testimony had been confirmed by the power of the Holy Spirit. The look of incredulity on the rabbi's face changed to one of profound conviction as this frank, earnest story was told. As she finished, she looked questioningly at him.

"I cannot deny these things," he said thoughtfully.

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"But the force of this revelation staggers me. Has Jehovah, indeed, raised up a prophetess in Israel!"

"Yes, he has more than one messenger now proclaiming the glad tidings which were spoken by the mouth of former prophets. Only the stiff-necked unbelief of certain leaders prevents the general acceptance of the truth. You are a leader. Oh, how I covet your influence for bearing this good news to Israel!"

"I have listened to your arguments with my brother, who belongs to the liberal branch of Judaism. I myself belong to the orthodox. What you have said cannot be disputed."

"Why not accept Jesus as the Messiah? Then teach your people to expect a literal fulfillment of God's promises," said Evelyn earnestly.

"Daughter, your words stir my soul strangely. I am almost persuaded to accept Jesus of Nazareth. But tell me, how is this great restoration to take place? Will the Messiah come with a mighty army, destroy his enemies, and establish his kingdom?"

"In just what manner the Lord will work out the details of his great plan, I do not profess to know. I am commanded to proclaim the certainty of the fulfillment. The exact time and manner will be revealed in due course."

"You have well said that I am a leader. I can influence my congregation almost to a man, to take up arms in support of this cause. I can command both men and money. Do you think the time is ripe for a general movement?"

"The Messiah will not permit his people to fight with carnal weapons. If force is to be used, he will send his mighty angels to execute his judgments, and

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they will fight for Israel. His children may not stain their hands with human blood."

"They have slain our people by millions!" he replied, with a dark frown.

"True it is, but this thing is not to be accomplished through force of arms. The Lord will lead Israel forth, and he will fight their battles."

"You leave me in darkness on the most vital points! Are not our enemies as bloodthirsty and cruel as ever? Think you that they will allow us to return unmolested to our own land and establish a government which would be a menace to their greed?"

"The Lord will command deliverance for Israel. He will call them from the uttermost parts of the earth, and will make their tormentors glad to let them go. He will place them in their own land, and make them the foremost among nations. He will be a wall of fire about them, and the glory in their midst! But this great deliverance is to be preceded by repentance and turning to the Lord. They are not only to accept him as the Messiah, but are to be made partakers of his divine nature. This is the working out of the new covenant, spoken of by the prophets. When they have wept over their sins, and turn unfeignedly to God, accept his Son as Lord, and receive the promise of the Spirit, then he will manifest his wonderful power and glory among them. All that hinders his coming to Israel is their unpreparedness to receive him."

"What you have said has touched me deeply, but I confess I do not understand it all. Regeneration! What does it mean? I cannot fathom the meaning of these terms. I thought I was good enough, and yet even now there is a feeling in my heart that I am not prepared to meet God! Farewell, daughter. I will

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talk again with you after I have thought over the matter, and I will follow the light as fast as I can do so."

CHAPTER XVI

Harold Fielding sat in his private office. His face bore a troubled look, and he seemed lost in meditation. Evelyn's photograph lay on the desk before him, and now and then he turned and looked wistfully at the fair face. Mechanically he touched a bell, which was answered quickly by his private secretary.

"Telephone Keene to come up," he said, scarcely moving from his position at the desk.

"All right, sir," replied the clerk, retiring to the outer office.

Harold resumed his inspection of the picture. In about twenty minutes the detective was ushered in.

"I have an important private matter to lay before you, Keene," he said, greeting the detective warmly.

"I am at your service, Harold."

"When I was in prison, you spoke one day about Evelyn Morton."

"Yes, I remember."

"It is in connection with that matter I have sent for you."

"Well?"

"You evince little surprise, Keene, at my interest in that case."

"A man in my business is not surprised at anything."

"I was engaged to Evelyn before I went to Sing Sing."

"Harold, you are jesting!"

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"No, Keene! I feel I can trust you, and I am telling you this in confidence. I first knew her as Evelyn Chase, and I loved her! I did not learn her real name until you told her story to me that day. You did not realize what the revelation meant to me then. It broke my heart, and in my jealous rage I severed the engagement. Do you wonder that I am growing old before my time?"

"Am I to understand, Harold, that on the strength of what I told you, you severed the engagement?"

"Yes, I did, Keene, and it almost killed me!"

"My discussion of the case was based upon an incomplete investigation and my judgment was not by any means conclusive!"

"Do you think you can locate her? I cannot bear this awful suspense much longer. I must know whether she is alive, and provided for, even if we never meet again!"

"I dropped the case, temporarily, when I had traced her to the river. It seems she escaped, and still kept her assumed name. Had I suspected that you were interested, I would have acted differently.

"Ah, Keene! If you only knew *how* deeply I am concerned! No one can know, unless he has passed through a similar experience. I wish you would try to find her, and learn of her condition. I will spare no expense in that matter. I fear sometimes there has been another cruel blunder, and that she may have been more bitterly wronged than you thought. This feeling of uncertainty will drive me mad!"

"Harold, you can trust me. I will find her if she is within reach of human power. I will report to you as soon as I learn anything."

"God bless you! I appreciate your efforts in my own case, and I know you will do your best in this

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matter. Report to me each day. I have no heart for work or anything else!"

The detective turned to go.

"One word more, Keene."

"What is it?"

"If you should find that she is innocent, let me know immediately, so that I——" here Harold's voice broke down and he could say no more. The detective understood the distress that was wringing his friend's inmost soul, and pausing only long enough to press his hand, he left the office.

The detective went at once to his own quarters. On entering his room, he began looking through some pigeon holes, and finally drew out a picture of a woman. The face had been attractive, but the evidences of debauchery were plainly visible. At the bottom of the picture were these words:

"Kate Sanford, alias Minnie Blair, procuress."

"This woman," said Keene, speaking to himself in a low tone, "has the secret of Evelyn Morton's life. I must find her and learn the real truth. If the girl is innocent, I will find her, if she is alive. If not, Harold shall never know."

He went to work methodically to accomplish his purpose. He visited the Tenderloin and began his investigations. Before night of the second day he had located Kate Sanford. In a house on the West Side he found her, having tracked her from the Tenderloin. She was evidently suffering from consumption, and it was clear she was beyond hope of recovery. When confronted by the officer, she acknowledged her identity, and expressed her willingness to tell all she knew about Evelyn Morton. Keene saw that she had not long to live, and assuring her that he would try to save her from disturbance, urged her to give a

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full statement. He motioned his assistant, a stenographer, to be in readiness to take down her statement.

The apartment was almost bare, save for the miserable bed upon which the sick woman lay. It was apparent that she was suffering greatly, and her groans were mingled with curses. After a violent fit of coughing, and when she had grown more quiet, Keene requested her to begin.

"I am glad you have come," she said, a gleam of malice in her eyes. "I want to tell this story, not to benefit Evelyn Morton, but to spite the man who made a tool of me. I hate everything and everybody!"

A violent fit of coughing interrupted her speech. After the paroxysm had passed, she resumed:

"Listen! You know to what class I belong. It was my business to trap women and girls, for the pleasure of brutal men. I can say nothing in defense of my occupation, only this: If men were upright, there would be no market for these poor unfortunates, therefore, my business would not exist. But I knew the nature of my calling, and do not ask or expect mercy. I will spend eternity in the same hell with Jimmie Oliver and others of his class. He is the man who plotted to ruin Evelyn Morton. He had plenty of money, and I agreed to help him. She was kidnapped while walking in Central Park, one evening, placed in a taxicab, and brought to my house. Oliver had everything fixed, even the police!"

Here another fit of coughing interrupted the narrative; then she continued.

"The girl was kept a prisoner in my house. I tried by every means in my power to break down her courage and determination, but in vain. I found that I had taken a more difficult job than I thought. Drugs did not seem to affect her. She either outwitted me

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in not taking them, or some power shielded her. I tried every trick that my business had taught me in overcoming stubborn cases, but it was no use. Finally, we hit upon a plan that we thought would be irresistible. If we could only make her think that her friends had gone back on her, and given her up as a bad character, we felt she would break down. We got forged letters, and bogus newspaper clippings, which we allowed her to get hold of, and we found that she was soon drifting into a state of despair where we could easily manage her. The letters and papers showed that she had run away with some fast young fellow, and that she was in hiding from her friends. She swallowed these forgeries, and the effect was just what we wanted. She lost all desire to live, apparently, but still fought with the fury of a tigress to retain her honor."

The miserable creature was exhausted, and it took some minutes to regain her strength enough to proceed with her statement. Finally she got her voice again:

"I began to fear that she would escape and expose me or kill herself, and I got Bill to help me manage her. You know who Bill is? Bill Sanford, my precious husband! He's another one of the devil's faithful servants! Well, she got away from Bill, and ran for the river, and he saw her go in. We thought she was gone then, but one night last winter I came face to face with her in a Mission on Eighth Avenue. She tried to convert me!"

Here she gave a laugh that was so fiendish and bitter that it made Keene feel uncomfortable, hardened as he was to such scenes.

"Yes, she tried to convert me!" She continued, "but 'twant no use. I repaid her kindness by laying

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another trap for her, and I thought we had her sure that time. I told Jimmie Oliver to come and get her, and he promised to pay me well. Just when I thought I had her doped, and ready, she got away again. I skipped out for fear that some report would be made, but I never heard anything further from her. I reckon she was afraid to appeal to the police, because of the lies we had told her, and she believing her friends were all turned against her."

After a brief rest, the unhappy woman continued:

"I don't know where the girl is now. I am going to die, and I'd like to see Jimmie Oliver get his dues. He's the man who got me into this sort of business, several years ago. I've helped him out more than once, because he paid well. I hate him, too, and there will be one satisfaction, even in hell, to laugh at his sufferings. I know I'm doomed. I was offered mercy, and refused it, and now it's too late. Hell is a real place, and I'm going there to be with other creatures like myself, for eternity!"

The bloodshot eyes were almost bursting from their sockets, as the wretched soul gazed wildly before her, as if, in fact, she already saw the horrors that she was so graphically depicting. Then she fell back exhausted.

"Is that all?" asked Keene, after she had again opened her eyes.

She nodded her head affirmatively.

After giving a few directions to the landlady, who had come in, concerning the care of the sick woman, the detective took his departure, going first to his own room, where he had the woman's confession transcribed, and then to Harold's office.

"What have you learned?" asked Harold anxiously.

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Keene took the paper from his pocket which contained the statement of Kate Sanford.

"Listen, Harold, while I read this."

He read it aloud, as well as he could, but even the steady nerve of the detective failed him as he saw its effect upon his companion. Harold was completely overcome by the terrible revelation.

"Stop, Keene!" he cried brokenly, unable to control his feelings. Then he bowed his head and wept.

"I am partly to blame, Harold," said the detective, gently. "At least for the misunderstanding between you and Evelyn. I will do my best to help you straighten it out."

"You are not to blame, Keene. It is I who am guilty of an unpardonable sin, in doubting the character of Evelyn Morton. I can never forgive myself for this cruel injustice to one so good and true as she. To think how she has suffered, and been tortured by those infamous beasts, and instead of shielding her, I turned my back upon her in her sorrow and distress! I have destroyed the happiness of both our lives by my folly!"

"You have suffered terribly. Do not deal too hardly with yourself."

"Think of what she has suffered! If I could only find her, and make reparation for the grievous wrong I have done her! My poor Evelyn!"

"Let us hope for the best, Harold. I will throw out a net that will find her, and I don't believe it will be long before she is located. Leave the matter to me."

"God grant it may be so! I used to know how to pray. She taught me how, but——"

"I am not much of a Christian, but I believe this matter will be brought to a successful conclusion."

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"Don't spare any expense in trying to find her. I will give my last dollar, if need be, to undo this cruel wrong, and as for the foul beast who tried to injure her——"

"Leave him to me, Harold. I will get him cornered after a while. This is not his first crime, but it is hard to get at such fellows. They are very shrewd, and cover their tracks well. I have not a doubt of the truthfulness of this wretched woman's confession, but it will take more than that to back up an arrest of the instigator of the plot. With his gang of followers, who are ready to swear anything, and his wealth, it would be a hard matter to reach him with the law. You know that the law in this country is, now intended more to protect criminals and punish the innocent, than otherwise."

"The law is largely a farce, when it comes to administering justice, no mistake about that! But what can you do, since the law is not to be relied upon?"

"There is such a thing as retributive justice. I have observed that these criminals who are too sharp to be caught by human law, do not go a great way on their course without meeting vengeance in some shape. They are like a lot of venomous reptiles, that prey upon each other. One gets on for a while, and seems to prosper, then a rival appears, they clash, and there is a tragedy. I know that your first impulse would be to shoot him at sight, nor would I blame you in the least for doing so, but the law forbids it. Do not stain your hands with his blood. If human justice proves unavailing, he will get his due from another source. I never knew it to fail."

"You may be correct, but we will not spare any effort to get sufficient evidence to punish him. The electric chair is the proper place for such brutes, but,

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of course, the law would not put him there. That's why there are so many of his kind. I have little patience with our boasted progress in government, when so heinous a crime as the stealing of women and girls for such purposes is punished merely by a light prison sentence, and even that does not reach these rich and powerful villains!"

"First, Harold, let us find Evelyn. The other case can wait a while. I must not lose an hour's time now, for Oliver is not one to give up his prey so easily."

"Keep me advised of your progress, and draw on me for any amount necessary. Thank you, a thousand times for your faithful attention to my interests."

The detective merely extended his hand in reply, giving Harold a grip that made him wince. Then he was gone.

Harold resumed his place at the desk, and once more took up Evelyn's picture. It was all clear to him now. She had been the innocent victim of a plot on the part of Oliver. He ground his teeth with suppressed rage as he thought of what had taken place. Then he thought of his own ungenerous attitude, and he groaned aloud.

"You have fared ill, Evelyn, at the hands of the man who promised to love and protect you! Would to God I could undo this mischief, but I fear you can never love me after all this!"

He sat for some time thinking over the past. What revelations had come to him that day! What a fool he had been to doubt Evelyn's purity of character! He could realize now how impossible it had been for her to satisfactorily explain everything, feeling, as she had been compelled to by her merciless captors, that the world had cruelly misjudged her. How she must have suffered during all those weary months! He

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thought of her faithfulness in his period of trial, and of the beautiful letters she had written him, during his confinement in prison. He took some papers from a drawer, and spread them out before him on the desk. Among them were a number of poems Evelyn had written for him. One, especially, seemed to appeal to him, and he began to read it softly to himself:

"Beyond the sunset's golden glow,
Where Life's eternal fountains flow,
There lies my Fatherland.

"A stranger and an exile here,
Oft pressed by doubt and anxious fear,
I long for Fatherland.

"Some day I'll wing my homeward flight,
Far out upon the sunset light,
And seek my Fatherland.

"I'll leave the world and care behind,
And past the sunset glow I'll find,
My own sweet Fatherland."

Poor, persecuted Evelyn! Had her tormentors driven her to seek death? He feared it might be so, yet hoped it was not. He would do his utmost to restore her to her rightful position, even though she might not forgive him, and he would see to it that the villain who had injured her was brought to justice, even if he had to take the law into his own hands! If he could not regain Evelyn's love, he would, at least, prove the genuineness of his repentance!

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CHAPTER XVII

Affairs at Pine Tree Cottage moved along as smoothly as did the crystal stream which flowed near its side. The days and nights of late July and early August were like a beautiful dream to Evelyn and the children. Rambles through the forest, berry picking on the mountain slopes, and excursions here and there to places of interest, filled the bright days with memories never to be forgotten. Their kind hostess, Mrs. Wallace, gave them many pleasant trips through the charming country, some times in a carriage, and again, short trips on the train, until their cup of enjoyment was filled to overflowing.

Evelyn could not help but contrast their surroundings, the fresh, sweet air of the mountains, pure water, and the restful quietness, with what they had experienced in the hot, choking air of the great city. She thought how many pale, sickly children, subjected to foul odors, and contagion, in the cramped tenements, would be glad to romp on the sunny slopes and enjoy the liberty of the woods. She wished that she had wealth, in order that she might provide such a retreat for poor city waifs, even if it was only for the summer months. If she could only command sufficient money to purchase a place like the one where they were being entertained, with its number of deserted dwellings, scattered about in a beautiful, natural park, what blessing it might bring to weary mothers and children. The more she thought of it, the more she longed for the means to carry out such a plan, and

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mentally, she resolved that if ever she became able, this would be one of her first undertakings.

Back of the cottage ran the small mountain stream, like most of its kind, clear, cool and inviting in the heat of summer. The boys had built a dam across this brook, forming a sort of pool, where the water was several feet deep. The children had found great enjoyment bathing in the crystal water, while Teddy and Gracie were content to wade in the shallow portions. This pool was surrounded by a row of bushes and underbrush which formed a natural screen, effectively hiding the bathing place from passers-by.

One day in August, the two older boys had started off for a day on the mountain side, picking berries, leaving the girls and Teddy at home with Evelyn. It was a warm day, if such a term could be applied to that lovely, bracing atmosphere. After dinner, the children went down to the pool to watch the speckled trout at play, and to paddle in the water. They all begged for permission to go wading, and the indulgence being granted, they were soon divested of most of their clothing, running about in the water, laughing and shouting. Suddenly an idea struck Esther.

"Aunt Evelyn! Why can't you and I go bathing like they do at the sea shore? See, this is a perfect place, all enclosed in walls of green and hidden from view. No queen's bath was ever more beautiful or inviting!"

"I am afraid for myself, dear; but if you wish I will stand guard while you take a dip. It is a great temptation, on a day like this, for the water looks so cool and delightful."

"Come along, Auntie, don't be afraid! Please do! No one can see you, and it will be just grand. We can get ready in a few minutes."

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Unable to resist the persuasive eloquence of Esther, Evelyn finally yielded, and they went to the house to get ready. In a few minutes they returned, clad in loose wrappers, barefoot, and as playful as kittens. On reaching the inside of the sheltering bushes, they threw aside their wrappers and plunged into the water. Their bathing suits consisted simply of a plain white chemise, which came to the knees. Teddy was posted as a lookout upon the big boulder, in case any strangers should approach.

"This is delightful!" exclaimed Esther, catching up a handful of water and dashing it playfully in Evelyn's face.

"Hush, dear! I am afraid you will attract some one by your loud cries. Dear me! What if some one should catch us!"

No sooner had the words left Evelyn's lips than a warning cry came from Teddy, and there was a crashing in the brush outside the screen of bushes. A moment later the bushes on the edge of the pool were pushed aside and a face appeared opposite the excited bathers.

"Hurrah!" cried Esther, laughing uproariously.

There, peering curiously through the bushes was Mrs. Wallace's cow!

"I suppose she wants a drink," said Evelyn, joining in the general merriment.

The cow, however, did not care to face such a crowd, evidently, for she slowly backed out of the bushes, and disappeared among the trees.

"She gave me a dreadful fright!" exclaimed Evelyn, as she threw on her wrapper and sat down on the bank to watch the sport of the children.

"I don't see that it is such a very rude thing to

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wear this costume here in our own yard," pouted Esther, unwilling to relinquish her innocent sport.

"Not so very bad, Esther dear, unless some strange man should come along. I should have felt terribly mortified to be caught as I was."

"The women and girls at the sea shore go around among a lot of strange men, with scarcely more on them than I have, and it does not seem to shock any one!"

"You will understand more about such things when you are older. It is very wrong for young women to wantonly expose their persons before the public eye. Among my people we were taught to be more particular regarding such things. It used to be the custom that no woman should appear before men outside of her own family, without a veil. This, of course, is extreme, but I consider it preferable to the shocking immodesty displayed at the present day. Believe me, Esther, a woman's greatest charm lies in a modest, dignified demeanor. Those who sport in public places in immodest attire may please coarse, vulgar men, but they will not command the admiration and respect of good men, and their influence will be far greater towards evil than good, in pursuing such a course."

"I guess you are right, Auntie, as you always are. Some remarks I happened to overhear at the beach, from a crowd of young men, on this subject, were enough to confirm your argument."

"It is a weak place in our boasted civilization that women and girls do not have proper safeguards thrown around them, and the result is plainly apparent in the lax morals of our present day society. Custom swings like a pendulum, from one extreme to another, and it has brought us to the limit of immodesty in the conduct of women. Mind you, I do not say that

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all women, especially the younger ones, follow these pernicious customs with a full understanding of their possible evil influence. Public opinion, created by the modern pulpit and press, condones and excuses more and more the breaking down of restraints and safeguards that are necessary to right living."

A few days after the amusing episode at the bathing place Evelyn's watched-for opportunity to continue her ministry with the rabbis presented itself. The facility with which this simple, unassuming young woman produced scriptural proof in support of her arguments, soon had its effect upon the younger man. He accepted the claims of the Messiah, and joined Evelyn in trying to convince his brother of the truth. The elder man, however, contended most stubbornly against their united efforts. He bitterly reproached his brother for what he termed his unfaithfulness to Judaism. Still, the two earnest pleaders prayed and worked for the conversion of the one who seemed to grow more and more bitter in his opposition.

These prayers were destined to be answered in a manner so convincing and wonderful that even Evelyn was astonished. As she was returning from a walk, one day, while passing the rabbis' cottage, she heard cries of distress from the inmates. As she stood for a moment, uncertain what to do, the elder brother rushed out, his face white with terror, and followed by his wife.

"My darling child! A rattlesnake has bitten her, and she is dying!" was the distracted cry of the father, as he stood before Evelyn, as if appealing to her for help, and yet not conscious that he was doing so.

"Will you let me see the child?" asked Evelyn quietly.

Weeping and wringing their hands in hopeless grief,

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the parents led the way into the chamber. There, upon the bed, lay the girl, about seven years of age, evidently suffering intensely. The poison had gotten well into her system, and already the hand which had been bitten, was badly swollen. It was evident that something must be done immediately, if the child's life was to be saved.

Evelyn stood an instant in silent prayer, then knelt beside the bed. She laid her hand upon the little sufferer, and began to pray aloud. Simply and earnestly she asked that if it was for the glory of Christ the child might be healed. As she finished her brief petition a smile of undoubted victory shone upon Evelyn's face and she rose, with exclamations of praise and thanksgiving. The child opened her eyes and looked at Evelyn. The frightened, agonized expression had given place to a sweet, trustful smile. The excruciating pain had ceased and, gradually, the swelling disappeared. In five minutes the child sat up, climbed down off the bed and ran into her father's arms. The joy and gratitude of the parents were unbounded. The father fell at Evelyn's feet and begged forgiveness for the harsh things he had said to her, and declared that he was now satisfied as to the truth of her message concerning Jesus of Nazareth. The other brother came in, and seeing the result of Evelyn's faith, joined with the others in their rejoicing. By this time the entire household had gathered, and a revival meeting was begun, which lasted until every member of the two families had been happily brought into the gospel light. They clung to Evelyn as children to a mother, and thanked her again and again for bringing them such deliverance. She modestly disclaimed any power of her own in the healing of the child, except the offering of believing prayer. She

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explained to them, very carefully, that the miracle had been wrought by the power of the invisible Christ, through the operation of the Holy Spirit. After several ineffectual attempts, Evelyn managed to break away from the happy crowd, and returned to her own cottage.

After the children were asleep Evelyn sat down by the window to think over the events of the day, and enjoy the charming scene outside. The full moon shed its silvery light over the valley, making the landscape appear like a fairy dream, and restful quietness reigned all around. Her heart was full of jubilant praise for the wonderful victory that had crowned her efforts in behalf of her neighbors. She had given her testimony, and the harvest had been swift and bountiful. She realized the far-reaching effect that this experience would probably have upon the Jews at large when these two earnest and devout ministers openly proclaimed the gospel message, as they had promised to do. God was giving her encouragement and, perhaps, this was the turn in the tide. Hitherto, there had been little but discouragement and hard trials in her efforts to spread the truth. Inspired by the thought of Israel's promised restoration, she began to sing, in a voice soft and low, like the music of the night wind among the pine trees:

“There’s a land where the breath of the Spring’s
 sweetest roses
 Lingers on through the year, and the year
 never dies;
Where the light never fades, and the day never
 closes,
And the measure of bliss is unbroken with
 sighs.

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"There's a city which shines with a glory supernal,
Where the walls are of jasper and the pavements of gold,
And the cycles of time, never ending, eternal,
Bring new joys as they pass, and time never grows old.

"Oh, I long to be there, by the bright crystal river,
To behold in his beauty, my Saviour and King,
Never more to go out from his presence forever,
Through eternity's ages his praises to sing."

She had not heard anything from New York, and as she seldom looked at a newspaper, Evelyn was unaware of the search that was being made for her in that quarter. She wondered how Harold was standing his hard, solitary life in prison, and, as was her custom, she breathed a prayer that he might be kept through the terrible ordeal, and, if it was for their highest good, that they might be restored to each other some time. Of one thing she was now most certain: Zionism would succeed. Her faith in God's power and willingness to fulfill his promises to Israel had been greatly increased and strengthened. He was still the same miracle-working Jehovah who had wrought such great signs and wonders before his ancient people, and that he would give them indisputable proof of his favor in these days could not be doubted. This must be her first duty, to be a faithful messenger for the King. Whatever else might come into her life, of success, or joy, or the realization of deferred hopes concerning Harold, would have to be subservient to this mission which had been entrusted to her.

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CHAPTER XVIII

No success had attended the efforts to locate Evelyn Morton in New York City. Harold had exhausted every means that could be suggested to find the missing young woman, but she had disappeared as completely as if swallowed up by an earthquake. She was found to have left her apartment on Forty-seventh Street, with the Burton children, immediately after the storm, and where she had gone, no one knew, not even Jerry Shine. On being questioned, that worthy individual declared that Evelyn had not confided to him their destination, beyond the fact that they were going to the country for a while.

As the days and weeks went by, and one clue after another failed to bring tangible results, Harold grew less hopeful, although he was loth to admit it. He would sit and look at Evelyn's picture, with the feeling that one looks upon the likeness of a departed loved one. Evelyn, his beautiful idol, who had gone with him as far as she could in the path of suffering and disgrace, seemed to him as one who had already entered the valley of the shadow of death. It was to still the grief that was gnawing at his heart that he devoted himself so assiduously to his business. He seemed possessed of almost supernatural energy and determination. His business methods caused men to wonder at his boldness and daring. He was subservient to no clique or combination of capitalists, and naturally enough, he had enemies, some of them very bitter. He had determined to put to a practical test some of the reforms that he believed were demanded

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in the business world. His father and Granville, while disposed to question the practicability of some of his schemes, invariably yielded in the end to Harold's arguments. One day, after lunch, the three men were conversing in their private office about the subject of profit sharing, which Harold had suggested as a remedy against socialism and extreme trade unionism.

"I am in doubt, Harold, as to the outcome in this matter," said Richard Fielding, meditatively knocking the ashes from his cigar.

"I appreciate your advice, father, and will heed it, but I am more than ever convinced of the value of this method of dealing with labor. It is no longer in an experimental stage."

"And you really think that profit sharing is the true solution of the questions between capital and labor?"

"I believe it is the foundation upon which a satisfactory policy can be built. It may not, of itself, form a complete system, for there are other questions that come up in connection with it."

"Perhaps we do not fully understand your view. Will you explain more in detail, and remember, I am not criticising, but merely seeking light," interposed Granville, who was secretly glad of Harold's radicalism.

"In the first place, we will set aside fifty per cent. of the net earnings of the company, at the close of each business year, to be distributed among the employees who receive less than a stated amount, say two hundred dollars per month, regular salary. Those who receive a salary of two hundred dollars or over will not share in this distribution."

"Why the distinction you mention?" asked Richard Fielding.

"The men who fill the higher positions are already

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earning a fair living, and they are in line for promotion to still more remunerative places, to which the rank and file can never hope to attain. Therefore, the better-paid men have incentive enough in their regular income to bring out their best service. The major portion, or common class, as they may be called, need an extra incentive. Their chances for promotion are relatively less, for those who are singled out as capable of assuming extra responsibility are comparatively few, and the march upward is not always rapid. The common class, however, are just as necessary to the organization's well-being, as are the others; in fact, there would be no need for supervision if the whole body were official. These routine workers may be just as capable, and every whit as loyal to the interests of the concern, but it is folly to expect to keep them so for any length of time, unless they have some idea that their faithfulness is going to be appreciated. I am speaking now of the general run of employes."

"What about the fifty per cent. that is retained by the company?" asked Granville, with a sly wink at Harold.

"It is for the stockholders and owners. In case the net earnings do not reach a figure where it exceeds a reasonable bonus for the men, I for one, would be quite willing to waive any claim for dividends, though this point should be optional with the shareholders."

"Do you not think you are prejudiced in favor of the common classes?" asked Richard Fielding, rather testily.

"Not at all! I only aim at a fair and generous policy towards those who most need it. I would rather, if necessary, operate the property without a cent of profit for two or three years, than allow the standard of service to be lowered. A man, or set of

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men, with millions behind them, can surely get along without their income for a little while, without any real inconvenience. On the other hand, low-salaried men, while probably just as deserving, and oftentimes with larger families to care for, have less ready money to meet emergencies, therefore, they should have the preference."

"You are decidedly democratic," remarked Granville.

"There cannot be unity in an organization, unless there is a feeling of equality. I believe this is the key to successful business management. Every man in our employ should be made to feel that he is an integral part of the concern, just as necessary, and as much entitled to consideration as the highest official as long as he conducts himself properly. If I were a king, with absolute authority, I could perhaps compel men to obey my commands, at least outwardly. As it is, my employes are free men, and equally interested in the preservation of the State. If I rule them successfully, it must be by kindness, and with strict impartiality. Generally, the favors go largely to the official class, while the average worker, with the same longings for rest and recreation for himself and family, finds little opportunity to gratify them. An official, with plenty of money, can get free transportation almost anywhere, while his poor subordinate, with large needs and small income, is generally called upon to pay for everything he gets, or at best, receives a meagre share of the extra privileges."

"But will not this recognition of the common class tend to destroy discipline, and make them arrogant?" questioned Richard Fielding.

"It will make discipline easy. Obedience to the reasonable requirements of the company will be spon-

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taneous, and the men will feel that they are on an equal footing. The majority of our men are fair-minded, and with just and generous treatment, there will be no friction."

"You spoke of other features of your system. Tell us about them," said Granville.

"Division of profits is the basis. The pensioning of old and disabled employees is another item. There will be special hospital accommodations for the sick and injured. Liberal provision will be made for the physical comfort of the men. Club rooms, well equipped and conveniently located, with instructive and entertaining features, will be an important part of the scheme. Other details growing out of this principle of equality will be worked out in due course. In short, I intend to make every man in the service, whether he be a pumper, section hand, telegraph operator, brakeman or clerk, feel that his individual rights are being as carefully guarded and promoted as my own. When I have brought about this state of things, we will have the best of service, a satisfied set of employees, and a property as good as a gold mine."

"You mean, then, that you are going to join the union, and work for glory!" exclaimed Richard Fielding, his old antipathy to labor organizations manifesting itself.

"Not exactly join the union, father, but take the men into partnership and treat them like human beings."

"I am afraid the profits will be eaten up by these irregular demands."

"The profits will not be eaten up. The expenses for operation, aside from wages, will be reduced to a minimum. The men will become so closely identified with the company, and their interests will be so vitally connected with ours, that they will naturally guard

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against every form of loss in revenue. That they will do this, is a self-evident truth, for they will put a dollar into their own pocket when they stop a leak in the net earnings of the company. There are many such leaks, claims for damage to persons or property, loss of traffic on account of unsatisfactory service, adverse legislation, brought about by dissatisfied employes, and a critical public. These drains on our revenue would be materially lessened, if not entirely removed, by a liberal policy."

"You may stop some of the leaks. What about the income?" queried Granville, evidently enjoying Richard Fielding's uneasy manner.

"That will be greatly increased. Employes will be doing business for themselves, therefore they will be ready to serve the public in a satisfactory manner. If a certain shipper has a good business to give us, they will take care that it does not go to some competing line, because of failure to meet his reasonable requirements. If he is a crank, and unreasonable, they will be diplomatic in dealing with him, instead of doing what they would naturally feel disposed to, that is, give him a sharp answer. This will be true in all lines of work, whether trainmen, agents, clerks, or officials. Trainmen will be courteous, because such treatment will swell the passenger earnings. Agents will do likewise for the same reason. Solicitors and traffic men will look for business that pays well, instead of piling up a big tonnage at the sacrifice of revenue, as is often done."

"Do not all men in the employ of transportation companies observe these points?" asked Richard Fielding doubtfully.

"Hardly. That is, they are supposed to, and some of them do, but the majority of them observe the rules

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just far enough to hold their positions. Why should they do more? They have little interest in the amount of dividends that go to the stockholders. They are simply human beings, and the average man will not work to his full capacity, unless there is a sufficient motive placed before him. Another thing that will be accomplished, will be to rid ourselves of the floating workman. When we get a good man, we will try to keep him, and he will be welcomed by his fellow employees, while the inefficient, careless worker will be shunned alike by all."

"I was under the impression that most of our men were loyal," remarked Granville, taking a long pull at his cigar.

"Most of them have been reasonably so, but in giving them a powerful incentive to look after the company's welfare, by linking their pecuniary interest with ours, we will acquire a force that has hitherto gone to waste, and which will mean everything to the successful conduct of the business."

"Our railroads have a good standard of service, most of them, at least," remarked the elder Fielding, not quite willing to yield the point.

"It is far from perfect, and when compared with European lines, it is frightfully bad as regards accidents, and it is rapidly growing worse. Give the men an inspiration like this, and there will be an improvement very shortly. When the expense of a wreck, or other avoidable losses, comes out of their pockets, you will find a watchfulness on the part of the men, both of themselves and each other, to guard against such things, that has never been realized before."

"It is not a bad-looking theory, Harold, if it is prac-

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ticable. I am in favor of trying it," volunteered Granville promptly.

"It is practicable, and easy of accomplishment. The fellow who does not do it will have the hard times."

"Your competitors will cry you down, and object to such methods, I am afraid," said Richard Fielding, determined to make a last stand.

"Let them do it! This is a free country! They will be the losers. They cannot form any combination that will injure us without bankrupting themselves, and they are not so foolhardy as that."

"Such radical departures from established customs will no doubt draw forth bitter opposition from certain quarters," said Granville reflectively.

"No doubt it will, but I am confident that I am in the right, and I shall succeed. My men will stand by me, and while other concerns are losing millions in strikes, we will be taking the cream of the business. If they cut rates, that is a game which more than one can play."

"You calculate not to have any strikes then?" queried Richard Fielding, in a doubtful tone.

"Our men will have no grievance; therefore, they will not have cause to strike. The sympathetic strike will not appeal to them, because it is more of an injury to the cause of labor than otherwise, and it would take dollars out of their pocket. They will be able to show their union friends that the surest and best way to bring a contrary employer to terms, is not to kick at their employers who act fairly, but rather to allow the friendly interests to handle all the business they can get, and starve out the arbitrary fellows who will not make satisfactory terms. Some of these fellows who are so bitterly opposed to trade unionism will probably fight it out until they get in the hole, and

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we will buy up their stock for a trifle and do the business for them."

"You are not going to run it solely as a charitable enterprise, then?" asked Granville, evidently eager to press the matter to a conclusion.

"Not altogether, and yet I confess my greatest desire is not to pile up a big surplus. I believe that to maintain the property in first-class condition, and develop a loyal, efficient set of men, who will stand by us in any emergency, will be worth quite as much as a cash surplus. The accumulation of these vast sums, at the expense of other important assets like those I have just named, will surely lead to disaster."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this, that the accumulation of immense fortunes, wrung from the working classes, is the road to revolution. History tells us this with unerring certainty. The rapidity with which millionaires are multiplying, especially those of the speculative class, who pile up fortunes in a few years, without rendering any equivalent, is an ominous sign to which we would do well to give heed. These speculators, like vampires, draining the arteries of our commercial life, are a menace to the very existence of the republic. I believe, unless some far-reaching reforms are instituted in our financial system, that the downfall of this nation is only a question of time. The mutterings that precede the storm are already audible."

"I cannot dispute what you say, Harold," said the elder Fielding, relinquishing his last hope. "A man ought to acknowledge some obligation to God and humanity, as well as to the shareholders. No man has a right to oppress another. I rather like your idea of allowing the men to share in the profits and enable them to get in a position to give away some them-

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selves, instead of squeezing the last farthing from them, and doing all the giving yourself!"

Harold remained in the office after his father and Granville had gone. He felt that his position was based on sound common sense, and looked forward to the working out of his plans with keen interest. Still, he was not happy. How could he be satisfied, when the one who had so largely influenced him in taking up this philanthropic work, was either dead, or enduring a cruel exile. He thought of how he used to plan with Evelyn about their life work, and how happy they had been during that brief period. Now he was left to work out these problems, deprived of the sympathy and help that he so much needed, through his own folly.

If the world could have read the inner workings of that master-mind, as he planned one new scheme after another for the uplifting of the common toilers, and the alleviation of poverty and suffering, they would have seen that he was but building a monument in memory of his lost love.

CHAPTER XIX

The maple trees in the forest were putting on their scarlet robes, and the mountain sides were a great panorama of variegated hues, beautiful to behold. The inhabitants at Pine Tree Cottage began to realize, with regret, that the summer was fast drawing to a close, and thoughts of approaching cold weather brought vividly to mind the fact that they were strangers in a strange land. True, they had been well supplied with food, and had enjoyed a delightful rest, but Eve-

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lyn, especially, realized that they would have to again face the necessity of gaining a livelihood. They knew little or nothing about affairs in the outside world. They had not seen many newspapers during their sojourn in the mountains; in fact, they had been so busily engaged in reading the great book of nature that they had no time for much else. Evelyn had written to the law firm in New York, for whom she had formerly worked, telling them of her expected return to the city in October, and expressing a hope that she might again find employment with them.

The Jewish rabbis, with their families, had gone back to their city homes about the middle of September. The parting between them and the family at Pine Tree Cottage was very touching, resembling more the separation of members of a real family than of persons who had been total strangers up to the time of their short intercourse at the mountain resort. The Jewish families were going back to a new world. The whole drift of their lives had been changed by contact with this charming stranger, who had brought to them the gospel of Israel's restoration in such a vivid and convincing manner. Henceforth, they declared to her, their faces were to be set Zionward, and their influence and teaching were to be in line with hers.

Finally, the day came for them to leave the beautiful retreat in the mountains, and take their journey back to the city. Evelyn had received a telegram from her employers, tendering a position, and she decided to go at once. They packed their small belongings, and after bidding their kind hostess, Mrs. Wallace, an affectionate farewell, boarded the train. It was not without deep regrets that they left behind them the wonderful fairyland which they had been privi-

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leged to enjoy for two months, and hopes were expressed, again and again, that they might be fortunate enough to have opportunity to return the next year.

The journey to New York was pleasant, but uneventful. They reached Grand Central station about nine o'clock that night, and owing to the lateness of the hour, Evelyn concluded their only course was to stop at some hotel until morning, when she would have opportunity to get their household goods arranged so they could resume housekeeping. They found a hotel in the neighborhood, after some searching, where they could be accommodated for a moderate sum. The place was not first-class, but their slender finances required that they use all possible economy, so the tired children were at last stowed away, the three boys in one bed, and the three girls in another, while Evelyn was provided with a folding cot.

After the children had fallen asleep, Evelyn sat down to rest and think over her plans for the morrow. How strange it seemed to be back in New York! A flood of recollections swept over her that brought the tears to her eyes. What of Harold, in his far-off prison cell? Did he ever think of her, and was he still bitter toward her? Were those tangled threads of their lives any nearer being straightened out and reunited than when she went away? These and other thoughts crowded rapidly upon her, until she felt that she could scarcely wait for the morning. She wondered how the meetings were progressing at the Mission, and if she would be able to go ahead in the work that was so dear to her heart. Finally, from sheer weariness of body, she lay down on her humble cot, and was soon sleeping soundly.

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How long she had slept, Evelyn did not know, but she was wakened by the cry of fire. She sprang up and looked out the window. Already the street was lighted up with the lurid glare of the flames, which she saw bursting from the lower floor of the hotel in which they were located. They were on the top floor, and in the hurry and confusion of sounding the alarm she and the children had been overlooked. Evelyn waved her hands from the window to attract the attention of the firemen. A ladder was finally raised, and one by one the frightened children were carried to the street. Evelyn refused to go until the last one of the children had been taken down. A brawny fireman had just taken Esther down, and it was Evelyn's turn next. How long it seemed to take the man to make the trip! She could see him again start upward, and just then she bethought herself of the purse under her pillow, which contained all of their earthly store. She sprang to get it, and was back again at the window in a moment, but in that brief space of time, the whole situation was changed. The floor below fell in with a crash, and the impact sent a shower of sparks and blazing pieces of wood so near the window that she had to draw back. This new opening to the great seething furnace below caused the fire to burst out the front of the building so fiercely that the fireman who had begun his last ascent after Evelyn, was obliged to retreat, and it was evident that all hope of escape from below was cut off. The front wall was giving way, and the very floor beneath her feet was trembling. The people in the street gave a cry of horror as they saw the girl's pale face at the window for an instant, and then she drew back, unable to stand the scorching heat. In less than five minutes the floor upon which she was standing began to give way and drop

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into the roaring furnace beneath. Before ten minutes had passed the whole top floor went down with a crash, followed by the collapse of the entire building.

CHAPTER XX

When Evelyn Morton alighted from the train at Grand Central Station, no one of the great throng seemed to pay any particular attention to the party of children or herself, as they trudged into the waiting-room and found seats where they could stop a few minutes. A person unusually observant, however, might have seen a man standing some distance from the gateway, whose keen, gray eyes scanned the faces of the passengers as they filed into the waiting-room. Now and then he ran his slender fingers through his long mustache, as if impatient at the slow movements of the incoming procession. When Evelyn and the children came within the range of his vision he started, gave a searching look at the little party, and hastily pulled his hat down so as to hide his face as much as possible. Waiting until Evelyn had passed out of the station, Keene, for he it was who had been keeping his long vigil at the incoming trains, followed them at a safe distance. He watched them enter the hotel, and quietly sauntered in after them; not, however, until Evelyn had completed her arrangements with the clerk, and had been assigned to a room. The detective then casually examined the register, noted carefully Evelyn's name; then he turned to the clerk.

"See that this party receives every attention, will you?" he said, pressing a five-dollar bill into the young

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man's hand. "I will come to see them in the morning," he added, with a significant wink.

The clerk pocketed the money, and resumed his duties, while Keene went to a telephone booth and called up Harold Fielding.

"Hello, Harold, good news. I have found her!"

"Thand God!" exclaimed Harold. "Where is she?"

"Within a stone's throw of the Grand Central. Just got in on the White Mountain express."

"Did you speak with her?"

"No. I thought best to consult you first. They are settled for the night."

"I think you had better call on her in the morning, Keene, and sort of break the news to her. It will not do to disturb them to-night. Go the first thing in the morning, and say, Keene, let her know that I am——"

"That you are far more deeply interested in her welfare than anyone else! Yes, I will take care of that! Good-night."

"Good-night, Keene. There are few men like you, so loyal and true."

Harold was deeply moved by the news of Evelyn's return. He could not sleep. Powerful emotions were sweeping over him, bringing alternating feelings of pain and pleasure. Would Evelyn consent to an interview with him? Would she be willing to even speak to him, after the way he had acted toward her? He dared not answer these questions, for he felt that she would have just cause to refuse to have anything to do with him. He finally fell into a troubled sleep, and once in the night he half awoke and thought he heard the clang of fire engines. It was still dark, and he lay down again. At last the day began to break, and unable longer to restrain his feelings, he dressed hurriedly and went out into the street. He was determined to go

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at least and take a look at the place where Evelyn was, although he would not venture to call upon her until after the detective had seen her. Keene had given him the number of the hotel, and he went there directly.

The hotel was on Fiftieth Street, and he soon reached the neighborhood. Drawing nearer, he could see a crowd of people in the street, and on a closer view, discovered, to his consternation, that the hotel was in ruins. A couple of fire engines were still playing their streams upon the smouldering wreckage, and a group of people were listening to a man as he described the fire. He had seen the children being carried down the fire-ladder, and Harold knew by his description of them that it was the Burton orphans. Then he told how the young woman, who was with them, had tarried too long, and her escape was cut off. He had seen her face at the window just a few minutes before the top floor fell in, and it was supposed she had gone down in the collapse of the building. Harold's brain whirled, and he grew sick at heart as he listened to the harrowing tale. He was forced to clutch the wall for support. There was, apparently, no doubt, from the description given by the man, that Evelyn had perished in the flames. Like a man enduring the torture of a dreadful nightmare, he turned away, groaning with anguish. Mechanically, he walked away, scarcely knowing or caring whither he went. He had come too late, and Evelyn, his true-hearted, noble friend, was beyond his power to help her. She had returned to the city, and just at the moment, almost, when vindication and reward were within her reach, she had been cruelly struck down. How he wished that he had gone immediately on hearing from Keene, and watched over her through the night, in order to prevent any possible calamity. Now it was too late!

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He groaned in bitterness of spirit as these tormenting thoughts pressed their awful weight upon his heart. Scarcely realizing where he was, he entered the park, and choosing a secluded spot, threw himself upon the grass.

"Too late! Too late!" he cried, giving vent to the grief that was wringing his very soul.

"My poor Evelyn! So bitterly wronged, and persecuted, and just upon the verge of deliverance, only to be destroyed in this awful manner! Is there a just God? Can this be the reward of a servant so faithful?" he cried bitterly.

Presently the branches of a lilac bush behind which Harold had fallen, were pushed aside, and a voice called out in modest, gentle tones:

"Pardon me, but I heard you groaning so terribly. Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?"

At the sound of the voice, Harold sprang up, and turned toward the speaker, his face distorted with pain.

"Evelyn!" he cried, "can that be you, or is it a delusion of my tortured imagination! Have you come back to mock me in my bitter grief?"

"Why, Mr. Fielding! Whatever can be the matter with you! How you frighten me! I am Evelyn Morton, and not a spirit from the other world."

"Thank God, it is not too late! I thought you had perished in the fire. This is almost too good to be true!"

"It is true, nevertheless," she answered quietly. "I had a very narrow escape, but God saved me from death. Blessed be his holy name!"

"Evelyn—Miss Morton," he began, noting her dignified bearing, "I am glad that it is not too late to make amends for the unhappy past, in part, at least. I

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have been searching for you everywhere. How strange that we should meet here!"

"There is nothing strange in the providence of God, Mr. Fielding."

"I wish I could see things as I once did. I fear I have grown worse than you found me at the beginning."

"I hope you are not beyond recall," she said, looking up into his eyes with the old-time, frank expression. "Surely you have not turned your back upon God!"

"I have done that, and I am ashamed to confess it before you, who have been my good angel ever since I really began to know God. Miss Morton, I have fallen deeper than you think, and yet I am not at all satisfied with my condition."

"That is a hopeful sign, at least, Mr. Fielding. When backsliders are satisfied with themselves, they are in danger. I trust you have not gone so far!"

"Do you think there can be forgiveness for me?" he cried eagerly. "Do you think God will forgive and restore me after such flagrant disobedience?"

"He is very kind and merciful to his erring children?" she replied gently.

"I have always had faith in your prayers. Will you pray for me?" he asked, a hopeful light coming into his face.

"I will certainly continue to pray for you," she said, her face slightly averted. "But you must not rely altogether upon my prayers. You must go to God direct and ask for pardon."

"Then, why not here, now, in this secluded spot? I dare not delay an hour, for I feel that I have been very wicked, even to the extent of contemplating self-destruction."

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"Let us pray together," she said, kneeling beside him.

Tenderly, familiarly, like a favored child pleading with a parent in behalf of a disobedient brother, she prayed. The sweet, low voice, so fraught with feeling for the distressed man, was like incense wafted heavenward. Before her brief, earnest petition was ended Harold could feel the influence of her faith. His chief concern had been to right the wrong which he had done against Evelyn, but now the greater sin of unbelief and rebellion against God loomed before him. The feeling that God had been to blame for all his sufferings gave way to a realization of how hateful his own course must be in the sight of heaven. The fact that he had found Evelyn alive and well, strengthened this conviction. He was completely broken down.

The dark mists of unbelief fled before the Sun of Righteousness, and he saw light. He offered a brief, but earnest prayer in his own behalf, after she had finished. Then they rose to their feet, and Evelyn extended her hand, bidding him be true to his convictions. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips reverently, as he might touch the person of an angel.

"God has forgiven me," he said. "Can I hope that you will do so? It is my duty as a Christian man to atone, as far as it lies in my power, for the cruel treatment I have accorded you. Can you, will you forgive me?"

"How could I, who am a weak, fallible creature like yourself, do otherwise? If I did not forgive my brother, I could not hope to be forgiven."

"I have wronged you most bitterly, and it is sweet to hear from your lips the words of forgiveness. Dare I hope that you can look upon me with respect

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and kindness? Have I placed myself beyond the pale of your friendship?"

"It would be a meagre forgiveness, unlike God, were I to say that I forgave you and yet withheld my friendship. I not only forgive you any real, or fancied injury that may have been done, but I shall be glad to esteem you as a brother in Christ. What God has cleansed we may not call common or unclean. The past, with its joys and sorrows, is gone. Let us set our faces toward that home where there is no sin or unhappiness. If my sympathy and prayers will avail you anything, you may be sure of having them."

"You are most generous! I had not thought that mortal ever yet came so near to the divine image! I shall prize and cherish your friendship as a boon which I am unworthy to receive, but that my selfishness compels me to take. I can never thank you enough for your kindness."

"Think of God's goodness, Mr. Fielding! Think of his holiness! Do not look so much at imperfect human nature. I must confess, candidly, that it is only through the power of the Holy Spirit that I am able to be forgiving and kind. I realize very keenly that I come short of his perfect love, yet I am striving to attain it. The nearer I come to the glorious Christ, the more clearly I see my own faults. Whatever good there is in me, beyond the common courtesy and gentleness of my sex, is the gift of the Spirit. I trust that I am growing more like him, but I am not perfect!"

"You are right, and yet, while I am incapable of fully appreciating your nobility and perfection of character, I perceive that you have attained to a degree which dazzles my poor, weak vision! How rare it is to find a jewel of such surpassing beauty among the

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fallen race of Adam. I shall try to follow your example."

"There is joy in heaven over one repentant soul, and there is no higher joy known to a child of God than to lead some one to the light. I am truly happy."

"And now, that this meeting has so happily come about, allow me to speak of a matter of great importance. I have sought you long and earnestly, for a particular purpose."

"Speak on," she said, a faint blush stealing into her cheeks.

"You have, no doubt, heard of my vindication?"

"I have heard nothing whatever about you. I have been away in the mountains for several months."

"And yet you have treated me with such generous kindness, not knowing but that I may be an escaped convict!"

"That would make no difference in my treatment of you, nor of my feeling for you," she replied, her eyes drooping.

"Wondrous compassion! But I must deliver my message. It was not of my own affairs that I wished to speak. To be brief, the story of your terrible wrongs and suffering has at last, in the providence of God, been uncovered. You have not only been fully vindicated, but the fortune that was left by your father is awaiting your disposal. You will not only be able to resume your former position in society, but you are a rich woman in your own right. Allow me to congratulate you upon this happy ending of a dark night of trouble."

"At last! I know that God would bring to light the truth concerning his persecuted servant, in his own good time! Oh, how I praise him for this!"

"Your patience and fortitude have certainly been

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most severely tried. May God crown your life with multiplied peace and blessing, in reward for your toil and suffering. As your friend, I crave the right to serve you in any humble way that I can. You have ample means at hand, but it will take a little time to arrange matters. When you have decided upon your course, permit me to serve you as a trusted friend."

"Thank you. As you say, we are placed in an awkward position for the present. My little supply of money was lost in the fire, and I hardly know which way to turn. I have the offer of a position, when I get settled. I thought about going to see Major Milton."

"Dear, generous Milton! He has gone to his reward! He has been dead a month."

"He was a faithful friend to me," she said, a tear glistening in her eye.

"I fear you have been enduring privation and hardship while we were searching for you."

"Not more than we were accustomed to. We have had food and shelter, until this morning, when we were driven out by the fire. After making my escape, I found the children, and brought them here to rest until we could decide what to do. It was almost, if not quite a miracle, that I got out of the building."

"How did you get out? The people I saw seemed to be unaware of your escape."

"I found my way to the stairs leading to the roof, after I had about given up all hope of rescue, and I had barely gotten on the roof when the floor fell in. I crossed to another house, found the way to the street, and got the children together, then came here. I presume, in the confusion, they did not learn the whole story."

"Miss Morton, my mother is dead, and my father is

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a changed man. He will sanction what I am about to say, for he knows your worth and repents of his unkindness toward you as bitterly, perhaps, as I do. Will you accept the hospitality of our home, until you can arrange your matters conveniently? See! There it is, yonder through the trees. It is but a few steps, and you can find rest and quiet in my mother's room, with the children. Please do not deny me this small opportunity to serve you! Say that you will go! It will relieve you of the embarrassment of being in a public place."

"Since you have so kindly offered us this temporary refuge, Mr. Fielding, and trusting you as a friend, I can do no less than accept it, especially on account of these dear children, who are in need of immediate relief."

Taking Gracie in his arms, Harold led the way to the mansion on Fifth Avenue, and the refugees were soon comfortably provided for. The meeting between Richard Fielding and Evelyn was cordial and without affectation. The hard, cold nature of the man had mellowed, until he could duly appreciate the sweetness and nobility of his former stenographer. There was no constraint about his welcome, and Evelyn was made to feel at home, as also were the children. A generous meal was provided at once, to which they all did full justice, their early morning visit to the park having served as an excellent appetizer.

Evelyn spent the day resting, and caring for the children, intending on the morrow to see her father's lawyer and attend to the business of formally taking possession of her estate. After dinner Harold and his father were together for quite a while in the library, leaving the visitors upstairs. What took place in this

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conference need not be told in detail, save to repeat Richard Fielding's parting words as Harold left him: "Faint heart ne'r won fair lady."

Harold went upstairs, pausing a moment in the hall. Evelyn was at the piano, singing softly to herself, unconscious of his nearness. Trembling with suppressed feeling, he lingered in the shadow of an alcove, while she sang:

"One thing I know, that better land,
Which lies beyond the sunset glow,
Is clothed in beauty rich and grand,
Where living streams forever flow.

"And this I know, that perfect bliss
Is promised all who enter there,
Where perfume-laden breezes kiss
The brow once racked with anxious care.

"Oh land of bliss, when shall I see
Those rapt'rous sights, that home so fair?
When shall my soul, from earth set free,
Those mansions bright, with Jesus share?

"'Twill not be long, I hear him say,
A few more days of service lend,
Then I shall leave the weary clay,
And count my warfare at an end."

He bowed his head reverently as he listened.

"She thinks only of duty, and the reward in heaven," he said softly. "I cannot disturb such a spirit of worship!"

Then he went to his own room, lost in admiration and wonder at the character of the woman he loved.

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CHAPTER XXI

The morning after the arrival of Evelyn and the children at the Fielding home, she received a call from two gentlemen. One was Keene, the detective, and the other was her father's former legal adviser—Mr. Montgomery. She was formally advised of the fact that her father's property, amounting to something over a million dollars, was at her disposal. The old lawyer was visibly affected, as he told of the long and apparently fruitless search that had been made for her. He assured the young heiress of his readiness to serve her in any way possible. After a few minutes' conversation with Keene, during which the detective made it a point to reveal Harold's part in the search for her, the two men took their departure.

Some time after the two callers had gone, Harold went into the parlor, where Evelyn was playing the piano. He appeared to be somewhat nervous, but there was a determined look upon his face. He paused a moment before entering the room, as though loth to disturb her. She seemed to him more lovely than he had ever seen her, and as he stood a moment gazing at her, the past came before him at a glance. How could he have been so foolish as to doubt her goodness and purity! He did not move or utter a sound, but as if impelled by some mysterious impulse of the mind, she turned toward him, and their eyes met. A tinge of color was visible in her cheeks, as she noted his look of undisguised admiration.

"Pardon me, if I startled you," he said, advancing.

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"You did not," she answered smiling. "I am glad you have come."

She spoke with her old-time frankness of manner, and Harold wondered if she had forgotten, in her generous promise to treat him as a friend, that they had once been so dear to each other. The old passion, sweeping back with renewed force, brought a cloud with it. He had asked for her friendship, hardly daring to hope for it, but now the idea of mere friendship was no longer sufficient. He had begun to hope that an entire reconciliation might be brought about, but he knew she had been deeply wounded, and he was not over-sanguine. She now had position and fortune of her own, and he had not dared to hope that a woman of her character and spirit could so easily forgive the suspicion cast upon her purity.

"My lawyer has been in," she said, rising from the piano. "He confirmed what you told me yesterday regarding my affairs."

"No one can be more happy than I, to know of this favorable conclusion. Permit me to again congratulate you. Will you favor me with another song?"

His manner was uneasy and strained, contrasting strongly with her natural, unassumed grace.

"Have you any particular preference?" she asked.

"One of your own pieces, if you please. There is something about them that charms me. I will leave it for you to choose."

She hesitated a moment, and then, her voice tremulous with feeling, she began:

"Lovely sunset tints are glowing,
In the radiant western sky,
While the streams of gold are flowing,
Round the cloudbanks where they lie;

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Wet with dew, the flowers are weeping,
For the slowly dying day,
All alone their vigils keeping,
While the night shall wear away.

"Evening chimes so sweet are stealing
Softly on the fragrant air,
While in rev'rence I am kneeling,
Lifting up my heart in prayer;
Yet, within my bosom lingers,
Thoughts of bitter enmity,
And Hate's cruel, icy fingers
Stifle yet my earnest plea.

"Now within my heart is speaking,
Soft and low the Spirit's voice:
'If the blessing you are seeking,
Haste to make the better choice;
For the soul that harbors malice
Cannot come acceptably,
Nor presume to touch the chalice,
In its sacred purity.

"Lay thy gift upon the altar,
But the sacrifice must wait,
Do not hesitate nor falter—
You must love and cease to hate;
Go, your injured brother seeking,
And to him be reconciled,
Then to God, your Father, speaking,
Pray, forgive and bless thy child."

"Over Hate I stand victorious,
All the way grows bright and clear,
And the benediction glorious
Comes with all its heavenly cheer;

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Love divine has been imparted,
And my sacrifice, though late,
Has made light the heavy-hearted—
Now I love, and cease to hate."

Harold's looks betrayed something of his deep feeling, as he led Evelyn to the conservatory, and seated her beneath an over-arching palm.

"I want you to see my mother's flowers," he said. "Is not this lily beautiful?"

"It is, indeed! What a perfect symbol of the infinite purity of Him whom we love to call the Lily of the Valley!"

"Yes, it is still the emblem of purity and grace, such, I think, as becomes one of Christ's most faithful followers!" As he said this, he plucked the flower and placed it in her hand.

"Thank you! It seems a pity to pluck it. It is so sweet and fair!"

Her eyes drooped under his searching glance, until they rested upon the flower in her hand. They sat thus for some minutes in silence.

"I wanted another opportunity to thank you for the hospitality extended to the children and myself in your home. Poor little orphans, they have had a rough experience thus far, but I hope to make up as far as possible for their hard times. To-morrow we will go to our new home."

"It is I who have been favored by this happy circumstance. You do not know what pleasure it has given me, as well as my father, to offer you this temporary refuge. I trust that the future may hold naught but joy and peace for you."

"The way has not been all dark. There have been some bright, happy days interwoven with the trials."

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He wondered if she could possibly be speaking with reference to the days of their happy courtship. But no! Why should he try to so interpret her frank expressions of friendship? Why should he dash to atoms the happiness that was now his, in being near her, and enjoying her company, by declaring again his mad passion? Still, the suspense was almost unbearable.

"How delightful it will be for you, after all these long, weary months of hardship and suffering, to find yourself among friends, and to have congenial surroundings."

"Yes, it will afford me great pleasure to have means for doing good, and one of the chief joys of my life will be to care for these dear children. I can never repay the debt of gratitude I owe to their dead mother for her kindness to me. There are others, too, whom I wish to help. Mr. Shine is one of them. I owe much to his heroism in twice rescuing me from death. My time will be quite fully occupied, I assure you."

"You have always considered yourself last. I hope to emulate your unselfishness and loyalty to duty. Your life has been a constant incentive to me to try to achieve something for humanity. You will be glad to know that Jerry Shine is now superintendent of the dock, and receiving a liberal salary. He was the first man to be promoted, after I took charge of the property."

"I am so glad! I shall ask you, as a special favor, to suggest some way in which I can suitably reward him for his service to me."

"It will be an equal pleasure to me to do so. In fact, I have been endeavoring to find some way to bestow a more substantial reward upon the honest, brave fellow. I think we shall be able to arrange it. Your example has taught me the pleasure of serving

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others. It is really more satisfying to one's conscience to be dispensing good to those who are needy and deserving, than to be piling up dividends."

"I am glad to hear you say that. One with your influence and means can accomplish great things. You have again surrendered yourself to God, and you will use your talents for his glory, and the good of your fellows. It will afford me pleasure to know that you are doing this."

"I desire to use every means that I can command, for the good of my fellowmen, and to solve some, at least, of the vexing problems that confront us as a nation."

"I am sure you will succeed. Your aim is a most worthy one."

"And yet I feel the need of such counsel and advice as you would be able to give me. If you would only assume a portion of the responsibility it would be a pleasant task."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Of course, I shall be glad to aid you in any way that I can. Have not I promised my friendship?"

"Yes, but there is a nearer and dearer tie which might unite us in this service. Evelyn! My darling! Do you not understand my love for you? Do not try to put me off, for I must tell you all that is in my heart! Hear my petition, and decide my fate. I made an awful mistake in severing the tie that bound us together, but I have suffered more deeply than I can tell you. Can you pity my grief and disappointment? May I dare to hope that you will ever love me as you once did?"

"This is very sudden, Mr. Fielding. I had no thought of this, I assure you. You spoke of friendship

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only. I supposed that the past was to be buried, and that you were satisfied to have it so."

"Happy! Evelyn, how could I be happy without your love! As well might you expect this lily to bud and blossom in the burning desert, or the mocking bird to sing when robbed of its mate! I can never be happy without you!"

"May I ask what has brought about this change in your feelings? There was a time, I believe, when my love was nothing to you."

"You are mistaken! There was one brief moment in my life, when, crazed with jealous rage at the thought that there had been a stain upon your life, that I believed my love for you was dead. It was only for a moment, but alas! it was long enough for me to pen those fatal lines which severed our lives and broke my heart. Before the letter reached you I had repented of my rash act. Oh Evelyn! My love has never ceased, and the most cruel of my suffering was after I realized this fact. If you could only know what anguish of soul I endured within those prison walls, when I was beside myself with grief and despair, you would pity me!"

"I could not but pity any one who has suffered," she said softly.

"Yes, but can you love me? Has my unkindness and distrust destroyed your affection for me?"

"Would you marry a woman whose character has been in question?"

"Yes, Evelyn! A thousand times, yes! I love you no better because the world is ready to bestow its favor upon you. My love is the same as in the old days, only growing in intensity, as I learn more of your inestimable worth. I call heaven to witness, Evelyn, that if I knew you had sinned, and yet were as good and true

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as you are to-day, it would not alter my love for you. I see you now, my darling, not only in your native, maidenly purity, but I behold you as arrayed in the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, which is the heritage of those who follow him!"

"Harold, did I not give you my promise on the morning of our separation, that I would be yours until death should part us? Do you think I would break my promise, when I knew that you loved me, even though I suffered much by reason of your hasty act? A true woman loves but once, and that love is a part of her very being. I have never ceased to love you, Harold!"

"Evelyn!"

"Harold!"

His arms were around her now, in a long, passionate embrace. Her head rested upon his shoulder, in happy, trustful love. The dark, threatening clouds had rolled away into the shadowy past, and they faced the future once more, full of joyful anticipation.

"Tell me, dearest," he said at length, "when was it you wrote the words which you sung for me a while ago?"

"It was the evening I got your note from prison. After I had conquered my feeling of resentment, those words seemed to be given to me as a benediction from heaven."

"Then it was but the expression of your generous forgiveness of a grievous wrong! When you sang it, I began to hope that you still loved me."

She disengaged herself from his embrace and stood facing him.

"I have told you that I love you, Harold, but I can only promise to marry you, on one condition."

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"I am sure you cannot name a condition too hard. What is your wish, Evelyn?"

"It is this. I have pledged myself, and all that I have, to aid in bringing about the restoration of Israel. I am an Israelite still, and I must share the burdens of my down-trodden people until they are placed in their rightful position."

"Evelyn, I understand your feelings, and most gladly will I stand at your side and aid you by my sympathy and means, in your noble work. The gold and the silver belong to God, and together we will work for the uplifting of humanity, and especially for your own people, who have been so bitterly wronged. Surely I could have none but the kindest feeling for a nation which gave to the world its Redeemer, and has now given me the best and loveliest of women for my wife! Evelyn, your people shall be to me as my own, and their needs shall be upon my heart as they are upon yours. Hand in hand we will tread life's pathway, striving to bless both Jew and Gentile."

"You have made me supremely happy, Harold. May I present one more request?"

"No limit do I set, Evelyn, upon your requests. You have but to make your wish known."

"It is this. The children who were committed to my charge. They will need a home, and watchful care."

"For your sake, Evelyn, and in gratitude to the noble woman who befriended you in your time of need, I shall treat them as my own kin. Let them remain with us, and share our happiness and prosperity, as you have shared their penury and sorrows."

"God is good! I have but to wish, and it is brought to pass! My cup of happiness is full. Let us kneel and thank God for this beginning of a new era in our lives!"

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CHAPTER XXII

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear. The merry bells were filling the air with sweet melody, announcing the joyful observance of the Nativity. Churches and mission halls throughout the city were decorated with their usual abundance of evergreens, holly and other ornaments, in honor of the occasion. Everywhere the spirit of joy and good-feeling was apparent.

Especially in the lower East Side, in the Jewish quarter, was this holiday season ushered in with unusual splendor and rejoicing. A marvellous change had taken place in this part of the great metropolis during the year which was now drawing to a close. Many of the houses were adorned with festoons of evergreen, and in some cases bunting was used to make the effect more notable. The people, too, had a different look upon their faces, and instead of the stolid indifference, or the fearful, hunted expression, there was a general air of hopeful confidence and even exultation. It was a condition which told more forcibly than words of the emergence from hopeless groping the dark labyrinth of the centuries into the clear light of joyful expectation. Small groups of people gathered here and there, discussing with great animation a subject which appeared to be uppermost in the minds of all.

"We have waited long for him," remarked an old, gray-headed man with flowing beard, to his companion, as they walked along in the direction of the synagogue. "It seems too good to be true, and yet God has con-

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firmed the tidings by signs so unmistakable, that we can no longer doubt. Hosanna to the Son of David!"

"It is, indeed, glorious news," replied the other, a man somewhat younger, but with the same calm, happy look upon his swarthy face. "I marvel at our blindness, that we did not sooner recognize our Messiah, in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. It is all clear and plain now, as stated by the prophets, how that the Anointed of God should complete the offering for sin, by his own death, and rise again for our justification. What a wonderful significance we can see now in all of those ordinances and ceremonies, and what a perfect picture there is in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, of the true Messiah, which was fulfilled to the minutest details in the Nazarene."

"Isaiah says that his name should be called 'Wonderful,' and there is no more fitting one to be applied. Let us praise God, who has turned our captivity before our eyes, and changed our mourning into dancing. There are great things promised to Israel, when she returns unfeignedly to the Lord. Brother, I thank God that I have lived to see the day of Israel's restoration actually begun!"

"How rapidly the change has been wrought! Scarce a year has passed since this young woman appeared among us, like a messenger from heaven, announcing that the time of Israel's restoration was at hand, and through her ministry, bringing indisputable proofs of the integrity of the message. Her own history reads like one of the ancient narratives, for she came among us as an outcast, and yet she had marvellous power. After the work was well under way, she disappeared, like Elijah of old, as though translated, and we saw nothing of her until about a month ago. To-day, she is to be married to Harold Fielding, the richest man in

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New York. They are both ardent Zionists, and he is giving millions of dollars to the cause, for the love he bears to his betrothed."

"Well did the Psalmist say:

"'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing.'

"I am glad it is not merely a dream, but a glorious reality, which will be brought to pass in due time."

"Did you hear of the judgment that has fallen upon that wicked man, James Oliver, who wronged and persecuted this noble young woman so bitterly?"

"I heard a hint that some accident had befallen him. What was it?"

"His great wealth and political power at first bid fair to shield him from the punishment he so richly deserved, but while human justice lagged, the swift judgment of the Lord fell upon him. He was bitten on the hand by a pet dog, which afterwards proved to have been mad. He died a week later in the hospital, suffering the most awful torture."

"What about that wretched creature who sold herself to aid this villain in his plot?"

"She died cursing and blaspheming. She had been prevailed upon to tell her story before she died, and this brought out the whole truth concerning Miss Morton's dreadful experiences."

"A just vengeance upon them both. So let the judgment of the Lord fall upon all such enemies of society!"

By this time the two men had reached the synagogue, and they stopped before the door.

"Will you attend the wedding?" asked the elder.

"No, I am not among the favored ones. I understand the invitations are limited, and they have been sent to the poorest of the congregation."

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"They must, of necessity, have confined the list to the capacity of the synagogue. If all the converted Jews in New York should attend the ceremony, there is not an auditorium in the city large enough to accommodate them. I am glad, for once, that I am poor, else I might not have received this invitation. I did not expect to live to see a Christian marriage ceremony performed in a Jewish synagogue."

"You are right, brother. This rich man and his bride have been among the poor, and have learned to sympathize with their bitter ills. He seems to take delight in giving money to both Jew and Gentile. Doubtless this is the secret of his wonderful prosperity. The Lord has promised to bless those who have compassion upon the poor."

"He seems to have been blessed in every way. It is said that his employes would stand by him to a man, and fight, if need be, because of their love for him. By his kindly bearing toward them, and his open-handed liberality in dealing with them, he has shown that he has their welfare at heart. It is little wonder that they admire and love him."

"I wish them great blessing from the God of Israel. But hold, my brother, how is it that you are so well dressed to-day? These are not the garments of a poor man!"

"Have you not heard? When he sent out the invitations to the wedding, he sent with them, to the poorer ones, an order for clothing for the family. You see the garments are of the very best."

"According to the ancient custom, the wedding garments were furnished by the bridegroom. Doubtless he has done this at the suggestion of his bride."

"No doubt he has, and his benefactions do not seem to grow less. He is building hospitals and orphanages,

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and homes for the aged poor, in many places. His riches seem to increase as if by magic, in spite of his munificent gifts."

"In building up Zion, and ministering to the poor, he is lending to the Lord, and it is returned with interest!"

The two men parted, the elder one entering the synagogue, while the other went his way. Passing inside, the old man was led to a seat, where he would get a good view of the bridal couple as they entered. The interior of the temple was richly decorated in honor of the occasion. Perhaps the most unusual feature of this display was a large silk banner, suspended across the front of the room, which bore this inscription in large letters:

"JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE
JEW."

The organ sent forth its volume of melody, and the choir, as well as the whole congregation, arose and began to sing:

"Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all."

It was a strange sight, indeed, on this Christmas morning, within those walls so long shrouded in monotheistic gloom, to see the very words which had once been placed over the Saviour's head, when he hung upon the cross, suspended over the heads of the devout worshippers, and still more wonderful to hear them singing with such enthusiasm, the words of the Coronation. Surely the angels must have looked down in

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wonder, and all the bells of the Celestial City rung again in unison with the hymns of praise to the King of Israel.

The congregation, jubilant with the new hope which had become a mighty power within them, could not restrain their enthusiasm, and shouts of praise and thanksgiving were heard on all sides, as the hymn was finished. The white-haired rabbi lifted his hands in prayer as the people resumed their seats, and in his solemn, impressive manner, repeated the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm. After the invocation, and a brief discourse by the leader, in which he pointed out to the congregation vividly and forcibly the unmistakable claims of Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah of the Jews, the order of service was changed.

The rabbi, with deep feeling, spoke of the messenger who had so faithfully presented the message of reconciliation to the Jews of the city, amid persecution and hardship of the most severe nature. He described her appearance in public, and related how God had confirmed her testimony with signs and wonders. He told how she had endured reproach and suffering for her loyalty to the right, and of the swift and bountiful harvest that had crowned her labors. He spoke of her temporary exile from home, and the trying ordeal through which she had passed, and of her final elevation to a position of honor and affluence. He then announced that the marriage ceremony between this illustrious woman and a rich and powerful citizen of New York would take place before them.

So well timed were his remarks that the rabbi had scarcely ceased speaking when the arrival of the wedding party was announced. First to enter the synagogue was a company of little girls, twelve in number, dressed in white. They carried baskets of

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roses, which they strewed in the aisle as they walked to the front of the temple. Following the flower girls were the bridesmaids, likewise arrayed in white and bearing bouquets of exquisite design. Following them came the bride and groom, the former leaning tenderly, yet delicately, upon the arm of her betrothed. When they had reached the open space in front of the speaker's stand, they took their positions, the bride on the right of the bridegroom, in the center, while the maids of honor were ranged on either side, and the flower girls, after emptying what remained of their roses, at the feet of the bride, knelt in a semi-circle before the couple. The venerable rabbi advanced, and the ceremony was performed according to the usual custom. The bridegroom placed a ring upon the bride's finger, and the words that made them one, were spoken. Evelyn lifted her veil and looked at Harold. He stooped and kissed her. Then, after a moment's pause, the choir in a distant part of the room began to sing. Evelyn looked at her husband in wonder.

"It is a little surprise, dear. I had not forgotten that you expected to hear your own Christmas Song in a synagogue."

Her eyes shone brighter than the jewels which graced her beautiful attire, and she gave him a look of unutterable love. The sweet melody filled the temple like a benediction from heaven, and tears of joy stole down Evelyn's cheeks as she listened. The couple remained standing before the congregation until the song was finished, then turned to the rabbi for his benediction and blessing upon their union. They then retraced their steps to the carriage in waiting for them, and were driven away.

The people lingered about the place, talking of the

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strange events that had come to pass. Women spoke of the beauty of the bride, and of her magnificent trousseau. Men talked of Harold Fielding, and his great wealth and power in the business world, and praised his liberality and kindness. Finally, the throng moved out, and away to their homes, with many an exclamation of praise for the change which had been wrought in their lives, through the instrumentality of the beautiful and gifted woman whom they had seen led to the altar that morning.

Harold Fielding and his bride were received at the mansion on Fifth Avenue, on their return from the wedding ceremony, with all the honors befitting such an occasion. Richard Fielding was almost, if not quite, as happy as Harold himself, and he not only gave Evelyn a royal welcome, but declared that the Burton children were to be his especial charge. The happy voices of the orphans, echoing through the big house, gave it an atmosphere of cheer that was refreshing and delightful to the hungry heart of the old financier. The children themselves, brought to a position where they were assured of everything that could be desired to make their future bright and successful, were in high spirits, but withal polite and courteous, showing the effect of the careful training that had been given by their gentle mother, and later supplemented by Evelyn's efforts.

A bridal luncheon was served, at which Evelyn presided, including among the number present, Granville, Keene, and Jerry Shine. After the guests had taken their departure, Harold led Evelyn to their favorite resort, a cosy nook in the conservatory, where they settled themselves for a quiet talk. They sat for some minutes without speaking, looking into each other's eyes and reading there that old, old story which is

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ever new, when two hearts are truly united in love.

"God is good, Harold, to crown our lives with this rich blessing. Will not our happiness be more sweet, after the dark days of adversity?"

"Yes, Evelyn, and I would not undo the past, if I could, save in one particular."

"What is that?"

"I would never give you cause to weep over my own folly. I am happy and satisfied, but I shall always regret that I one time under-estimated your perfection of character. There will never be a shade of distrust between us hereafter, Evelyn!"

"Is not our present joy magnified by the fact that we have both suffered? Then let the dead past, with its mistakes and sorrows, be forgotten, for we have before us the prospect of a useful and happy future. If God so wills, we shall henceforth walk hand in hand along life's pathway, enjoying the blessings placed within our reach, and dispensing blessing to those about us."

"How wonderfully we have been led, through these months so fraught with danger and fiery trials. I have thought much over it, and can only feel that it has been the loving kindness of the Lord that has preserved us amid the perils which threatened us. Evelyn, I have thought that in these experiences of our past lives I could trace something more than the mere guidance and protection of Providence. It seems to me that they have been of prophetic import. Under the spell of this conviction I felt impressed to write a few lines of a poem. Will you do me the honor to read it for me?"

"Most gladly, Harold. Let me have it."

He handed her the poem, and she began, in her clear, musical voice, to read it:

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"Hear, my love, the song I breathe,
For thy brow a chaplet wreath,
Place a poet's garland there,
Thou, the fairest of the fair.

"I will tell how first I wove,
'Round thy heart the bands of love;
Wooded thee in thy virgin prime,
In love's sweetest summer time.

How my passion waked thine own,
Kept till then, a rose unblown,
Opened wide its petals fair,
Shed its perfume on the air.

"Dream of love, how swift it sped,
With unclouded sky o'erhead;
'Twas a foretaste, love, of heaven,
For a few brief moments given.

"But alas, our sky o'ercast
By misfortune's withering blast
Vanished all our visions fair,
Melting castles in the air.

"Broken-hearted, wounded sore,
Meekly thou thy sorrow bore,
Loving still, though hope was dead,
And its very essence fled.

"Left in lonely widowhood,
Thou, my love, undaunted stood,
Pierced by many a cruel dart,
Through thy bruised and bleeding heart.

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- "Into cruel bondage sold,
Robbed of honor and of gold,
Long in exile didst thou roam,
Waiting for thy summons home.
- "Called an Outcast by the world,
Sland'rous tongues their venom hurled—
How thy weary heart did yearn,
For thine absent lord's return.
- "When I turned again my face
And beheld thy matchless grace,
Perfect was thy beauty then,
And I loved thee, Evelyn.
- "Then once more thy love I sought,
Priceless boon, so dearly bought;
Sued for favor at thy feet,
Till I won thy answer, meet.
- "Oh, the bliss when love returned,
And its holy passion burned,
For a moment clouded o'er,
Shone still brighter than before.
- "Hope's bright rainbow colors flung,
O'er the clouds which long had hung,
Like a pall across our way—
God has changed our night to day.
- "Now, together hand in hand,
We shall walk the Promised Land,
Happy in each other's love,
Crowned with blessings from above.

For Zion's Sake

"Thus my love, thy life would seem,
Like a glory-tinted dream,
Image of thy people's own,
Through the centuries that have flown.

"And a prophecy sublime,
Of that happy, golden time,
When the Lord shall bring again,
Israel's undisputed reign.

"When the world shall see and know
That her robes are white as snow;
That Jehovah's deathless love,
Shines on Israel from above."

"It is a beautiful application, Harold. I believe it is a prophecy, most certain of fulfillment. Forgive me now, for what I am about to say. I accidentally got hold of your poem, and not knowing that you intended it for a surprise, read it without asking your permission. Inspired by its sublime sentiment, I was moved to write a reply, and I will ask your indulgence enough to read it."

"I am glad you found it, Evelyn, for otherwise I should have failed to get your answer. Your woman's wit has made possible a treat which I did not anticipate. Let me have the poem, please."

She handed the paper to him, and he read it aloud, in his deep, measured tones:

"True, my love, what thou hast spoken,
Of my people's troubled past,
And the fair, prophetic token,
They with Christ shall reign at last.

For Zion's Sake

- "And thine own, my love, has pointed,
To Messiah's earthly life—
In the path of God's Anointed,
Thou hast felt his pain and strife.
- "Thou wast rich and crowned with glory,
In thy father's mansion dwelt,
But when touched by love's sweet story,
Thou its deepest passion felt.
- "Scorned were gold and high position,
E'en thy father's anger brooked,
Cast aside earth's fair ambition,
When on me thine eyes had looked.
- "Then my soul, thy passion feeling,
Hastened to requite thy love,
Like a crystal fount unsealing,
Kissed by sunbeams from above.
- "Happy days, so swiftly gliding,
Dreaming of the joys to be,
In each other's love confiding,
Sailing on a tranquil sea.
- "But the storm-clouds gathered round us,
Wrecked our frail and helpless bark,
Severed all the ties that bound us,
Left us groping in the dark.
- "Sweet, oh sweet love's dream, till blasted,
By thy hasty, jealous wrath,
Eden's bliss, could it but lasted,
And no serpent crossed our path.

For Zion's Sake

"But before thine eyes were painted
Scenes which broke love's magic spell,
For my virgin fame was tainted
With a sin as dark as hell.

"In thy gloomy prison pining,
Broken-hearted, sad and lone,
All thy foes their power combining
Life and reason to dethrone.

"Days and nights of bitter anguish,
Feeling e'en the pains of hell,
In thy hopeless grief didst languish,
In a dark and loathsome cell.

"But when God had heard thy groaning,
Saw the travail of thy soul,
Saw thy grief for all atoning,
Bid thy burden off thee roll;

"Then his glittering sword unsheathing,
Put to flight thy cruel foes,
And his vengeful fury breathing,
Cast on them thy heap of woes.

"Turned thee to thy former station,
Gave thee honors great and high,
Clothed in robes of his salvation,
Thou, the apple of his eye.

"To thy mourning bride returning,
Thou didst seek my love again,
For thy passion, deeper burning,
Pitied all my grief and pain.

For Zion's Sake

"Oh the bliss when thou hadst found me,
And thy kisses warmed my cheek,
When I felt thine arms around me,
And I heard my lover speak.

"Oh how bright the sunlight shining,
All the fearful night dispelled,
As upon thy breast reclining,
I thy changeless love beheld.

"Thus, my love, thy life hath spoken,
As in certain prophecy,
Of that promise yet unbroken—
Israel soon her Lord shall see."

As Harold finished reading the poem he looked at Evelyn. An expression of mingled joy and sorrow was on her face, and the tears were coursing down her cheeks.

"Why does my bride weep on her wedding day?" he asked gently.

"Forgive me, Harold, but I could not help it. I am supremely happy, in the assurance of your love, and I can ask no more than I already possess. My cup of joy is full, and yet——"

"What is your petition, my love? It shall be granted, if it is to be procured with money. I can put my millions to no better use than to lure back the smiles to your face again!"

"Harold, it is not for myself that I am sorrowful. I have more than heart could wish, and yet I am sad. It is a custom with my people that even amid the joys of one's bridal day a Jew shall turn aside for a time to mourn over the desolation of Zion. The city of my fathers is not yet restored, nor are my

For Zion's Sake

people gathered home again to their native land. Much has been done, but more remains to be accomplished. I am not discouraged, but my heart yearns to see Israel established permanently in their own land."

"What would my vast wealth be worth to me, Evelyn, without you? You are the joy of my life, and I am happy only in ministering to your wishes. See, I have prepared a wedding present for my bride. I have signed this check, and leave it to you to fill in the amount, and this you shall use as you see fit in promoting the welfare of your people. Remember, the larger the amount you draw the more honor you will do me, for I am well able to meet my obligations."

"Harold!"

He looked at her. She was upon her knees, her hands lifted heavenward, and her face, which was looking upward, shone with radiant glory. He was spellbound at the sight. He saw that she was oblivious to even his presence now, for the power of the Spirit was upon her, as he had seen it that first night at the Mission. For some minutes she remained thus, her face shining like one of those angelic beings from the celestial world. The glory of the Lord filled the room and Harold bowed in reverence with her. Presently she arose and spoke to him.

"The Lord is good, Harold. He has in these few moments lifted the veil of the future, and let me see something of it. When the Spirit took possession of me I seemed to be lifted up to the summit of a great mountain. I looked eastward, and saw the curtain of night tinged with the first faint gleams of light. As I beheld, the morning broke, flooding mountain, valley and plain with splendor. The darkness fled away,

For Zion's Sake

and I saw Israel, restored and prosperous in their own land, a Christian nation. I believe that I have seen the approaching dawn of the world's jubilee. Henceforth it shall be my chief delight, to live, and love, and labor FOR ZION'S SAKE!"

FINIS.

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